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The McCall Company, Publishers, McCall Building, 236 to 246 West 37th St., New York City EDWARD A. SIMMONS, President and Treasurer W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Socretary

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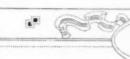
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New York, March, 1915



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bushes of extreme hardiness and if given ordinary care will bloom soon after planting, bearing a profusion of lovely, fragrant flowers of exquisite rich colors. The set includes two of the finest Hardy Everblooming varieties ever produced. With these in your garden

no one can boast of a finer assortment, and we want every single reader to possess them. Don't miss the big opportunity presented by these extraordinary special offers, weather conditions might change these dates somewhat.

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Flowers double, of a rich, dark pink, dazzling in its purity and brilliancy of color. It is very hardy and a rapid vigorous grower, blooming the entire sca-



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A gold medal winner, worthy oplace in every garden. Bears masses of full bloom all summer, Color pure ivory white with edges of petals tinted faintes, blush.

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The acme of perfection! Beau-tiful bronze-green, insect proof foliage. Bears vast quantities of massive flowers of a clear, rich velvety crimson.

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A delightfully fragrant rose of exquisite beauty. Flowers of in-describable charm of a brilliant shade of pink which deepens until it fairly glows with its warm, rich color.

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In a class by itself. Especially desirable for cut-flower purposes. Flowers open delicate yellow and change to deep golden yellow exhaling a delightful fragrance.

Renewal subscriptions, as well as new, count in this remarkable offer. Order early. Send stamps or Money Order. Money Order is best, Addres

"Bargain Rose Offer," care of THE McCALL COMPANY

236 to 246 WEST 37th STREET

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

FORECAST FOR APRIL

WE'VE another of Mariel Brady's "Billy" stories for April. If we do not change our minds and slip in a real boarding-school experience of Billy's-Wilhelmina's, we mean-it will be all about her visit to Sister Eleanor's city home and her first proposal, the kind that begins, "Madam, I have gold and silver; madam, I have house and lands; madam, I have ships on the ocean-Behold Billy as an engaged young woman!

Ruth Tuthill gives us a charming story, II'hen a Woman Will, in which Nance Burgoyne, possessor of thirty-three years of charm and poise and fascination, decides that her life-long friend, slender, eye-glassed, professorial Sandy MacNeil needs to be taught that there is such a thing as love-

and teaches him!

The Gray Way to Golgotha

E have grown so accustomed to making holidays of our holy days that their original significance is in danger of being dwarfed. Easter Sunday, for most of the unthinking, is now the day when Fashion bursts her winter chrysalis and appears on avenue and drive in the smartest and most Parisian of gowns. Yet, there was an Easter morn which broke upon a garden of tombs all girt about with lilies-that first Easter of all. Montanye Perry brings it all clearly before us in her tender little story. One of the Least of These, the tale of Zerah, the crippled lad, who longed to touch the

Nazarene who made the lame to walk, and of the little helpless child to whom he yielded his chance of being made whole, on the gray road to

Golgotha.

A Domesticated Menagerie

LOVE of flowers, of the good A green earth and the fruitful soil, is one of the most healthful impulses we could plant in the heart of a child. If your children need any extra inducement to make them claim some little four-square patch of ground as all their own to tend and care for, delight their souls by helping them plan A Garden Zoo. E. M. Farrington will tell you all about it, next month, its monkey flowers, and elephant's ears, and canary bird vines, and tiger lilies, and snapdragons, and other plants with queer animal names. The originality of the idea would make a gardener of anybody under the age of-well, what age would you say?

Lovers of music will be delighted to find in April another Harold Vincent Milligan song, this time a love lyric of remarkable delicacy and charm, To Milady, words by Helen Helmore.

Husbands-Our Own and Other People's

THE type of wife who was content to say in all financial crises of her household, "Serene, I fold my hands and wait," is fast passing away. The modern woman, ambitious, quick-witted, resourceful, chafes at inaction and finds it difficult not to be a little more than mildly critical if the man at her own particular helm does not keep pace with the other craft about her. If he be of a less aggressive type than she, she is impatient at the opportunities he "fumbles", and is likely to say so. Red Plush is the confession of just such a wife, and the simple story of how she cured her own discontent by learning to compare values.

Some Practical Features

ITH the obdurate hen just entering upon her most indulgent mood, Corinne Updegraff Wells's article on Cornering the Egg Market is of especial interest, for she gives us her own successful experience in laying by low-priced eggs for high-priced winter markets, and practical directions for following her example. There are illustrated instructions for making Easy Gifts for Easter:

> some original receipts for Egg Dainties; Ten Company Desserts; and a clever home money-making article. Wild Flowers-Her Specialty, among numerous other helpful household

articles and departments.

Along Comes Grandma!

T has come at last! What? Why, Grandmother's hoopskirt, of We show in April The Hoopskirt Petticoat, of net with small reed hoops, intended to lessen the number of petticoats needed with summer gowns and to prevent their clinging to the figure. For evening gowns Grandmother's Short Puffed Sleeves are shown, and Ruffled Skirts are in evidence. There are charming designs for Empire Lingerie, combinations, chemises, and princess slips, to give the correct line to the figure under the popular Empire gowns. The Smart Tipperary Toques and flat Chinese sailors are the subject of our millinery lesson.





This Story Told A Billion Times

Here is a story we have told a billion times in magazines like this. Again and again we have told it to nearly every housewife in the lands.

Millions who read it ordered these delights. Their folks, morning, noon and night, revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. But other millions miss them. For their sake we repeat the story over and over here.

The Premier Food Delights

Puffed Grains stand pre-eminent among cereal food delights. They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. They are the only foods in which every granule is blasted by steam explosion.

They are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods, endorsed by all authorities. Every atom feeds. Digestion is easy and complete. The one regret is that all grain foods can't be treated likewise.

They are bubbles of grain, airy, flaky, porous. They are thin and crisp and fragile. The wheat and rice kernels are, by steam explosion, puffed to eight times normal size. And terrific heat has given the morsels a taste like toasted nuts. Nothing more unique and inviting ever came to a morning table.

Imagine these bubble-like dainties, with a myriad toasted walls. Do you serve anything else so fascinating as these tit-bits puffed from grain?

Puffed Wheat, 12c Puffed Rice, 15c Except in Extreme West



Serve as breakfast cereals. At noon or night-time float in bowls of milk, se like nuts in candy making. Let hungry children eat them dry, like Use like nuts in candy making. Let peanuts, or doused with melted butter.

Find out how folks like them, and which grain they like best. Each has a different flavor. These are table joys which every home should have. And as foods which do not tax the stomach Puffed Grains are unique.

There are all these reasons for getting Puffed Grains. Do you know a single reason for not?

Order now the one you haven't had.

The Quaker Oats Company





RECEIPTS FOR SAVORY DISHES

By LAWRENCE IRWELL

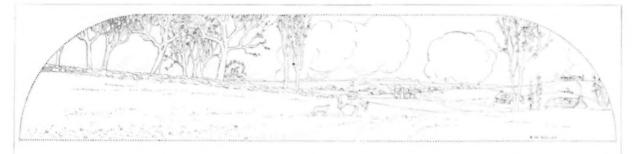
THETHER for the sake of variety to please a particular palate, or of economy, to reduce the meat bill, it is sometimes desirable to choose the cheaper cuts, the calf's head, or the giblets, in preference to the prime roast, leg of yeal, or dressed fowl. Here are receipts for savory dishes made from the minor parts:

GIBLETS ON TOAST,-Cut the gizzard into quarters and separate the liver. Place all in half an ounce of hot butter, and cook till browned. Take out meat, and stir half an ounce of flour with butter till browned. Season with pepper, salt, curry powder, and a teaspoonful of minced onion, adding enough water to cover bottom of saucepan to the depth of an inch. Replace giblets, and let simmer very gently till they are tender. Place them, when cooked, on squares of toast. Prepare in a double boiler,

VIENNA KIDNEYS.—Parboil one pound of ox kidneys; when cold, cut into thin slices. Shake in a stew-pan with some bacon fat for five minutes. In a second stew-pan, dissolve an ounce of butter, add a dessertspoonful of flour, and allow all to brown slightly. Add a teacupful of gravy or stock, and some finely-chopped parsley, the juice of half a lemon, pepper, and salt. When almost boiling, pour the sauce over the kidneys, and let all simmer very gently till meat is tender. Serve with a garnish of string beans or peas.

CALF'S HEAD PIE.—Boil a calf's head very slowly till tender, and then cut off the meat in slices. Make stock from bones, skim carefully, and flavor with vegetables and herbs. Make the pie the following day. Lay some slices of hardboiled eggs in the bottom of a greased pie-dish, fill with alternate layers of the meat and eggs, and pour in the stock. Cover with puff paste, and bake till pastry is cooked. When ready, carefully remove crust, and turn it upside down on a cold dish, and turn contents of pie on top of it. Serve cold with mashed potatoes. If preferred, pie may be sent to table in the dish in which it was cooked.

Mock Sweetbreads .- Beat three-quarters of a pound of minced veal cutlet in a mortar, then add two ounces of shredded suet and two ounces of bread-crumbs; season with powdered mace, red pepper, and salt. Whip two eggs with a table-spoonful of milk, and work into the mixture, adding enough flour to make all into a stiff paste. Form the mince into pieces the shape of sweetbreads, brush over with melted butter, and brown in the oven. Serve with rich brown gravy.



March McCALL'S MAGAZINE 1915



worn and uninteresting face,

and wound into an inartistic knot at the back of her head. A prim, elderly, unimaginative bonnet with strings would have suitably completed the picture, but, instead, pink roses in profusion and a bird of paradise fought for supremacy on a wide velvet brim.

The Ruthless Young Person nudged the Wise Woman, "'When old wine blooms,' "she quoted, with a misleading look out of the car window that no passenger might suspect any flaw in her perfect manners. "Isn't it the funniest thing you ever saw?"

But when her glance came back from its brief excursion, the Wise Woman's eyes were full of tears—not the kind that run over and fall, you know, but the ones which merely make the eyes

grow bigger and more tender.

"It's very pathetic to me!" said the Wise Woman softly, "Can't you see that she didn't have roses in rose-time?"

of the full, well-balanced life, which meets each added year without any impairment of its dignity.

Sometimes anxious parents look askance at youth's appetite for pleasure—its love for pretty clothes, for gay colors, for parties, and dances, and theaters, and romance. They can not see how out of all this atmosphere of irresponsible gaiety can come the fine true men and women they want their daughters and sons to be.

But there is a little seed-plot for each year of our lives, and the truly wise mother is she who lets every seed come up at its appointed time, burst into its fullest bloom, live its little life, and so make room for what is to follow.

What we have experienced, we outgrow; that which we have not experienced, but of which the seed is in us, is merely overgrown.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

If, when we were eighteen, and twenty, and twenty-two, and twenty-four, we longed to wear girlish colors, and ribbons, and roses, and fluffy things, and could not, the seed of this desire is not dead, only

lying fallow; it may bloom forth, some inauspicious middle-aged day, to provide mirth for the Ruthless Young Person. Yet, the part of us which dons the inappropriate finery is still only eighteen, or twenty, or twenty-two, or twenty-four—it has never had its chance to grow up and to be outgrown.

W ATCH, then, for the overgrown things, and coax them into expression—in your girls and boys, if you happen to be a mother; in yourself, whether you are young or old or middle-aged or "merely thirty".

If you love social life, and people, and gaiety, do not, because of some ambition you have, or some work which you are permitting to absorb you, or some sacrifice you think it your duty to make, put them entirely aside till a more convenient season. The years go by unobserved, and when the ambition is achieved, or the work done, or the sacrifice accomplished, and you take time to look about you again—you will not know it, but the Ruthless Young Person will—your social tastes will be ridiculously youthful.

The mature woman of heavy figure with the insatiable appetite for dancing, so unconscious that she is incongruous among all the supple, graceful, light-footed younger women, is gathering belated blooms.

It is not that she is dancing—the modern woman dances, now, at eighty, an' she chooses, and loses no whit of her dignity; it is that her pleasure is girlishly exuberant; that she has a penchant for youthful partners; and that her viewpoint and her interests, so far as this one expression of herself are concerned, are exactly eighteen years old. And you wish they weren't!

eighteen years old. And you wish they weren't!

Don't grow old! In this age you are not old, no matter what the milestone. But use up life as you go along. Outgrow, not overgrow!

THE HAPPY TIMES ROAD

MABEL McKEE

Illustrated by G. A. HARKER

BIG stone building with trees all around it, and after that the gate and that horrible, horrible warning, "Westfall Seminary for Girls", and then well, then, someway or other, you decided you didn't have time, you were late, anyway, and, besides, you were hungry; so back you went to town. But, to tell the exact truth, you didn't believe female seminaries were on the road to Happy Times. And your one heart's desire was to find that road, and follow it, and follow it, to see if it ended where you thought it would.

But even you can be mistaken!

For, just at that moment, the youngest teacher of the female seminary, on which you had just turned your back, was hesitating between two dresses. One was gray and dignified-looking and substantial; the other soft and shimmering and rose-colored. The rose dress was alluringmore than that, it was insistent. For three months it had been labeled "new", and had lain, wrapped in tissue-paper, in the youngest teacher's trunk; and now it pleaded, it clamored, it demanded to be worn. The gray dress was silent. It had already been present at four faculty-trustee banquets, and with all its dignity it had been distinctly bored at every one. Finances, pedagogy, and morals often become monotonous even to colorless people and dresses.

The gray dress had told the rose dress all about those banquets, about the long row of "female teachers", the longer one of married trustees and their wives, and the The tale had extremely short one of single trustees. been a doleful one, but it had interested the listener; so that now it wanted to see all those people, especially the single trustee, who was almost deaf and who almost hated women. Because he believed they never were "brought up just right", he had kindly consented to become a member of the "august band of trustees of Westfall Seminary",

The other trustee-the one who would have been considered young had it not been for his gray hair and big, stern eyes-had interested the rose dress, too, because, one day when the trunk had been opened, it had heard one of the teachers say that he had a past. It was the thought of this past which made the rose dress glisten

at the youngest teacher.

The youngest teacher was also tired of sober, gray dresses, giggling girls, dignified women teachers, and even of most trustees; so she just pushed the gray, substantial dress far down into her trunk and slipped the rose one over her head. Three minutes of breathless twisting and turning. It was fastened, and she looked into her mirror. A long silence! A gasping breath of wonder!

WHY, I am sort of pretty!" she cried delightedly. "I don't look a bit like a school-teacher,"—she shook her head laughingly at her reflection-"and I am going to wear this dress to-night if Miss Peters takes

my head off to-morrow."

The German teacher tapped at Molly's door to borrow some long, black pins. She was wearing the same black dress she had worn to eight faculty-trustee banquets. For one long minute she stared speechless at the radiant creature who opened the door. "Molly Mering!" she gasped.

"Yes'm," meekly returned the rose-clad teacher.

"Are you going to wear that dress?"

Molly's courage began to ooze down, way down past her heart. It raced down into her shoes and then stopped because it couldn't go any farther. Condemnation proceedings already, and from the most human teacher, the one she loved best of the entire faculty! What would the others say-and Miss Peters?

"Miss Peters will be furious," the little German teacher threatened in response to Molly's thought. "And, Honey, what's the use, anyway? All those men are married, and you look too sweet to be wasted on their wives.

There are two single ones," ventured Molly,

The German teacher laughed "Yes, but you know how deaf and hideous Mr. Blake is, He hates women,

And Mr. Howard-"

"Ruth Elliot, why do you sigh there?" demanded Molly as she tucked a tiny bunch of pink rosebuds in her hair. "You always do that way, and I want to know what it means. Don't you remember he took me out to one of the banquets? Mr. Blake was my partner to all the others, and positively I was hoarse for three weeks. I talked in dollars and cents at his bidding. He's so miserly. Why, he even asked me how many boxes of brass nails we used at the exhibit. But I did like Mr. Howard. He didn't talk very much, yet he smiled all the time-a wee, tiny, crinkly smile every once in a while. Last time, I was sure he would take me out, but he didn't. It was Mr. Blake again."

MR. HOWARD always takes Miss Peters, and Mr. Blake, the music teacher. They've done that for years," explained Ruth. "It was some kind of a mistake when Mr. Howard took you."

"And if I taught art, I wouldn't be honored by a man partner," said Molly soberly. "I suppose I ought to be glad I warble, but I'm not. I'd like some one to like me

because I am just Molly Mering and-'

"But Mr. Howard wouldn't like you, Molly," broke in the German teacher. "He doesn't like women. I never knew why until the other day, and Miss Peters told me. He was going to be married. Everybody was at the church, even the minister was waiting. But the bride didn't come. She had gone off with some other man. And now he is miserable, and cross, and hates women."

Molly looked at the rows and rows of women's and girls' photographs on the wall. Turning to Ruth, she "If that is all, I don't see why he should said soberly: be miserable all the time. Of course, I feel sorry for any one who is jilted, but I don't see why he should think he has any better right to be cross and miserable than we have. I'd ten times rather be almost married and then be left, than be the way I am. Why, I've never been anything but a near old maid."
Ruth Elliot laughed. "Molly," she demanded, "tell me.

Do you like men?

"I think I would," answered Molly very soberly. "I like to look at them, and think of them, too. But I never really knew a man in my whole life. My aunts raised me, and there weren't any uncles. They sent me to a girls' school, and later to a women's college, and then I came here. Why, Ruth, I never knew any boys even, but I did like to watch them. But my aunts would hardly let me do that."

"What?"

"No, they wouldn't," tearfully answered Molly. "Once, when I was home from college on a visit, the Technical School boys were going to have a pajama parade and bonfire because they had won a football game. I was so happy to think that I would get to see it, and didn't think of anything else for days. But Aunt Maria found out about it, and wouldn't let me even look out of the window.

Ruth laughed. "And so you like men?"

"And I thought you were so quiet and shy, Molly, dear," Ruth said, as she left the room.

"She is laughing at me," Molly murmured, as she hunted in the drawer of her dressing-table for a tiny rose bow. "But I don't care.

I do like Mr. Howard, and I hope he will take me out to dinner."

But it was the deaf trustee who led the rose-clad little music-teacher out into the dining-room. Molly was having

a terrible time winking the tears back into her eyes, when Mr. Blake raised his ear-trumpet in anticipation of a monied conversation. Before she could say one word, some one on her left whispered into her ear: "So you are the little girl who is never going to grow up?"

Molly was rigid. In the place right next to her was the trustee with the past, and next to him the stern and disapproving Miss Peters. A thrill passed through Molly's entire body; it was a little shiver of delight and fear. He had really seen her, after all. Mr. Blake demanded her help; and when she did turn, Miss Peters had engrossed Mr. Howard's attention.

"You don't look as if you belonged here," was the

next whispered message when Miss Peters wasn't looking. Fear seized Molly. He probably disapproved of the rose-colored dress for her—a teacher in a religious seminary—and was trying to let her know in the easiest way possible.

"If I hadn't seen you here four times before this, I couldn't make myself believe that you really teach school," he laughed, before Molly had time to recover.

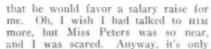
Those words paralyzed Molly. Visions of the despised but perfectly decorous gray dress and the treacherous rose one, both folded neatly in a trunk which held all her earthly possessions, and which was awaiting a dray to take a banished music-teacher from Westfall Seminary, entered her mind. Even Mr. Blake's eartrumpet could not drive that away.

"I'm—I'm—" and then she stopped, overcome by that terrible, terrible fear that her days at Westfall were numbered.

Mr. Howard smiled, but it was a bored smile. "If she were only interesting," he reflected, "I'd be willing to spend the rest of my life right here, even if old Peters is on the other side. But she is just a disappointment—like all other women."

BUT Molly neither heard that thought nor anything else, for either Miss Peters at the right demanded all his attention or he had become tired of a monologue at the left. Only, at parting, his smile was so reassuring that all Molly's fears of the evening were dispelled, and in their place was left a vague hint of happy days to come. And, not knowing that it was a mere perfunctory smile, she went to bed to dream of the next faculty-trustee banquet.

"Miss Peters will be all right to-morrow," she trailed in a happy, sleepy voice. "And Mr. Blake actually said



six more months until another banquet, and I'm going to wear my rose dress again."

W RIGHT'S had overstocked their store with sweaters. That was the reason they had filled their windows with these soft, wooly, comfortable things on that cold, snowy, February morning. They hoped that people would forget how late in the season it was, and help to empty their heaped-up counters. And people did.

And Molly Mering, the morning after the annual banquet at Westfall Seminary, walked right in front of that window and stopped. Although her heart tried to persuade her that it was June, her nose and ears convinced her that it was February, and a bitter, bitter February, too. Those sweaters just forced her to gasp. To all those men who lingered in front of Wright's, they were soft, and wooly, and white; but to Molly they were full of an alluring temptation.

"Why, for goodness' sake!" she exclaimed softly. And then she entered Wright's store.

There she saw a struggling crowd of men, old and young—men, fat and lean—men, athletic and scholarly—all clamoring for the sale sweaters. Fascinated, she watched them handle the sweaters, bargain with the clerks, bicker with their neighbors, and then leave the store with those purchases close in their arms.

"I don't know where I'd ever wear one," murmured Molly hesitatingly, "but-"

"What is it, ma'am?"

"What?"

"WHY, I AM SORT OF PRETTY!" SHE CRIED DE-

LIGHTEDLY

Awakened from her reverie by a dapper little clerk. Molly first hesitated while she blushed a fiery red, and then stammered, "What size do I wear?"

"I want one of those sweaters in my size," she demanded, twenty shades rosier than before. "And I want to put it on in the dressing-room, and I want a white stocking-cap, too."

Sometimes, miracles do happen even in this prosaic old age, and right in clothing-stores, too. Twenty minutes later, Wright's sent out a radiant, slender schoolgirl, when the only woman who had entered their store that morning had been a dignified, religious-seminary teacher. A white sweater took the place of a substantial black serge jacket; a white stocking-cap with a wobbly red tassel had scornfully banished the trim, much despised, but ever-obligatory hat; and out of a woolly, cuddling collar bloomed a very pink and a very happy face.

Molly Mering walked straight out of that store into-Crash! A man's hat in the gutter, and a white stocking-cap with a wobbly, red tassel very much disturbed. After that, a sudden, backward start, a demure little, "I beg your pardon," and—a stiff—rigid—girl. She had collided with a seminary trustee—the one who was stalwart and who would have been considered good-looking had it not been for his gray hair and big stern eves.

"Why, hello-why, you-" he began.

"Why, I—why, I am not a school-teacher," declared Molly defensively. "I never saw you before, and I never was at Westfall Girls' Seminary, and I never even heard of it."

"Oh, of course not." He laughed, a little embarrassed.
"And what are you doing here? And
are you a little girl, or a brownie, or

what?"

AM hunting a Happy Day," she said soberly, "I started out so early this morning, and I haven't found it yet. Are they very hard to find?"
"Very," he answered a trifle sadly.

"But you are on the right road, now, I believe. Shut your eyes a minute, and tell me what you see."

Molly's eyes obediently closed and her lips

answered, "A long, such a long hill, and a little round pond with ice all over it."

"You cheated," he declared, "You've been there before."

"Yes, but I never played there before. I'm going to play there to-day," she announced.

"Alone?"

Molly was sure that his voice hinted longing, and she looked into his eyes. They were not a bit stern; they begged and pleaded until the tiny, crinkly smile began to come, and Molly was sure. "Do!" she invited. "And is there a sled? And can we really slide down the hill?"

"I should say we could!" he answered, "And we can skate on the pond, and even build a snow man,"

"And snowball!" she finished happily. "Let's go right now."

On the way to the end of the Happy Times street, they passed the trustee who was almost deaf and who almost hated women, and Ruth Elliot. But they didn't see the deaf trustee any more than he saw them; and as for Ruth Elliot, she ducked into a very musty, leathery-smelling harness-shop, and waited, and prayed that the little music-teacher's happy time would be a very, very happy one, indeed. And, after that, she grew so afraid God might not be in a musty harness-shop, that she slipped into a little church and prayed it all over again.

Inside of a wonderful little place, where they stopped to get "a wee draft of tea", they sat at a little, round table and drank so happily that the people around them thought that, after all, the day wasn't so cold, and felt

sure that the sun had come out. And while Molly chatted and laughed, the big trustee only watched her, and wondered why some man hadn't discovered how true blue the eyes opposite him were. "They couldn't love one man and pretend to love another one," he reflected.

Outside of the little tea-room, he again saw those eyes, and the crinkly, little smile reappeared. What a little comrade she was! More like a playmate than the butter-flies he had known. Butterflies never played true; no, they loved to poise and preen and prolong tête-à-têtes

so that they could bask under admiring eyes.

By and by, the little street ended and the real Happy Times Road took its place. A long, gentle hill, a

little, round pond covered with ice and frosted with snow, and then a half-hundred little boys and girls all shouting and sliding and throwing snow.

The big trustee stood at the top of the hill and watched the coasters; but Molly darted forward, and the halfhundred children, recognizing instantly a kindred spirit, made her one of them. They pelted her with snowballs, they showed her their peculiar powers of skating, and, finally, one, more self-confident than the others, insisted that she accompany him down the hill.

Years before, Molly had ridden on a sled, but then the hill had been a very gentle one, and the sled had had sides for protection, so that it looked very much like an invalid wagon. This one was long and red; its runners were sharp and bright and splendid.

Molly clutched his shoulders as they

as they flew down through the air, and then—a big, black stump loomed up in front of them—and—

SOMEBODY had her in his arms, and somebody else

started down the hill. She felt a keen thrill of exultation,

SOMEBODY had her in his arms, and somebody else was putting snow on her face when she came to life again. Her arm felt as if fifty knives were sticking and cutting and sawing; her whole body ached as if she had been tossed in a blanket and then dropped on twenty hard floors.

She opened her eyes and looked into the big trustee's face. It was white, and his eyes were scared. "Oh, oh!" she gasped. "Oh, is this the end of my Happy Times?"

y Day," she said out so early this 't found it yet. find?" d a trifle sadly. at e. e. c. u ii-

"I AM HUNTING A HAPPY DAY," SHE SAID SOBERLY, "ARE THEY VERY HARD TO FIND?"

[Continued on page 90]

BILLY BRAD AND ONE IN AUTHORITY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

YES," said Billy Brad frankly, "I broked the windows, and-and the t'in babies didn't not broked the windows and-and- Papa!" he asked suddenly, "what's a olgerman?"

"Now, never mind about that!" said William Bradley, Senior, sternly. "Who broke all the flower-pots?"

"I broked the flower-pots," said Billy Brad promptly. "I broked all the flower-pots, and-and the t'in babies didn't not broked the flower-pots, and-and-the t'in babies didn't not broked the windows. I broked the windows. And-and I broked all the flower-pots and I broked all the windows, I did. And I don't not know what a olgerman is!"

Billy Brad's voice was filled with touching sadness as he made the admission that he did not know what an olgerman was. The sadness of his voice implied that he might never know what an olgerman was, and that the ignorance would sadden his whole life; but his father was relentless. Out back of the house was a tall wire fence that enclosed the chicken-yard, and in the fence was a gate, and through the gate Billy Brad had gone, fol-

lowed by the twin girls. The girls were the Miller twins from next door, and Mrs. Miller had seen the whole proceeding. She had reported it to Mrs. Bradley, and Mrs. Bradley had reported it to William Bradley, Senior, and now Billy Brad was at the bar of justice. Mrs. Miller had seen -from her kitchen window -but she had not heard.

"My papa lets me go into my shicken-yard," Billy Brad had said boastfully. "Does he?" said one of

the twins.

"I-I can go into my shicken-yard now, if I want to, I can," boasted Billy Brad. "I-I got lots of shickens in my shicken-yard, I have."

"My papa's got lotser of shickens than you've got," said a twin.

"Ain't!" said Billy Brad.

"Is!" said a twin.

"Now-now-your papa ain't got lotser of shickens, and you mustn't say that, you mustn't," said Billy Brad, glaring at the twin. "My papa don't like you to say your papa's got lotser of shickens than I've got, he don't! You mustn't say it!"

The twins clasped hands and stared at Billy Brad silently. It was a way they had. When they had enunciated a fact, they did not bother to dispute about it. They merely clasped hands and stood and stared. It was maddeningly superior. It implied that the last word had been said, and that they had said it.

"I'm—I'm going in my shicken-yard and look at my papa's lotser of shickens, I'm are," said Billy Brad, "and you can't not come in."

"Can!" said a twin.
"Can!" said the other twin.

"Can't!" said Billy Brad firmly. "For 'cause my papa

don't want t'in babies to broked his flower-pots, he don't. My papa don't want his nice flower-pots all broked up.'

Billy Brad turned the button that held the gate, One of the twins stepped forward. So did the other.

"If you come into my papa's shicken-yard, you mustn't broked my papa's flower-pots, t'in babies, you mustn't!" said Billy Brad. "Ain't you going to comed in?"

"No!" said one twin.
"No!" said the other twin.

"You can comed in if you don't broked my papa's flower-pots," said Billy Brad sweetly. "You can come in. You won't broked my papa's flower-pots. Come in, t'in babies, for-for 'cause I'll feed my shickens if you

The twins stepped over the low board and entered the



chicken-yard. They stood hand in hand, like bashful guests at a party.

"I know how to feed shickens, for 'cause my papa showed me how," boasted Billy Brad.

THE twins looked at one another and laughed. They stepped forward, and stood watching Billy Brad.

"My papa's shickens eat little stones," said Billy Brad. "Sometimes they eat little stones and-and sometimes they eat co'n. 'Cause stones is good for shickens to eat. Do you want to see my papa's shickens eat little stones, t'in babies?"

"No," said both the twins.

"Why don't you want to see my shickens eat little stones?" asked Billy Brad.

The twins looked one at the other. Then the blue twin looked at Billy Brad.



"My-my papa's a olgerman," she said proudly.

"And he's my papa, too, and-and he's a olgerman," said the pink twin.

"And-and your papa ain't not a olgerman," said the blue twin.

"Just our papa is a olgerman," said the pink twin. "And we don't care if your papa's shickens do eat little stones," said the blue twin; "'cause our papa's a

BILLY BRAD glared at the twins. In all his short life he had never been so nonplused. It was extremely difficult to scoff at a olgerman when one did not know what a olgerman might be. For all Billy Brad knew, a olgerman might be able to breathe smoke out of his eyes or do some other wonderful thing. He turned his back and picked up a handful of smooth gravel. He walked to the chicken-house. He tried the door. The door of the chicken-house was locked. It was a cruel moment for Billy Brad. He had boasted of his ability to feed little stones to the chickens, and the twins had warded off the blow by countering with a olgerman. And now he could not so much as make good his boast.

The door of the chicken-house was of solid wood, but there were three windows, of nine panes each, arranged three in a row, and behind these windows Billy Brad could see the chickens. The weather was wintry, and the windows were closed. Near the chicken-house was another house, but smaller, and this was the incubator-house. It was built like a tent, with a roof that came quite to the ground, and there was but one window of nine panes in this house. Billy Brad was not interested in it. He was interested in the house with the stone-eating chickens. And it was locked.

"Poor shickens! Poor shickens!" said Billy Brad. "Ain't you got any little stones to eat, poor shickens?"

"You mustn't break the windows," said one of the twins. It was apropos of nothing. "Our papa don't let us to break windows in his shicken-house, he don't."

"'Cause-'cause our papa's shickens don't eat little

"Billy Bwad, you mustn't not break windows to feed your papa's shickens little stones!" said the other twin.

"Is!' said the twins in chorus.

"For 'cause if my poor papa's shickens don't eated some little stones, all my poor papa's shickens will die," said Billy Brad. He looked around for a stick, for it would not do to let the poor chickens die. Fortunately, there was an old broom handle. It had been through fire, and the only broomstraw remaining was a small round wad on the end of the stick. like the head of a bass-drum stick. Billy Brad tried it on the window. It did not sound crisp and naughtyit sounded dull and comfortable. Billy Brad pounded the window carefully until the pane broke and fell with a clattering of pieces of glass.

THE twins backed away, hand in hand.

"Oo!" exclaimed the pink twin, "you broked it!"

"I wanted to broked it," declared Billy Brad with bravado. "Maybe I want to broked some more, too.

"Oo!" cried the blue twin, "you better not want to broked all the windows!"

So Billy Brad broke all the windows. He began at the upper left

corner and broke them all-twenty-seven panes-ending with the lower right corner, and at each pane the twins "Oo!" in the most soul-satisfying manner.

"You better not want to-to broked your papa's flowerpots," said the blue twin, spying the pile of flower-pots laid against the chicken-house.

"I better want to if I want to," said Billy Brad boastfully. So he broke the flower-pots. He broke them all, one by one. Toward the end, when the flower-pots were nearly all broken, the twins helped. They did not break any whole flower-pots, but they assisted Billy Brad in breaking some of the broken pieces. Mrs. Miller, looking from her window, saw the twins standing innocently watching Billy Brad do something, but she could not see what Billy Brad was doing as he broke the windows. It was only when the twins began breaking pieces of flower-pots that Mrs. Miller understood, and she hurried out and bore the twins away. She sent Billy Brad into the house, too; and when she had more time, she went over to Billy Brad's house and told about the broken windows and the broken flower-pots. It was clear that the twins were quite innocent parties, but that night when Mr. Miller came home he spoke to the twins.

"Now, see here, girls," he said, "Mother says you did not break any of the windows or any of the flower-pots, but that doesn't matter. Mr. Bradley and Mrs. Bradley can't tell whether you break the windows or whether Billy Brad breaks them, and if you are with Billy Brad when he breaks them, they will think you broke some.

You wouldn't break any, would you?"
"No," and "No," said the twins.
"Well, I hope not," said Mr. Miller, "but just the same you keep away from Billy Brad when he wants to break things, do you understand? Can you remember that?"

"Yes," and "Yes," said the twins.

"Very well, remember it! Billy Brad is a boy, and boys have to break things."

"Why do little boys have to breaked things?" asked

the blue twin.

"I don't know, but they have to," said Mr. Miller, "I suppose that's what they are made for, but little girls needn't. So if Billy Brad starts to break anything, you come away. Will you?"

"Yes, Papa," said the blue twin, and "Yes, Papa,"

said the pink twin.

Billy Brad was having a session with his father, also, the session a part of which begins this narrative.

"Yes, Papa," said Billy Brad sweetly, "I broked all the flower-pots, and-and I broked all the windows, and the t'in babies didn't not broked them, and"-sadly-"I don't know what a olgerman is, and my papa won't not told me. 'Cause I'm broked all my poor papa's flowerpots, I did."

"Now, hold on!" said Mr. Bradley. "That's not the reason. The reason I'm not telling you is because I want to talk about these windows and these flower-pots. One thing at a time, Billy Brad. Do you know you were a naughty boy to break the windows and the flower-pots?"

'Yes, Papa," said Billy Brad frankly., "I was a naughty boy, and-and when I are naughty I gets spanked,

and-and, Papa-"

"Yes, Billy Brad!"

"After I'm are gotted spanked, will you tell me what a olgerman are?"

'LL tell you what an alderman is now, Billy Brad," said his father. "I'll tell you now, so you can get it off your mind, for I'm afraid if I chastise you for breaking the flower-pots and the windows without telling you what an alderman is, your mind will not grasp to the fullest the reason you are being punished. You don't understand that, but it is true. And I am not going to

whip you very hard this time, because-well, because I never told you not to break the flower-pots or the windows, I think there is a certain palliation of the crime in the fact that certain young ladies were present at the time of its commission. I believe the male has an instinctive desire to show off in the presence of the female. There are a lot of us. Billy Brad, who feel impelled to stand on our heads or throw stones at windows in the presence of the sex. You can't understand the deep philosophy of this now, but you may some day.

"May I?" said Billy Brad.

"You may!" said his father with a grim laugh.

"Am-are-is the t'in babies young ladies, papa?" asked Billy Brad.

"They certainly are-very young ones," said Mr. Bradley. "And now, Billy Brad, I'll tell

you what an alderman is."
"Yes!" said Billy Brad happily. "For—for 'cause I wants to knowed what a olgerman are,

don't I, Papa?"

"No doubt," said his father. "In the first place, Mr. Miller is an alderman. All the people-all the men, that is-in this part of town went to a place-a cigar-store-one day last year, and all the men that wanted Mr. Miller to be an alderman said so, and all the men that didn't want Mr. Miller to be an alderman said so; and as more men wanted him to be one than did not want him to be one, he was made an alderman."

"Is he olgermanner than you are, Papa?"

asked Billy Brad. .
"Far, far more," said Mr. Bradley. now, what is an alderman? An alderman,

Billy Brad, is one of the men who make the laws of the town. All the aldermen meet together at the cityhall, in a big room, and they make the laws, and everybody has to obey the laws they make. Do you understand that? Now, when I make a law, you have to obey it, and your mother has to obey it if she wants to, but when the aldermen make laws, we all have to obey them. I have to obey them, and mother has to obey them, and—"

"Does pleecemen have to obey them?" asked Billy

"Even policemen," said Mr. Bradley.

"My!" exclaimed Billy Brad. "What-what does olgermans do to pleecemen if pleecemen don't?'

SEND them to jail," said Mr. Bradley. "They send any one that doesn't do what they want them to do to jail. So, now, do you know what an alderman is? Are you perfectly satisfied about it?"

"Yes, Papa," said Billy Brad.

"And you are ready for your punishment?"

"Yes, Papa," said Billy Brad.

A little later Billy Brad sat on his father's knee.

"You didn't spanked me hard, but you spanked me pretty hard, didn't you?" said Billy Brad. "But-but you didn't not put me in jail, for-for 'cause you ain't a olgerman, is you, Papa?"

It was but three days later when Mr. Bradley, coming home late, was met at the door by his wife, her face showing she had serious information to impart.

'What is it?" he asked. "Billy Brad again?" "He has done a terrible thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley. "I sent him into the yard to play this afternoon, and, of course, the twins came over. When I saw them last, they were playing very nicely in the sand-pile-all

three of them. And—"
"All right! Tell me the worst. Broke his arm? Hurt

one of the twins?"

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"YOU DIDN'T SPANK ME HARD, BUT YOU SPANKED ME PRETTY HARD, DIDN'T YOU?" SAID BILLY BRAD



THE NEW AND TRUE WOMAN

By DEAN HALLIDAY

Illustrated by GUSTAV MICHAELSON

HERE is a little group of women in Tokyo, the Japanese capital, who, next month, will be enthusiastically celebrating the second anniversary of the founding of the Shin Shin Fujin Kwai, or New and True Woman Society of Japan. As an organization, it will not be two years old until July, for although the leaders held their preliminary public meeting in April, 1913, it was not officially organized until the later month, and then only in the face of much opposition from press and public. Its initial announcement was received with such antagonistic feeling, not only from the newspapers and leading officials of the government, but from the public in general, women included, that the society has seen the wisdom of working quietly, although none the less steadily, and, for this reason, has been hardly heard of this side of Suez.

It is difficult for the American woman, accustomed to almost unrestricted freedom of action, able to carve out her future in accord with her desires and ambitions, to appreciate the handicaps under which the Oriental woman

In Japan, the same old traditions and conventions bind the woman which have obtained from the period where the history of Japan and Japanese mythology blend. Although Japan has taken on Western civilization in a marvelous manner in the last fifty or sixty years, still it has progressed least in those things which concern its women.

We are so accustomed to think of Japan as the picturesque land of cherry blossoms and bamboo, of shuffling little women in silken kimonos and gaily-thonged sandals, that it is difficult for us to realize that this is just the surface, and that beneath is a sordid undercurrent which is neither picturesque nor joyous. Yet, when one has seen the patient diminutive Japanese women acting as pile-drivers in the street, coaling the huge transoceanic steamers by toiling up the rope ladders with a basket at a time, sometimes with their babies strapped to their backs, the other side of the picture begins to stand out clearly, and we can understand how, after all these centuries, the spirit of unrest has begun to stir in the hearts of a few of the most thoughtful of Japanese women.

Not long ago, China-moss-grown, medieval Chinaelectrified the world by granting to its women, whom we

had long considered little better than slaves, a voice in the affairs of government; yet the movement in that country was launched on the crest of the wave of a revolt that established a Republic where a cruel and oppressive monarchy had been a burden for centuries. new form of government came the new and liberal attitude toward women. The Shin Shin Fujin Kwai, the venture of the women of Japan toward larger freedom, was organized and launched without the aid of an uprooting of a government, or any country-wide agitation, such as aided the Chinese women, that would make the people more tolerant of a movement which interfered with their established idea of women. Three gentle women in kimonos of soft blues and grays, Mrs. Shige Nishikawa, Miss Maru Awata, and Mrs. Koma Kimura, braved the ridicule of the entire country and launched the movement. Until the organizing of the society, they had never been in the limelight nor had done any public work of any kind, with the exception of Mrs. Nishikawa, who, at one time, had taught in the public schools in the northern part of Japan.

THEY live in a far corner of Kanda Ward, which is known as the Latin Quarter of Tokyo because of the schools situated there and the students that live in the district. They had often talked over their yearning for an era of enlightenment for the women of their country, and had interested, perhaps, a dozen women who lived in the tiny wood-and-paper box houses of the district, when they decided to hold a public meeting and launch their ideas. They wished to sound the sentiment of the capital city toward such an undertaking, and determine if it was at all feasible to form a society of new women with any hope of making headway.

Often they had read of the activities of women in the United States and in England, and they were set upon doing the same work for the women folk of their own country. They sent out advance notices of the meeting to the newspapers of the capital, and the papers seized upon it as a piece of news that presented unbounded opportunity for ridicule. Japanese newspapers have little editorial sense of refinement in matters of this sort, and they subjected the three leaders to a merciless criticism that was echoed in the streets.

The meeting was held in the building of a college of music in Tokyo that has a fair-sized hall. The room was jammed when the meeting was called to order, but, except for the three determined leaders and five or six other women, grouped near the front of the hall, it was crowded with men. Many were representatives of the press, and the others had come merely out of curiosity, or to condemn. I gathered from their remarks, translated by my interpreter, that the majority of them had sternly forbidden their own wives or daughters to attend what they, even then, were designating a "fools" meeting. In fact, "baka", meaning "fool" in Japanese, and, by the way, one of the strongest words in the language, was being passed from mouth to mouth.

The ridicule of the male portion of the audience was not the only thing the women had to contend with. Before the meeting was well under way, two police sergeants sent by special orders of the Prefecture of Police arrived. With their tiny swords dangling by their sides, they

stalked to the front of the hall, where they sat stiffly upright during the meet-If the leaders had attempted to launch too radical a program, or one that even hinted of criticism of the government, they were there to make arrests and close up proceedings at once. A strong wave of Socialism that has swept Japan of recent years has made the police very wary and high-handed in their methods. My interpreter went to the entrance, looked out, and returned with a wide grin on his face. A half-dozen policemen were stationed outside, he said, and the meeting might yet end in an interesting manner.

When Mrs. Kimura took the chair and called the meeting to order, it was noticeable that her kimono was brand new, and that her hair had been dressed in foreign style, or what is known as "high-collar style", in Japanese slang.

WHEN she started to tell the audience that she and her associates were launching a movement which they hoped would enlighten and uplift their sex and train them to think for themselves, the men began to jeer and catcall. Japanese is a very polite language, but its very politeness can be twisted into the deadliest of insults and abuse. Mrs. Kimura, speaking for the first time in public, was easily flustered. She faltered. and the red mounted into her face, but she got control of herself, finally, and although the jeering continued, she finished her explanation of the proposed society's purpose.

Then, in turn, she called upon Miss Awata and Mrs. Nishikawa. They bravely took the platform and endured the embarrassment, doubly trying to diffident Japanese women, of trying to explain their new ideas regarding the feminine sex to a jeering audience of their masters.

Then Mrs. Kimura asked for questions, and courageously tried to answer several that were hurled up by the taunting men, before dismissing the audience. When the hall was nearly cleared, the police sergeants walked stiff-kneed from the hall, dismissed the policeman at the door, and Japan's first feminist meeting was ended.

The attitude of the papers the follow-

ing day varied. Some pointed coarse fun at the leaders for attempting such a thing; others asserted that the husband of Mrs. Kimura had been prominently associated with the Socialist movement, and had been a close friend of the twelve anarchists who were hanged some years ago for plotting against the life of the Emperor Mutsu Hito. They predicted that the New Woman's society would turn out to be a dangerous public menace, probably instigated by Kimura and his followers.

ASKED Mrs. Kimura if this was true, when I sought her out in her home a few days after the meeting. She said, with some regret in her voice, that it was true her husband's connection with the Socialists kept them under police surveillance most of the time, and, for that reason, although he was in sympathy with her work, he purposely refrained from trying to aid her, for fear of the consequences.

Mrs. Kimura lives in a tiny house in the Kanda district, and, although my interpreter kept asking directions from passersby, we had considerable troubling in locating it. As we drew near, persons we would ask to direct us would invariably ask if we meant the New and True Woman, and try hard—because of the foreigner's presence, I suppose—to keep back a wide grin. We

also gathered from the remarks of the regiment that tagged after us that the *ijin baka* (foreign fool) had come to see the *neko enna* (cat woman).

When we finally reached the right house, we were fortunate in finding an informal meeting under way. A dozen youngsters were at play in the tiny yard, while their mothers squatted inside listening to the "queer" ideas of the three leaders.

Our appearance practically broke up the meeting, and I fancy that several of the women shyly made their escape through other portions of the house as we entered the garden. In a Japanese house it is a simple matter to slide back any portion of the rice-paper partitions and step out into the open.

Upon Mrs. Kimura's smiling invitation to enter her "inexcusably small and mean house", we removed our shoes and crowded into the little rooms with the others. Mrs. Kimura had been presiding over affairs with her baby in her arms; but now she gave the infant to an elder sister, and sent the little girl outside with it. Naturally, the "little mother" lingered to stare at the foreigner.

Through my interpreter, I asked Mrs. Kimura if the society's real object was to obtain equal suffrage for Japanese women, what their method of obtaining it would be, and if she did not realize what a gigantic task was ahead of them.

"Oh, we do realize that," she replied; "the very women, afraid to join our movement, condemn us as the men do. It is going to be much harder, I fear, for us to obtain equal suffrage than it will be, or has been, for the women of any other nation, not barring the English women.

"Only last month one of our women's magazines (the Fujin Sekai, Woman's World) printed the reasons given by Dr. Okuda, the Minister of Education, for the suppression of several new maga-

[Continued on page Int]



THE CROWNIN

SERIAL STORY

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters:-Virginia Fairfax, a beautiful young American girl, who has arrived in Terek, the capital of young American girl, who has arrived in Terek, the capital of Arcanidia, under strange circumstances, learns of a plot which includes the assassination of Rupert, Arcanidia's young and handsome king, and the enthroning of the Russian Grand Duke, or, as an alternative, Rupert's marriage to Princess Oiga, whom he does not love, and who, herself, loves von Tannen, one of the King's aides. Virginia attempts to warn the King, who promptly falls in love with her and she with him. She will not let him forsake his kingdom, however, since she, a commoner, cannot be his queen, and prepares to leave immediately, thinking that now the King and the Princess will wed, and the country be saved from Russia. She has planned. however, without considering Count Mirovitch, the Prime Minister,

CHAPTER XI

IRGINIA, there's Count Mirovitch!" Mrs. Potter caught Virginia's hand at the cathedral door, looking off across the square.

They had just come out of the cathedral for the last time, as they were to leave Terek en route for Paris and their steamer when Mr. Potter and Knapp came back from their fishing-trip. At Judy's exclamation, the girl turned.

"I don't see him, Judy. Are you sure? You know

he's supposed to be in Russia."
"He isn't, he's over there!" Mrs. Potter longed to point her finger, but she walked on sedately with Vir-"Hateful old spider! He means mischief; he's here to make them think he has nothing to do with Olga's disappearance.

Virginia was thoughtful; she remembered the Prin-"Perhaps he hasn't," she remarked quietly. cess in tears.

Her friend looked at her quickly. "Jinny, do youcan you think she's run off with von Tannen?"

The girl flushed. "How do I know, Judy? Don't ask

me-I-I saw her alone."

Mrs. Potter sighed; she longed to know just what the Princess had said, but Virginia was peculiar; she had reserves; and if anything touched the King, even remotely, she would not speak.

But at the door of the hotel they found the old Prime Minister. His motor was waiting, his liveried footman held a traveling-bag with "V, F," in silver on it.

Virginia held out her hand. "Oh, thank you! Did

the Countess d'Espinac get hers?"

"Assuredly;" Mirovitch smiled blandly. "I'm just from Paris, and the Countess was much amused at the rôle I had assigned her in my jest. She wishes me to assure you that she never once opened your bag.'

"There's very little in it; it wouldn't matter if she had. But thank you very much for my passport."

"Ah! you ladies are both leaving Terek, then?" He looked from one to the other: "I've just been told that the American gentlemen had gone-fishing."

Virginia bit her lip, coloring. "We go to-morrow morning," she said simply, giving Mrs. Potter's arm a

warning pressure.

"Then permit me to have the pleasure of entertaining you both to-day," the old man said courteously. "You've never seen my house-a modest affair, but comfortablenor my gallery; I have a few good pictures. Will you do me the honor of lunching with me to-day?"

Now, the palace of King Charles's Prime Minister was famous, his gallery one of the best private ones in Europe, he had a genuine Rembrandt, a Corot, and a Raphael. Judy Potter's eyes glowed, she looked imploringly at Virginia.

'I should be delighted," she exclaimed; "we haven't

any appointment, have we, Jinny?"

Virginia colored again under the Count's eyes. She did not want to eat his bread, but Judy had almost committed her. "We haven't finished packing," she objected.

Mirovitch smiled. "My dear ladies, pray do me the honor. I'll send my carriage at one o'clock. The gallery will be open, and the orchid houses. My niece, Madame Dubresne, came from Paris with me and will be delighted to welcome you. She adores Americans.'

Mrs. Potter avoided Virginia's eye. "We'll come," she exclaimed. "I want to meet your niece, and I've been longing-fairly longing-to see that gallery, Count!"

He bowed profoundly, handing her to the door of

the hotel; then he looked at Virginia.

"You won't stay for the royal betrothal, then?" he inquired mildly. "It will be a great occasion-if a little delayed-a parade of the troops, the civil ceremony, and a ball at the palace.

"We sail on Monday," she replied quietly, "and, there-

fore, must leave to-morrow.'

Mirovitch smiled ironically, expressed his regrets, and stood waiting until they disappeared into the elevator.

On the way up, Mrs. Potter began to feel guilty, and at Virginia's door she caught the girl's hands in hers. "Jinny, you didn't want to go?"

"No, I don't, now-but if you want to see the pictures,

Mrs. Potter sighed. "I'm a reprobate! I do-is it a cardinal sin?"

Virginia smiled sadly. "Not for us. Were we Arcanidians, I should say, 'yes'."

"You mean-because of the King?"

The girl bent her head, slipping away from her. "Let me go, Judy, I must dress for the occasion; we've only

"Oh, you dress in fifteen minutes! But I have to find Susie; I don't know where she is. She's been gone all the morning.

"I'll send Ellis," said Virginia, escaping with difficulty.

SHE longed to evade the invitation, but she had no reasonable excuse. Besides, what did it matter? She was nothing any more in the King's life. He must marry Olga; and when she was queen, what then? Why, peace, they said, for Arcanidia! Virginia went out on the bal-She was quite alone, for Ellis had not yet returned from some shopping in the town, and the girl stood idly, resting her hands on the balustrade and looking out over the city. She would not look at it many times more, perhaps only once to-night, when she would be alone. She had a feeling of taking a farewell of it, in all its beauty and color and warmth, with the lovely forest-clad hills behind it, and the wonderful, deep mountain defile that men called the Gate of Arcan. She had grown to love it, this city where he reigned, her lover and her king! Never-in all her life-would she forget it, in the sunlight, and the shadows on the blue mountains, and the graceful white turrets of the palace, and the whole gay square; and always she would hear his voice, his passionate cry: "Virginia, I love you!"

She did not know why God had given her this sorrow, this incomparable deep pain, to part with him forever, but she could have thanked God, on her knees, for having felt the power of a good man's love, the high faith of a true and noble gentleman. He would have given all up for her, had she let him! Was she rightto rob her own heart and his? She lifted her head and looked up on the mountains, she heard again the voices

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of the people, the people who needed him to defend them and fight for their rights, to keep the peace; and a strange quietude came into her young soul. She felt the answer. Whether she loved or not did not matterhe was the king!

It was almost a half-hour later, and she had come back into her room with a pale face and beautiful calm eyes. She felt that the battle was over, the victory won. Yet she started, trembling, when some one tapped sharply on the door. It was Judy Potter, very pale, too, and with horror written large in her eyes.

"Oh, Jinny, come quick!" she whispered. "Susie's here and-she'll tell you-I can't-come quick. Oh, don't wait!"

The hand that caught at Virginia's was cold and shaking. "Quick!" she panted, and they ran down the corridor to her room. was a sunny room and the window was wide open. On chairs and boxes were strewn different articles of Judy's finery, and on the floor, in a crumpled heap, her head on a chair, lay Susie, the maid.

VIRGINIA went over and touched the girl's shoulder. "What is it. Susie?

she asked gently. "Tell her," cried Mrs. Potter excitedly, "tell her -just as you told me!"

But Susie only buried her face deeper in the chair cushions and sobbed aloud.

"She's perfectly horrified at something Rassinsky told her,' ' her mistress explained. "Susie, you must tell Miss Fairfax. It seems," she went on in despera-

tion," that the Princess has never come back at all, and this morning the King got a message that she was at the Gate of Arcan: there's an old castle there, the Queen's Keep, they call it. It belongs to Olga. She sent word she was there and quite ill. The King's physi-

cian went at once, and she asked that the King come also. He was to go alone, wasn't it, Susie?

"With no one but Count von Hillern, m'm," sobbed the girl. "It seems, so Nikolas says, that they all know the King isn't afraid. He's to go alone-the message said the Princess was there, but she isn't! She never was there at all."

"Who told all this to Nikolas?" Virginia demanded quickly.

"No one, Miss, he heard it: he's with Count Mirovitch. That's why the Count came back, to make the King think he hadn't anything to do with it, and they're planning, if they can, to get you, Miss Virginia, because -you're-excuse me, Miss, they say the King's in love with you, and if he wouldn't come for Olga, he'd follow vou.

Virginia turned red and then white. "That's why we were asked to luncheon!"

"Yes, Miss, that's it-if you were asked to his house. He's to stay here, so people won't think he's in it—when—" she stopped with a shudder.

Mrs. Potter caught Virginia's hand and pressed it keep her silent, and the girl went on between her sobs.

"When they've killed the King! For that's what Nikolas thinks they mean to do-and they've paid Nikolas and two others to do it. He took the money to come to America and marry me! As if I'd marry a cut-throat! He's gone, the awful man, to the Gate of Arcan-where the castle is!"



"I'M GOING," SHE SAID, "WITH GOD'S HELP, TO SAVE THE KING!"

"And the King?" asked Virginia in nervous haste.

"He's gone already, Miss; he went on horseback with only Count von Hillern, no one else. They mean to get Count von Hillern away, they've planned a message for him; then, as soon as the King comes, they'll cut the telephone and telegraph wires. They've got men ready to do it, and the King will be killed before the Russian duke comes.'

T seems as if some one must be faithful to him!" "Where are his friends?" cried Judy.

"They won't be there," Susie said, "and it's the people that love him-and they won't know, because they mean to give out that von Tannen killed him in anger-because of the Princess-before he ran away with her.'

Judy turned to Virginia, who was very still; stunned, her friend thought, and beyond words.

"It seems-this villain Rassinsky swears-that Olga ran away to Germany with von Tannen to be married.

'It can't be!" Virginia exclaimed, "I don't believe it." "It's so, Miss!" Susie gathered herself up a little. red-eyed and pitiful enough. "Mirovitch tried to catch them, but he didn't. They were married last night in Switzerland. Then the Prime Minister, he telegraphed to the Grand Duke, and it's for them-for Mirovitch and his friends-to get the King out of the way. They think, then, the people will be frightened, without any one to tell them what to do, kind of cowed-as we'd say at home-and, the Princess being married to a common man, they'll take the Grand Duke for their king."
"A pretty plot!" said Judy. "I hope you see, Susie,

what it is to fall in love with great, tall savages with

vellow whiskers?"

"I-I don't want ever to see him again-Susie wept. "I—I don't want ever to see him again— but I'm afraid." She caught at Judy's skirt with shaking hands. "He said if I told he'd-he'd kill me!"

"On my word, a charming admirer!" her mistress cried indignantly; "to threaten an American girl, too! Where's the creature now?"

"Gone-gone to kill the King!" Susie wailed. Mrs. Potter turned with a cry. "Jinny!"

But Virginia dragged her arm away and leaned back against the wall, her face hidden in her hands. thought her overcome with grief and flung sympathetic arms around her.

"Jinny, dear Jinny, some one will be there, some one will surely save him! This couldn't happen—it belongs to the dark ages!"

Virginia's hands fell from her face, and it was set in such hard lines that the older woman started back.

"Jinny!" she cried again.
"Listen, Judy," the girl said, in a low voice, "keep Susie here. Don't let them get near her, make some excuse to Mirovitch, any excuse but the truth; and, when Billy comes, tell him all, tell him to raise the people, and to come to the Gate of Arcan. Don't forget, Judy, don't lose a moment, tell him all!"

"And you-Jinny, where are you going?" Mrs. Potter almost shrieked. She saw the purpose in the girl's eyes.

Virginia pushed her away and ran to the door, but there she looked back. "I'm going," she said, "with God's help, to save the King!"

CHAPTER XII

T was nearly one o'clock when Virginia slipped out of the side door of the hotel, making a circuit of the court, to avoid the waiting carriage of the Prime Minister. Ellis had helped her change her dress for a simple one with a close hat and veil, and she had escaped in spite of Mrs. Potter's protests.

"You can't do anything!" Judy had said, "and you're mad to try it-oh, please go to Comerford, he's the man to know what to do. I've called over the 'phone but they

say he's out!"

"Then I sha'n't go there," Virginia had replied, and now, evading the footman, she went straight toward the

palace.

She knew no one there whom she could trust, von Hillern was said to be with the King, there was only Zvirin, and he was too lame to ride. If some one could only reach the King in time; there must be a way! She prayed as she went, almost running up the long avenue. There were but few people in the street, the hour-about dinner time in many homes-had emptied it, and Virginia drew less notice than she would have done at a later hour. Once she thought that she was followed, and a vision of Mirovitch made her shudder, but no one was with her when she came to the big gateway where she had met Rupert that first morning-how long ago it seemed!

There was no sentry to-day; indifference to the ordinary royal precautions was one of the King's traits. His gate stood open to his people and they went in and out unquestioned; this, too, in spite of the prayers and protests of his Council. But it had made him beloved; already, among the humble people, he was "Our Rupert". Only in the upper classes, whose wealth lay over the border, and in the army, much officered by Russians, was there serious disaffection. The gate stood open, therefore, and some children were playing by the fountain. Virginia went on unquestioned, and began to look for the old soldier. Somewhere he must be, but where? She did not want to be seen, she did not want to draw notice to the fact that she was seeking the King's faithful follower; yet there was no time to lose.

She went on: the beauty of the grounds unfolded before her, and the long marble terrace. Then her eye caught the window of the gallery; remembrance rushed back and tears came. She was almost in despair when she saw the old man standing by the terrace. She ran to him and told him, pouring out her story, while he listened with a blank face, stricken dumb, Yet she saw he be-

lieved it all.

HAS the King really gone?" she cried; until now she had hoped that he was still in the palace, that Nikolas' story was false, a tale to frighten Susie.

But Zvirin crushed that hope. "He's been gone an

hour-and Count von Hillern with him."
"Then it's true!" Virginia wrung her hands together, trying to think. "Is there no one else who can go after him? Is there any hope of intercepting him before he reaches Arcan?"

"Aye, Miss, at the wood by the crossroads, below the Iron Pass. His Majesty went by the old mill-road; I heard him tell Count von Hillern. There's no way to go by train. This road is nearer, the straight one to the Pass, but"—he looked down at his crippled leg—"I can't ride!" and he cursed softly below his breath.

Virginia stood a moment silent, then she met the old man's troubled eyes. "Zvirin, we must save him-you and I! I dare not trust any one else-we don't know where the traitors are. You must stay and try to find the American, Mr. Knapp, I mean. He'll be back, and when he comes tell him all. I-Zvirin, give me a fast horse, the fastest you've got."

He stared at her, incredulous. "You mean to go-to ride after him?"

She nodded. He started forward. "Can you ride? Mein Gott, yes, I know you can, I've seen you! But a horse-stay, I can't take one from the King's stables without their knowing!" He thought and then hobbled off. "I'll be back, wait here!" he called over his shoulder, tremulous with baste.

VIRGINIA waited; it seemed intolerable, too, to stand there and see old Zvirin hobbling off; to be able to do just so much and no more, because she was a woman and a foreigner. She began to walk to and fro behind the evergreens, and the soft crunch of her footsteps on the gravel path was the only sound she heard. It was a clear sweet day, the sky as blue as a baby's eyes, and the stately outlines of the palace loomed through the trees. The city lay so still that the great clock in the tower boomed out, deep-throated and alone, one-two! girl had tried to quiet the fierce beating of her heart and the pain that burned there. He had gone, the King, to see the Princess Olga; they had used her name to trap him, and she-God helping Virginia to-day-would be queen! For Virginia believed nothing of the tale of von Tannen's elopement; it must be a mere scandalous lie of Mirovitch's. Then she looked up and saw Zvirin coming, leading a splendid bay horse, and she ran to meet him. The old man mounted her and handed her the bridle.
"It's the Princess Olga's horse," he said, "they'll let him

pass. Keep your veil down, you're much of the same

height, Miss, only-'

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THE SUBLIMINAL SOUL OF ELAINE BOGGS

By ELIZABETH HODGSON

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD:—Susan Boggs is not an alienist, nor a neurologist, nor a Hindu mystic; she is a plump jolly old maid. But she knows a thing or two about dual personalities, and has informally conducted more than one psychological experiment, with her poultry-farm as a laboratory. Occasionally, I drop in to see her chickens and her patients, and hear some of her adventures in human nature. Here is the latest one, just as she told it to me:

OOK old and tired out, this time, do I? Well, it's no wonder, after all I've suffered with Elaine the last two weeks. I've been on a soul hunt, that's the truth, and it was a long, hard trip, too.

You know, I'm the only close relative the poor child has

on the Boggs side of the house, and I've got to keep the Darcys from spoiling her. If I am an old maid. I guess I know considerable more about how to raise children than Madeline does.

I knew just how it would be from the very hour poor brother John told me he was going to marry Madeline Darcy. I looked at him good and hard, and said my say, once for all. "She'll never make you happy, John Boggs. She's a pretty girl, all right, and maybe she can paint as well as she thinks. But she couldn't see a joke to save her soul, and every time you say anything funny, she'll think you're a fool or a perfect brute."

Oh, I know I went too far, and I guess John didn't forgive me for months. But, after they got home from their wedding-trip, he came out here to the poultry-farm for a visit with me. He was as wild as a boy, and we joked and laughed till our

sides ached.

LORD, Susan," he said, "you don't know how this rests me! Now, I've got to go home and shut

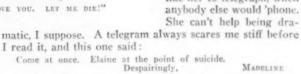
my teeth on my poor jokes for the next fifty years." Well, poor boy, I almost think it was a mercy that he was caught in that wreck a year later. Madeline had already got to the point of acting like a snippy, disgusted martyr half the time, and John was getting so queer I hardly knew him. He did his level best, but, land! he'd laugh while the barber was shaving him.

Of course, when he was killed, Madeline "forgave" him, and made herself believe that she was brokenhearted. It makes me wild to hear her talk about her "poor, dear husband". I'd tell her a thing or two if John hadn't, with his last breath, made me promise that I'd always be good to her and help take care of Elaine. He'd wanted to name the baby for me, but "Susan" wasn't artistic enough to suit Madeline.

Madeline went back to her painting, and I must say for her that she has daubed an awful lot of canvas since then. I'm no art critic, but I can't stand her pictures. However, I wouldn't care a Lincoln penny about her "consecrating herself to art" if she had only given Elaine a decent chance. But think of a girl sixteen years old that never set her foot in a public-school till I coaxed Madeline to move to Chicago and send her to Kenwood

High School last fall. She's grown like an orchid under glass, with a French governess, and a tutor, and a library full of novels and poetry. Sounds like an up-to-date American education, doesn't it? I don't suppose there is another girl in Chicago that can quote as many yards of poetry as Elaine. I'm not much addicted to it myself; I can take my poetry or leave it alone. But that poor child comes a lot nearer to living in a moated grange than in a Chicago flat, so far as the inside of her head is concerned. And Madeline drapes her in slinky Burne-Jones clothes and talks to her about the ideals of art! Elaine has never worn freckles and a middy and a tennisracket in her life; and it's just uncanny to hear her. for she never uses slang, or giggles, or talks healthy

nonsense, the way a child like her ought to. WELL, a week ago Wednesday, when the big incubator was hatching, I got a telegram from Madeline. It is just like her to telegraph, when anybody else would 'phone. She can't help being dra-



I called my man, Peter, and made him promise by all that's holy to look after those chicks, and in fifteen minutes I was cranking my little runabout. All the way I was wondering what under the shining heavens could have happened to Elaine. I kept repeating to myself all the good scripture I could remember about holding your tongue, for Madeline does try my patience to the limit.



"I HAVE GONE MAD. I LOVE YOU. LET ME DIE!"

But I've never said the first sarcastic word to her yet, thank goodness.

Madeline was pacing the porch, wringing her hands like Lady Macbeth.

"It's all your fault!" she moaned, "I told you she was too delicate and sensitive to send out into the world, but you over-persuaded me, and now her life's ruined!"

She went on like that for half an hour, before I could pry a single fact out of her. But, at last, it came out that Elaine had fallen in love with her English professor, and had just found out that he was engaged to the music-teacher. There's a high-school tragedy for you! I had my mind fixed on something so much worse that I felt almost cheerful about that.

When I asked Madeline if she hadn't known, before this, how Elaine felt, she said, no, she had been very busy, and the child was so devoted to her English work that she thought she was going to be a writer. This teacher praised her themes and helped her with her poetry, bless you!

SHE did tell me that he was as beautiful as a Greek God or a young Antinous," Madeline confessed, "but I thought nothing of it, for Elaine's esthetic sensibility is finely developed."

Humph!

Later on, I got some of the melancholy details from Elaine. It seems this professor was the only soul in the school that treated her like a human being. Her classmates mimicked her and just outdid themselves to have as much fun with her as they could. I don't much blame them, for she ought to be moved back four centuries to be where she belongs. Besides, she probably showed them how coarse and crude they seemed to her. I knew school would be hard enough for her, but I didn't know, before, how bad it would be. In the mean time, mamma was painting another symbolical picture, and spring was rolling round again.

Wouldn't you expect teachers to know better than to stick The Idylls of the King into the most romantic month

in the year? Schools ought to close through May, anyway—August wouldn't be half so dangerous.

Well, the climax came when the class began studying Lancelot and Elaine, the most sickening love story I ever read. I don't know how much sentimental nonsense our girl had been thinking before, but this poem finished her. So when the girls kindly told her that her Lancelot (his name is L. G. Woods, but the L may stand for Lysippus, so far as anybody knows)-that her Lancelot was just engaged to the music-teacher, Elaine fainted dead away. They brought her home in a cab, the whole bunch as ashamed as you please.

Now, you needn't sniff. She is just a child, but if a child thinks her heart's broken, she can get a lot of gilt-edged misery out of the notion. Especially if she hasn't a grain of humor in her!

"Elaine has been weeping for hours behind her locked door," Madeline said to me piteously. "All that she would tell me was that she loves him, and she wants to die." I looked at her and thought: "And you're hardly a day older than Elaine yourself! I wish John were here to teach his poor little girl how to live in a real world."

It was up to me to save the child. Why didn't she take after her father just the least bit? But I couldn't remember one thing that gave me any hope. From the very first, she was as solemn as an owl or an angel. Even when she was a baby, she could make a preacher look frivolous beside her. And to think that John was the most mischievous imp that ever teased the life out of a whole neighborhood!

NOW, Madeline," I told her, "the thing to do is to give Elaine a complete change. Let me take her out to the farm and teach her to raise chickens. I'll feed her on strawberries and whipped cream and fried chicken till she gets a little flesh to cushion her soul. Then I'll send her back sound and happy."

Madeline declared that she couldn't bear the separation from her child, and that Elaine would die before the summer ended. But I got her consent by promising to send Elaine home unless she chippered up some by the end of the first two weeks. With that, I left her crying into some chintz rosebuds and went after the victim.

As I came to Elaine's door I heard her sobbing softly like a child that's cried itself to sleep. I knocked and begged her to let her Aunt Sue take her out to the country for a little visit. She woke up and let me in before she remembered not to. There were three tear-soaked handkerchiefs drying on the head-rail of the bed; and her Idylls lay open at the fatal poem. I picked the book up and a page of scribbles fell out; she had been writing a poem herself, mind you, ending every stanza with that sensible remark of Elaine's to Lancelot: "I have gone mad. I love you; let me die!"

Of course, I had to take it all in dead earnest, but all the same that poem struck me as a hopeful sign. Anybody that can enjoy writing poems about Death has something

to live for.



"ELAINE HAS BEEN WEEPING FOR HOURS BEHIND PITEOUSLY, "ALL THAT SHE WOULD TELL ME WAS

I petted and coaxed her, and let her cry all the starch out of my fresh shirt waist. She told me that life was over for her, and I admitted it; but I said it was her duty to spare her mamma's feelings as much as she could. Of course, I didn't use these words, but I showed her that my poultry-farm was a more comfortable and suitable place in which to die for love than a Kenwood flat ever could be; and that I could bear it better to watch her die than her sensitive parent could. You know, the Darcys think I haven't much soul.

She was so anxious to get away from everybody that she went with me like a lamb. She told Lisette to pack her some clothes, no matter what, and she picked out for herself a select cargo of poets, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and some other weepy ones. Then she put in a note-book full of her own things that He had helped her with. Poor little thing, she looked like a lily after a thunder-shower. She wasn't hurt any deeper than her imagination, but she didn't know that yet.

NOW, just imagine me and the Lily Maid of Astolat, spinning out to the chicken-farm, discussing such lively topics as entering a convent, going as a missionary, and committing suicide. I told her that I didn't favor suicide much till after a person had tried everything else. I wanted to make her admit that, sometimes, after many, many years, a broken heart got well enough so that you could take some interest in your victuals again; but she looked at me with her blue eyes, big and solemn as moons, and quoted: "They never loved who say, 'loved once'"; and another that was still worse:

Unless you can die when the dream is done, Oh, never call it loving!

Elaine said it all so touchingly that I was almost ashamed of being alive. And then

HER LOCKED DOOR," MADELINE SAID TO ME THAT SHE LOVES HIM, AND WANTS TO DIE."

she remarked hopefully, "I've always been delicate, anyway, so I'll not live very long." And I didn't smile, even then!

That night, after she was safe in bed, I reviewed the Idyll; I hadn't looked at it since I took my final examination on it, but, you see, I needed to know the part Elaine was playing. While I was worrying my brains over the situation, I suddenly remembered some psychology stuff I read in a story not long ago. Everybody has two selfs, two souls, or whatever you want to call 'em. The one that's on top most all the time is the Peripheral Soul, and that's the one the neighbors know you by. But, way down under it, so far that neither you nor anybody else knows it for years, you've got a Subliminal Soul. And, some day, it may come to the top and make you do something that will surprise the natives, something different from anything else you ever did in your life.

Well, I told myself, "that child's peripheral soul is Elaine, no doubt about that; but I hope to goodness her subliminal soul is Boggs. No Boggs ever died of love or went to the tomb without ever seeing a joke. If I could make her laugh just once, she'd be out of danger."

But the next day she was Elaine worse than ever. Then Friday she was "Mariana in the Moated Grange", and Saturday she learned all of "The Lady of Shalott" by heart. About supper-time I took her by main force to see my ducks swim. There were two hundred of them, fat as butter-balls, paddling around and diving for grubs. She looked at them kind of dreamy-like, and said to herself:

The swans on still St. Mary's lake Float double, swan and shadow.

Wouldn't that kill you? Swans! After that I gave up the idea of making her a partner in the poultry business, and tried to cheer her up by telling her some of the tricks her dad used to play. But gracious, they were all open sin to her, so I stopped blackening the memory of the dead, and tried another tack.

I'd nearly laughed myself sick over a mighty funny story all about a fat woman and love. So I read some of the best parts to Elaine. She listened politely, just like a bored angel, till I saw it was no use. Then she remarked, "Aunt Sue, it seems to me a desecration when a fat woman talks about love. Her soul must be smothered in flesh."

That got me; I'm not fat by any means, but I'm no such fragile being as Elaine. Before I could answer, she was deep in Ella Wheeler Wilcox again, with a fresh supply of handkerchiefs under her sofa-pillow.

OF course, I made her take a walk every day; and, believe me, she's fenced in the whole chicken farm with blank verse. I overheard her doing "Thanatopsis" out by the feeding-pens. I couldn't begin to tell you how much poetry I've had quoted to me, how many quarts of tears have soaked into my shoulder, nor how many volumes of romance have been poured into my ears. I'll not need a novel for years. And every day the child looked thinner and more delicate (she's grown like a potato sprout in a cellar, anyway), and I got more and more scared about her. I sat up nights with tears in my eyes, thinking of amusing things to say and do, and next day they would fall flat and dead. The cook racked her brains to tempt Elaine, but she turned up her little nose at anything so earthy as food. It seemed cruel to drag her to the table. She even took away my appetite!

The end of that two weeks was in sight, but Elaine's subliminal soul wasn't! I kept diving for it with no luck at all. I tried every plan I could think of to stiffen her spine, but she had no more pride than Tennyson's fadeaway-and-die girl. She simply wouldn't get jealous of the music-teacher, nor mad at L. G., nor even interested in anything on earth. She told me she was praying for death; and she refused to eat a box of luscious chocolate.

[Continued on page 82]

How Much Do You LOVE YOUR HUSBAND?

BY A WIFE WHO WAS PUT TO AN UNUSUAL TEST

OW much do you love your husband? Have you perhaps reached one of those aftermath months when heart and mind are unduly analytical, and you wish-oh, how you wish that you had it to do over again! Perhaps you are even thinking that you would not do it over again. We all come to that crossroad of cross purposes sooner or later. Every married pair is put to the test. But to no one that I know of has

come the experience that came to me.

Just a year ago, Peter and I-Peter, who had divorced his former wife several years ago, were married. Incidentally, let me say that he was justified in getting that divorce. And that is not the prejudice of fondness, but the unanimous opinion of all who know about the case. And it was this divorce that gave to our test its unusual qualities. For it was two months ago, just as I had come to that before-mentioned crossroad, that I suddenly found myself free.

Free! Just imagine it!-at a time when freedom loomed, a wonderful state of bliss. Free !- just when I was regretfully asking myself why I had married Peter. Free!-just when I felt as if I must toss the shackles of wifehood from me and emerge again the carefree, happy

girl that I had been.

You wonder how that could be when law and clergy had decreed us man and wife? Well, without relating the trivial quarrels that had brought me to this condition of mind-I won't say heart, because we often for-

get we have hearts-I will tell you.

If you were reading the papers some few months ago, you must have read how twenty divorces issued by a certain judge in a certain state were declared invalid. True, the papers made little comment other than mentioning the fact, but Peter's was one of those twenty. So what seemed just an incident worth barely an inch of space in the newspaper was of colossal importance to us.

And, right here, it seems pardonable if I digress for a moment and say that it is a blot on the escutcheon of the nation that such a thing can happen as happened to us; that there are not uniform divorce laws; that two people can live together for a year and then suddenly find that before man-if not before God-they have transgressed the letter of the law, in living together when they are not legally man and wife.

When Peter came home to me with the news, it was with the gruffness that a man assumes when intensely stirred. I did not, at the time, make allowance for this, because we had not been on speaking terms for a few days, and I considered his gruffness part of our previous This was the way he greeted me

'Well, here's a test for love. You said-oh, a day or so ago-that you'd give half your life if you hadn't

I looked at him amazed. I had said that, yes-but anger had spurred me to it, and I had not realized how such exaggeration sounded.

And then he told me, while I listened as if a bolt from the sky had struck me! And, manlike, he proceeded to stab me further.

"Talk about your old-time fables! You wished yourself rid of a husband: your wish comes true. A modern miracle!"

"Peter!" My voice rang hurt reproof.

He had been walking back and forth, but at the sound of my voice he swung around.

"Well"-and he shrugged-"isn't it so?" But he added solicitously, with an entire change of manner: "There's more to this than you imagine, Gwen."

By this time, my mind was beginning to grasp the significance of what he had told me, but the many questions surging to my lips made me dumb. In my brain,

however, they seethed articulately.

Had our marriage really been but a farce? Would we have to be married again to make our life together possible? And-shuddering thought-might not Peter feel as I had said I felt? Would not freedom be as welcome to him as I had said it would be to me? And, if it were-My heart skipped a beat and then raced madly on, in whirling accompaniment to my thoughts, as I wondered if chivalry, and chivalry alone, would bind him to me.

My face must have mirrored the turmoil of the brain

behind it, for Peter suddenly said huskily:

"Don't look that way, Gwen! Besides, I didn't mean to startle you. But-but I was hurt about what you said. And-and it is almost unbearable-the knowing I must

go through that divorce mess again."
"You don't mean-" My voice trailed into nothingness, but that question needed no illuminating words.

The word came bitterly. And it was just at this juncture that hurried footsteps on the porch announced the arrival of some one: my mother and father had come hard upon the heels of the news.

I haven't much memory of what was said after they But I do know that I contributed nothing of either lamentation or suggestion to the medley of talk. I was really stunned. And so I never even protested when they carried me off with them-for the decision had been reached: I was to return to my parents until Peter could secure a decree in our own state.

It goes without saying that this was the only thing to do, but I had a ghastly feeling as of being swept along by undercurrents too swift for my resisting when I walked out of my own little home and the door shut behind me. And I had a vision of Peter on the inner side of that door, so concerned with the ordeal before him that he barely noted I had gone.

HOW much did I love my husband? I could not have answered that question in the two weeks that followed, though the heart makes up its mind long before the head does, for everything conspired to make life unendurable for me, just then. Peter, who came to dine with us each night, wore a perpetual frown and a look as somber as the grave. And the conversation, perforce, revolved about the one theme, which my mother and father embellished with casual remarks that must have cut him as they cut me.

Furthermore, we were as if pilloried. It was a time when I, at any rate, would gladly have dispensed with friends. A hut in the wilderness would have suited me better than being consoled and condoled with by all who came my way-though the various opinions of my various

friends were interesting enough.

For instance, there was one most unhappily married who threw her arms about me, hugging me in an exuber-

ance of passionate envy as she exclaimed:

"Oh, you lucky, lucky thing! Just to think-another chance at life! Another try! The world before you again! Romance! Happiness! Tell me, are you going to marry Peter again?"

I did not answer her directly, and she added:

"It seems to me you've got to love a man pretty hard to want to marry him the second time.'

Again, I did not make any direct reply. But everything pointed to the fact that I was going to marry Peter the second time. though the loving him enough seemed to be a minor consideration. In truth, love was never mentioned among us in the family. And something about this rasped my sensitive nerves. For, coupled with my parent's eagerness for the months to pass and make our marriage feasible, was Peter's seemingly quiet acceptance of the fact that there was only one thing to do and that he was doing it.

This endured for about three weeks. when I could no more bear the strained atmosphere in which we were all living. How much did I love my husband? Well. I could not answer that question even to myself; but, having an invitation from a friend who wisely suggested that a change of scene was the thing needed to give me the right perspective of life. I packed a trunk and went off on a visit.

And Maud Beckwith was the one woman I needed, just then. Jolly, warm-hearted, sanely tolerant and unprejudiced, thoroughly the wife and mother, it was like being transported into another clime.

OF course, we talked about my affair.
Only talking to Maud was not an aggravation to the spirit, but like airing something soiled and musty in the warm sunshine. And Jack, her husband, blew the merry winds of ridicule about my unconventional married status. He was really amusing with the many quips he manufactured at my expense. And he would interrupt the conversation, to ask seriously:

"I've forgotten again. What's it to be, Gwen-a church wedding?"

And he never took up a paper but that he sought out apropos items, and would read to us paragraphs, such as: "The bride wore a wonderful creation of white charmeuse covered with point lace and carried a shower bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley.

They really gave me a new outlook on existence. And to the home folks I wrote letters about them which I endeavored to make as entertaining as my two good friends really were. Even those to Peter were in the same vein, though they were-well, the sort one might write to a brother.

Frankly, though I did not know exactly why, I bore Peter a bit of a grudge. And here, too, it was Maud who laughingly helped me to understand myself. As she said. I must have expected him to fall upon his knees and implore me to marry him again, since happiness had vanished with our bonds.

I realized she was right. Even as she pointed the finger of definiteness at my desires, I understood that, all unsuspectingly, I had missed the touch of romance Peter's attitude had precluded. Queer creatures, we women! Our impulses are born in sentiment and nourished on nothing. It was that evening I wrote Peter my first intimate letter; or, rather, womanlike, put the wherefor of my letter in the postscript. After writing about the everyday occurrences at Maud's, the little funny tricks I was teaching the baby, I added:

"I am beginning to feel, Peter, that I have been unnecessarily dense. Not even seeing how lugubriously you set about doing 'the right thing' opened my eyes.



"THIS IS THE TARTHEST I COULD COME, PETER, TOWARD MEETING YOU HALF-WAY."

course, you will want to get the divorce, anyway; but, aside from that, I want you to do nothing more than you honestly desire to do. In fact, Peter, unless you are as anxious to marry me as you were a year ago, I'll not hear of marrying again,"

This brought me a curious reply-though, now, as I look back, I can see what a bid for sentiment I had made. But the reply was really satisfactory. He wrote:

DEAR GWEN:

You certainly are a little idiot. I snap my fingers at your postscript. May I take a run up to see you? If I leave here Saturday afternoon, I'll get to you about eight A. M. Sunday, And the two o'clock train in the afternoon will bring me into

office in good time Monday morning. Your Dad and I have fallen into bad habits lately. We play pinocle every evening. The last two nights it rained, so I did not go home—occupied your room here. What's more, I dreamed of you. And, bless me'.—if you weren't a sensible woman in my dreams. Can't you understand that what I brought upon you has

me like a two-edged sword? But there—I don't want to write about that. Besides, I'm only now beginning to recover my spirits. And so I'll just add:
A man must care quite a little for a girl when he travels forty
hours on a train in order to spend six with her.

My love always, always.

I liked the tone of this letter. It contained a note of homely, sensible sentiment, and spoke straight to my heart. No matter whether I had yearned for Romeo-like protestations. Peter's simple way of putting things rang truer. And like some great resurgent wave, my love for him washed over me, cleansed me, as it were; and, deep

[Continued on page 102]

THE REAL

A DEPARTMENT FOR

Conducted by

HAT is your church doing this winter?"
"Oh, there was a bazaar before Christmas. And six big suppers. And, of course, there had to be a Christmas tree for the children. And there are the primary department parties. And the regular meetings and socials of the different societies. Isn't yours doing about that?"

And probably the other church is doing about that.

Passing over for the moment the hope, all the time drawing nearer, that many of the multitude of religious bodies will presently in every community be united in one common church, with a great leader and a great congregation and great activities for everybody, let us see what is the case while this time is coming about.

The letters coming to this department and touching on this question make up the fourth group of those being considered from time to time. Here is a typical letter of inquiry:

I was informed from reading the McCall's Magazine, that, if I would write to you, I could receive information in regard to improving our Sunday-school class which we have just recently organized.

Now we have been wondering about a name which would be suitable to call our class. Could you not mention some names? And also give some helpful suggestions, so the class will prove a success? We have decided to meet once a month, and, of course, have little socials, markets, and anything like that. And we thought if we would meet more than once a month, our meetings would become rather monotonous. What do you think?

Every church has societies, classes, chapters, guilds, departments, and grades, all of which are trying to develop interest (don't let us ever say stimulate interest!) in activities, and by those activities to accomplish a certain amount of good.

And in some churches, these activities keep on being confined to bazaars, socials, suppers, Christmas trees, and the usual round of meetings.

How long will it be before these churches are going to realize that they are but touching vaguely at the edge of what might be their field and their effort if they would only open their eyes?

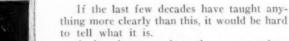
FOR years the church has recognized that when it sends a foreign missionary to a far land, the first thing for this man or woman to do is not to have a bazaar or a supper or a meeting or a sermon, but a school and a hospital. That is to say, it has attacked educational and sanitary problems, realizing that the spiritual growth of men is involved forever with these things. And now we are beginning to see that the home missionaries left in our cities have too long confined their activity to charity and philanthropy, and have not been realizing that here, as in the isles of the sea, human need for more abundant life in every sense is the problem.

Spiritual development and progress accompany sound and sane living. Healthful living. Decently paid living and working. Clean living. Friendly living. And without these things, spiritual development and progress in the mass cannot be expected.

FELLOWSHIP

SOCIAL BETTERMENT

ZONA GALE



And so it comes about that a tremendous number of churches have risen to the need, and have entered into the daily lives of the folk about them. Jesus did that in his time. And now, in our time, we have new ways to do exactly what he did.

Jesus did not merely hold a meeting on the hillside. He fed the multitude.

He did not merely walk with his disciples on the Sabbath. He attended to the physical needs of them all, and gathered corn.

He did not conduct the service in the temple, and let what would go on outside. He drove the moneychangers from the temple.

He did not content himself with laying down laws for conduct. He talked with the woman at the well. He did not only live for his truth, he died for it.

And he did not only die for his truth, he lived for it.

All these acts of Jesus' were acts of social service.

In his day, charity was usual, instead of a concerted effort to make charity unnecessary by justice. But he laid down rules for justice and the care of one's brother's best interests, which, if followed literally now, would abolish poverty.

In his day, his immediate way was to drive the moneychangers out with a whip of thongs. In our day it is to educate, and sometimes to legislate.

In his day, he took the first great step of refusing to judge wrong-doing, or to countenance stoning, literal or figurative. In our day, we are trying to see what economic and social conditions are responsible for wrongdoing, and to stop those.

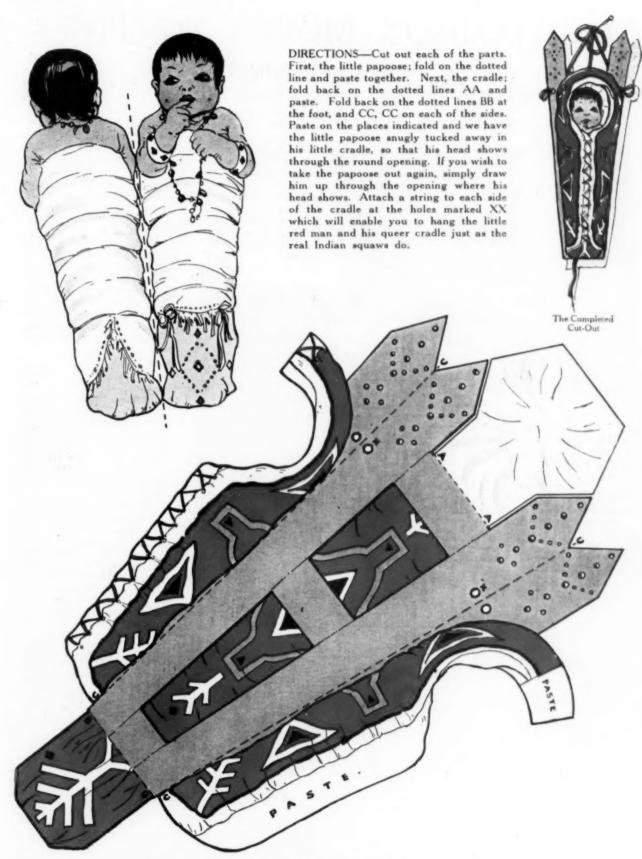
APPLYING twentieth-century methods to what Jesus did and to what he taught is a part of the service of the church, and this is being magnificently recognized by one organization after another.

But there are still some holding bazaars and suppers and markets and socials, and feeling that this is all that is required so long as the regular services and meetings

Public recreation for the young people, evenings; employment bureaus; education in scientific anti-alcohol work, spreading a sound understanding of what alcohol is doing to the race and how best it can be eliminated; a lecture course which shall be filled with live and present-day social topics; municipal music; playgrounds; an investigation of local child-labor conditions, local wage conditions in general, and a study of how closely these are responsible for a low standard of moral living; in all these things the churches are engaging. They are hampered, of course, by the division of the Church into the churches, but it looks as if this sad division were already giving way to the real fellowship which Jesus taught.

As specific work not only for the Sunday-school class which is the subject of our letter of inquiry, but for other groups or circles, I suggest a course of study in social service, which has been outlined by the Rev. Josiah Strong. He calls the series The Gospel of the Kingdom. Write

[Concluded on page 90]



BETTY'S NEW FRIEND

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN
Designed by JEREMIAH CROWLEY

MRS. JAMISON MOVES TO TOWN

By JUNIUS CRAVENS

Illustrated by THE AUTHOR

T was with certain misgivings that Jonathan Jamison saw his wife depart for a visit to her city relatives. She had always had "too high-falutin" ideas about some things for a farmer's wife, as he sometimes jokingly reminded her, and with a silent chuckle he now predicted that after six weeks in the city their farm would not be big enough to hold her.

Jonathan Jamison's joke proved both right and wrong. Like the wife of "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater", the farm held her very well after her return to it. "The city is too full of soot and grime," she assured him, "and you can't get a full breath." But where his prediction eventu-

ally proved right was that it gradually became apparent that the farm was going to hold her only with certain concessions and alterations. In short, she was no longer content with nothing but the "pumpkin shell". After granting that the city was too dirty and grimy, she observed meaningly that "the people that have to live in it have respectable arrangements for washing it off": "And," she went on with unmistakable emphasis, "people on farms get just as dirty, in a way, as city people do." This was his first intimation of impending change, and from this point on it was gradually borne in upon his mind that they were going to have running water in the old farmhouse.

For six delightful weeks Amanda Jamison had played

with the dangerous fires of city luxuries and city comforts and city conveniences, where everything about the house is done with the least possible work, in the least possible space; she came back tainted by it, determined to have a little of it for herself. How she had delighted in

that white-tiled, white-enameled bathroom! For the first time in her life, a bath became a pleasure, and she indulged herself in one daily. "And how can a person help it, with a tub like this in the house!" she said. She could never quite decide which she liked best: the great roomy white bath-tub or the stationary wash-stand. One day she had been tarrying before the latter, examining its magic faucets that gave forth endless streams of water at the mere touch of her hand-hot water at the left, cold at the rightand not a drop to fetch or carry: by turning a little knob the water flowed out at the bottom of the bowl as mysteriously as it had flowed in at the top. Then she suddenly remembered her wash-stand at home, and the "set" on it that had belonged to her mother before her and which had been the pride of her house since the day she married. She loved that set

REGULARLY, ON SATURDAY MORNING, SHE GOES TO WORK

ets of water she had carried in and out of her house, day after day, summer and winter, year after year, stood out as the most horrible detail of her existence and made her almost hate it.

The short of the whole story is that when she started

for its own sake, but now the remembrance of the buck-

The short of the whole story is that when she started back to her farm, home, and husband, she knew just where the bathroom was going to be and how it was going to look, and pretty near what it was going to cost. Jonathan had some money laid by, and she decided some of it might as well be used to lighten her housework. Going home on the train, she spent her time studying over a

large assortment of illustrated catalogues she had collected from various big stores in town. She had seen the advertisements of many of these same firms in the magazines dozens of times and could have gotten the catalogues by mail long ago had she ever thought it possible to put a bathroom in that old house. So she armed herself thoroughly with information, and her subtle campaign directed against Jonathan's savings began the moment she saw him waiting for her at the station-and ended with an efficient water supply throughout the house.

OF course, in addition to collecting catalogues on all subjects pertaining to water systems, sewerage, and so on, she had made many observations and asked many questions and asked many questions.

tions, with the result that she gradually became familiar not only with the various types of attractive, well-made fixtures for both kitchen and bathroom, but also with the fundamental principles of installing plumbing in a house. At first, the whole piping system seemed hopelessly compli-

cated to her untrained eye and mind. But, gradually, she found it to be perfectly simple—the important thing being to have the work well done; and she knew that the only way to be sure of this was to know something about it herself and supervise the work.

First, there is the "plumbing stack", as it is usually called. This is a pipe of extra heavy cast-iron, about four inches in diameter, which runs through the house from cellar to roof. Because of this pipe or stack, as well as for the convenient arrangement of the fresh-water pipes, it is more simple and economical to have the bathroom as nearly over the kitchen as possible, though it is not absolutely necessary. The lower end of the plumbing stack turns and runs out of the house, usually through the cellar or beneath the cellar floor, connecting with a tile or cast-iron drain-pipe which runs under-



JONATHAN SPENDS HALF HIS TIME IN THE BATHROOM

[Continued on page 87]

GARDEN PLANS FOR THE SMALL LAWN

By SAMUEL ARMSTRONG HAMILTON

NE of the problems in gardening which I am often asked to solve is that of the "side-yard" garden, which usually presents a difficult problem to the amateur. The easiest form of garden scheme is that where the house is set well back from the street or road, with the lawn space well distributed on both sides; but this is possible only where there is plenty of room. In the small town and suburbs, where land is high, the average home is set on a lot so small that to get any appreciable expanse of lawn the house must be set to one side, making the lawn on the other, which must comprise within its bounds trees, shrubs, grass, and flowers.

Fortunately for the garden-lover who has a "sideyard" garden to embellish, the days of front and side fences have passed in all enlightened and progressive communities, and we will not take them into account. In many cases where the houses are set on opposite sides of the adjoining lots, the owners can agree to lay them out as one garden scheme, with a joint shrubbery border at the rear for a background. But such cases are few, and in this article I will treat of the "side-yard"

garden solely.

The first thing to be sure of in the making of the "sideyard" is a good stand of tough thick grass. She who expects to get this without some work and attention will be disappointed. The work is not continuous, but it must be kept up until results are assured, when it will take care of itself with a minimum of attention every spring. Make your plans to seed the grass the middle of August, no matter what the temperature conditions are, hot or cool. The space to be sown in grass should be dug deeply, and the soil made as fine as sand. It should be as rich in plant food and humus as you can make it. If not naturally so, add one-third its bulk of well-rotted manure, and chop it in when raking, rather than dig it into the furrow as some do. If your soil be a clay, or a limestone loam, of heavy texture, add enough sand to lighten it: say a quart to an estimated bushel of the soil. If it be of a light sandy loam, it must be given body by the addition of a good loam.



grade, give it a dusting of fine bone-meal, enough to whiten the soil, and, if the soil be a sandy loam, also a dusting of pulverized lime. Both of these should be raked in when the surface is leveled, in preparation for the seed. It should be graded so that the surface water will drain away.

THE seed should be the best obtainable, and should consist of two kinds, the ordinary and that which will grow in the shady portions of the grounds. You should mark off the outline of the shadows thrown by the buildings, the trees and the shrubs from ten to four o'clock, and in such places sow the "shady-place" mixture of grass seed; in all other places use the ordinary seed. The seed should weigh not less than twenty-one pounds to a measured bushel, and be guaranteed free from weed seeds. Many people in sowing grass seed use too little. I can

hardly give you a correct estimate by measurement, but all the many beautiful lawns I have made had the seed sown so thickly that it looked as if painted on the soil. This allows for the large percentage of defective seeds and chaff which you will find in the best obtainable seed. I never had grass too thick from such sowing. It pays to use plenty at first, rather than to patch up later on. When the seed is sown, rake it in lightly, and go over it with a light roller. Then with the fine spray nozzle attached to the hose, give it a good soaking. When the soil is dry enough to permit of it, go over it with the heaviest roller you can get. Thereafter, all it will need is a daily soaking with the fine nozzle. In ten days the top should be a sheet of green, and in three weeks you should cut an inch from it. Cut it as soon as the lawn-mower will catch it well, but be sure that the mower is sharp, or it will pull out a lot of the young grass.

By winter you should have a dense mass of green, velvety lawn which can be mulched with a covering of strawy manure. If not convenient



A BORDER OF FLOWERS SEPARATING ADJOINING PROPERTIES

[Continued on page 114]

NEW SAILORS OF LACE AND WIRE

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY-NUMBER XXVI

By EVELYN TOBEY

OR several years wire frames have not been worn, except for lace or net hats, but with the new lace sailor in such vogue this spring, every home milliner must know how to make the wire frame for it. All you need is a milliner's combination-pincers, a roll of brace (frame) wire, a spool of tie-wire, tape-line, and pencil. Measurements have to be made exactly, and the first thing you must learn is always to stretch the tape-line with the same tension when measuring. A brim frame usually has two head-size wires forming the bandeau, eight spokes radiating from the head-size wires, an edge wire, and several brace wires which are tied to the spokes to keep them in position and also to make a sort of surface.

First, prepare the pieces of tie-wire so that you will not have to stop continually to cut them. Wind the tiewire about ten times around three fingers held flat; then cut this skein at each end, thus making twenty pieces, about one and one-half inches long. Place these where

the right hand can reach them readily. Next, for the head-size wire, stretch the tape-line on the outside of the curve of the brace wire, measure twenty-six inches and cut. Lap this twenty-six-inch wire two inches, and tie on each end of the lap with tiewire (Fig. 3). Hold one end of the tie-wire against the lapped brace-wires firmly with the left hand. and with the right hand very tightly wind twice around the brace wires. Wind so that the threads of the tie-wire lie side by side or very close together. Now the two short ends

of tie-wire must be twisted so that the windings will not loosen. To do this, hold one end in the right hand and the other end in the left hand and twist each about the other twice. Tighten this twist with the pincers. Nip it close to the brace-wires, then turn the pincers around, holding the nose of

the tool pressed against the brace-wires. You will find, after a little practise, that the twist will be tightened and the short ends of the wire will break off with one turn of the tool. You ought to practise this process often before you begin the real frame.

AFTER you have tied each end of the two-inch lap, you will have a circle twenty-four inches around. Now, we want to make eight equi-distant dots with a pencil on this circle to indicate the position of the eight spokes. Make the first dot in the middle of the two-inch lap, the second three inches away from this one, the third six inches away, the fourth nine inches, fifth twelve inches, and so forth. Now one head-size wire is ready to use. Cut another head-size circle the same size, and exactly as you did this one, and make the eight equi-distant dots on it. Cut eight pieces of brace-wire, each eight inches long, for the spokes, making straight lines of them. As brace-wire is wound in coils, it must be straightened by pressing the thumb on the outside of the curve with an easy, even pressure. The wire must have no kinks in it.

When the eight spokes are perfectly straight, twist them on the two head-size circles in the following manner: Two inches from the end of a spoke wire, place it inside one circle at back dot (in middle of lap) and twist two-inch end around once, letting the threads of twist lie close together and parallel. (Examine Fig. 3 carefully, and this point will be clear to you.) Now, on the two-inch end, measure a full inch from top of twist and bend outward—that is, away from inside of circle. Next, lay the second circle in this bend and twist the short end around the corresponding dot on this second circle (dot in middle of lap). When you have finished twisting, the short piece of spoke ought to be in line with the inch spoke that is between the two circles. With the pincers tighten the twists and cut off the extra short end. Then bend the long end of the spoke into position (Fig. 4).

Next put on the opposite spoke, then one of the spokes between, then its opposite one. After these have been placed and tightened, place the four intermediate ones on the four extra dots indicated.

Now you are ready to measure the length of each spoke and put on the edge wire. The spokes of the frame of this lace sailor are of varying lengths. Lay

the end of the tape-line on the back spoke against the twist at the head-size wire. Measure three and onehalf inches, and bend the end upward at right angles. In the same way measure four inches on the spoke to the left of the back (called left-sideback); measure four and one-half inches for the spoke on the left side; four inches for the one left of the front (called left-side-front); three and one-half inches for the front, and three and one-The right

half inches for all of the spokes on the right side of the frame. The right side of the frame. The right side of the frame is the one that is on the right side of the head when the frame is worn. Now cut a piece of wire fifty inches long for the edge wire, press the curve out of it, and make it form a large circle which, when laid on a table, will be perfectly flat. Lap the ends three inches, and tie each end of the lap. Lay the circle over the spokes so that it rests in the right angle bends at the ends. Twist the end of the back spoke once around the middle of the lap. After this twisting, the extra end of spoke ought to be in line with the spoke.

From this twist on the edge wire, measure five and three-quarter inches toward the left, make a dot, and twist the left-side-back spoke around this dot. Measure six and one-quarter inches from this left-side-back spoke, make a dot, and wind the end of the left-side spoke. Measure six and one-quarter inches farther for the end of the left-side-front spoke, and five and three-quarter inches farther for the front one. Continuing, measure on the edge-wire six inches from the end of the front spoke, and twist the end of the spoke just right of the



[Concluded on page 51]

FASHIONS IN SPITE OF WAR

Paris Says Full Skirts, Shorter Waists, Long Sleeves, High Collars

By Our PARIS CORRESPONDENT

A CHÉRIE:-I have returned to my beloved Paris! It was with fear and trembling that I decided to come, for my English friends were loud in their disapproval. But I am here, and happy! Of course, that last is a qualified expression, these days, with all the suffering and sorrow with which one comes in contact.

Curious about the world of clothes, one of the first things I did was to go in quest of them. I found little change, in comparison to the changes which have rapidly followed one another in previous seasons, but numerous military models in khaki color and Petrograd blue. The waists are shorter, the skirts have departed from their closeness, and the sleeves are long, while the collars have become decidedly higher.

An evening gown of wonderfully jetted black net was just what I was positive would be most becoming to me, but, alas! I have no need of anything so elaborate. just now, and I am trying to learn economy. The skirt of jetted net hung straight and full; the lower edge was scalloped and finished

with jet. It was worn over a black satin underskirt which had a wide band of gold lace fastened at the waistline in the back, the two upper points of the ends meeting in the front, the two lower points flaring apart. This glimmered through the sheer net in a fascinating manner.

The bodice was made with a strip of velvet around the waist. a strip of the jetted net above that, and was kept from falling by strings of jet beads over the shoulders.

A quaint gown of blue charmeuse, far from being at all bizarre, was just what I imagined might appeal to some one of your friends in America. The skirt was made with triple flounces, each having a four-inch hem. The bodice was round, the lower edge coming just to the



THREE ATTRACTIVE COWNS FROM PARIS

waistline, where it was placed over the skirt. The material of the bod-ice was the silk, heavily beaded with pink, blue, and green beads. A pink tulle guimpe was worn under this bodice with triple ruffles for each sleeve. All in all, I know it is a dress you would have liked.

Still another gown which caught my eye was of pink tulle-oh, the most delicate shade!-made with a short Empire waist reaching just below the bust. Straps went over the shoulders, and frills of net made the short sleeves. The skirt hung long and plain to the ankles. From the bodice on the right side hung a graceful bow of lavender gauze ribbon. The effect, to me, was such that I thought, "This gown might be easily called 'the Orchid'."

The full flounced skirts made me think of 1830 and Queen Victoria, the basque effects of the Empress Eugenie, who in 1870 was considered the best dressed woman in Europe, while the Empire lines took me back to poor Empress Josephine.

I can see that the coming gowns are to be full of charm and effectiveness, even if they do not show

> past. The Parisian conturiers are too heavy-hearted to attempt the bizarre, but are spending more time on the artistry of their creations.

The rumors from New York and London are that the creators of clothes there are striving to make their ideas felt in the world of fashion; so Paris is on her metal. Between the winding of bandages and the making of hospital clothes, she will no doubt show the world that she means to reign supreme even in the midst of the present adversity,

Au revoir, my little one! And may my next letter be full of the prosperity that will come with peace.

Votre dévouée,



Paris, France.



THE SPRING MODE IN ITS SMART SIMPLICITY

Depending on the Lines for Grace, Fashion Demands Coats and Frocks Devoid of Trimming

For other views and descriptions see page 33

FABRICS FASHION DICTATES FOR SPRING

By THE FASHION EDITOR

T is time to begin to think of spring clothes, of the fabrics and colors most fashionable, and of the newest line and cut, so that when we buy the new dress, the new suit, or the coat, it will show that thought has been expended upon its selection.

If it is a spring coat you are thinking of buying, you can not do better than select one of the new covert cloths. This fabric comes in light and dark shades of tan, but the newest shade, which is bidding fair to supersede the tan, is a light greenish-mustard color. Cheviot is a material which will give hard service, and will not fail to make a smart coat if the style of the development is chosen with care. Whipcord is very durable, and often used for the young girl's school coat. The black-and-white club-checked materials are also used for coats, but have not the smartness of covert cloth.

But perhaps you are not concerned with thoughts of a coat, but have your mind fixed, instead, upon a one-piece dress? In that case, I advise you, first, to select the pattern after which you want to make your dress. A rather short waist, and a skirt that is short and full, flaring at the sides, combine the latest spring tendencies.

If it is to be a frock for every-day wear, shopping, and the general business of life, choose gabardine or a finely twilled serge. A cloth once known as Panama is being revived for just such dresses. It may be had in various qualities and colors, and is one of the best of the popular-priced materials.

A LIGHT-WEIGHT covert cloth is also used. One stunning dress shown a few days ago in a display of spring clothes was made in covert with a rather short waist opening on the side. The high collar also buttoned at the side, both fastening with round ball buttons covered with the covert cloth. The sleeves were long and close-fitting, set into a rather small armhole. Smaller ball buttons placed on the under side of the sleeve, from the wrist to the elbow, aided the military effect given by the buttons on the waist. The skirt, ankle length, fitted plain at the waist and over the hips, flaring widely at the bottom.

As can be seen from this description, buttons are a most important trimming feature on the up-to-date dress. They are often covered with the cloth of the dress, or possibly with silk or satin, if either is used upon the dress. Bone buttons are used upon the very mannish frocks of serge and gabardine,

Braiding, for bandings, around collars and cuffs, is another effective method of giving a dress a smart touch. Braided motifs are used for back and front of waists and jackets. Soutache is the smartest of the braids, and may be bought in three sizes, small, medium, and large, to be used according

to the size of the pattern to be braided, as well as the material to which it is to be applied. Next to the soutache is rat-tail braid, which is round and silk-covered.

Covert cloth is equally popular for the spring suit. Many of the jackets to these suits are short and almost boxed in effect, others are longer and semifitted, with a strictly tailored finish. It seems hardly necessary to say that the skirts beneath these jackets are full and flaring, for such is the mode, repeated in all kinds of frocks.

WE have talked of the every-day clothes, the practical one-piece dress, the separate coat, and the suit: now let us swerve to the gown which is to be worn to receptions, afternoon parties, the theater and informal dinners.

This dress shows a departure from the plainness of the almost tailored frock, and yet is far from being over-elaborate. It matters not whether it be made of silk, chiffon, satin, or the soft wool materials like cashmere, the skirt is full and the waist comparatively close-fitting. The idea of the gowns, at present, is to preserve the slender outline of the figure. The curve at the waistline must be seen, but must not look pinched. The skirts are voluminous, but not so full as to be hard to manage gracefully.

The spring fabrics especially used for the afternoon dress are, first, taffeta in the soft supple qualities introduced last summer; this may be had in various designs: stripes, and checks, and with a flower design silhouetted against them. Next comes a foulard always popular and most practical, in such a variety of qualities as to suit any purse.

The gloves, the shoes, and the hats are of as great importance as the dress itself. For the suit or the separate coat, the hat should be plain and match some detail of the costume, either the color of the trimming or of the dress itself. The tendency, at present, is toward small hats trimmed with a tiny nosegay of flowers and grosgrain ribbon, ending in the back in streamers.

The gloves to wear with the tailored suit may be the mannish dogskin gloves for every-day occasions; but if the suit is to be worn to the theater or some place where one wishes it to appear more elaborate, white gloves are permissible. White gloves should be used with the afternoon dress, also, although a very light tan, or champagne color may be worn.

The very smartest and newest shoes have leather vamps and tips, and cloth backs and uppers, with moderately high French heels. The conservative ones are of black cloth; others are of gray, sand-color, or white, combined with black leather. The new white shoe for the spring has a black tip.



EASY METHODS OF ATTAINING A MODISH EFFECT

Overblouse and Jumper Offer an Excellent Opportunity for Contrasting Fabrics, Now Popular

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

FULNESS TEMPERS FASHION'S SEVERITY

Coats and Dresses Show Just the Right Amount of Flare When Cut from the McCall Patterns—Not Only Smart in Style, but Simple in Construction

In planning the spring wardrobe, the first step is the styles and the second the fabrics, for styles and fabrics go hand in hand. Whether your frock is for noon, afternoon or evening, the skirt must be full and rippling at the lower edge, but in waists there is more diversity—new buttoned-in-the-back styles are appearing, natty high-neck models buttoned in the front, overblouse effects and real jumpers to give spice to the mode. For street frocks and house dresses, cotton fabrics are a first choice, the grosgrain weave rivaling our old favorites, ratine, linen, gingham, chambray, galatea and percale. Other street dresses are made of wool, serges, gabardines, broadcloths, and the fashionable sand-colored covert cloth of supple quality. Dressy frocks for afternoon and church wear cling to the silks and satins in combination with lace. There are soft tinted taffetas, faille weaves and pliant satins to choose from. The separate coat of the season is in Empire style of serge, gabardine, covert cloth or broadcloth, made to completely cover the dainty frock.

No. 6409, Ladies' Dress (15 cents).—Relying on the lines of the garment rather than trimming for a graceful effect, fashion introduces novel features in new designs. On page 30, unusual charm is given a taffeta frock with a narrow front panel and wide crush girdle cut in one piece. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six takes, with shorter length skirt, four and one-eighth yards forty-inch material. Three-piece skirt's width, three and one-quarter yards.







No. 6407, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—Claiming the smart turn-over collar, long sleeve and turn-back cuff, a new blouse comes to prove the beauty of the tailored mode. It appears in the frock of striped ratine, the collar and cuff plain red to match the buttons and the belt. The pattern is made in seven sizes, from thirty-two to.forty-four bust. For size thirty-six, of one material, three and five-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide are needed.

No. 6399, Ladies' Two- or Three-Piece Circular Skirt (15 cents).—With odd patch pockets to break its severity, the newest circular skirt is pictured in a street frock of ratine. The pattern comes in five sizes from twenty-two to thirty waist. As illustrated, the costume requires, for the medium size, six and three-quarter yards striped and one-quarter plain twenty-seven-inch material, made with the skirt thirty-eight inches long. Around the lower edge, the skirt measures three yards.

No. 6412, Ladies' Empire Coat (15 cents).—To-day, when simplicity marks the smartest fashions, separate coats claim style in their very severity. The latest model, made long to cover the dainty spring frock, is shown in gabardine, the waistline high. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires three and five-eighth yards fifty-four-inch material with one-half yard thirty-six-inch satin. Around the bottom, the coat measures three and three-eighth yards.



No. 6259, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—Offering an excellent opportunity for contrasting fabrics, such as satin and lace, a new waist is made in overblouse effect. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six, one and one-half yards satin, one and one-half yards lace, thirty-six inches wide.

No. 6151, Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt (15 cents).—In six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Costume illustrated requires, medium size, four and one-quarter yards forty-inch material, one and one-half yards thirty-six-inch lace and three-eighth yard twenty-two-inch silk. Skirt's width, two and one-half yards.

No. 6405, Ladies' Dress (15 cents).—Made of serge with satin trimmings, the frock displays the grace of circular skirt. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes three and one-half yards fifty-inch fabric, with skirt thirty-eight inches long. Skirt's width, three yards.

No. 6318, Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe (15 cents).—Made of satin, the approved plain guimpe appears under the jumper dress. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires one and three-quarter yards thirty-inch fabric for sleeves, or two and three-eighth yards, same width, for waist.

No. 6285, Ladies' Jumper Dress (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. As illustrated, costume requires, four and one-eighth yards forty-four-inch serge and one and five-eighth yards forty-inch satin for medium size. Skirt's width, three yards. Transfer Design No. 647 used for frogs, 10 cents.

THE MODE WELL MET BY NEW MATERIALS

Covert Cloth and Gabardine Show to Good Effect in Tailored Styles, Correctly Made from McCall Patterns

Now that plain styles are again in favor, covert cloth, a longneglected fabric, comes to the fore, offering durability as well
as style in its texture. There is heavy quality for tailored suits,
while for dresses the weave is soft and pliant. Broadcloth is also
fashionable both for suits and dresses. Gabardines and serges come
in for their share, too, among garments for general wear, but more
dressy frocks have taffeta, faille and foulard silk to prove them beautiful. In all the textures colors are soft, sand being most popular.

No. 6317, Ladies' Jumper Dress (15 cents).— Six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, three and seven-eighth yards material and one and one-half yards trimming forty-four inches wide, with skirt in instep length. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards. Transfer No. 570, 10 cents.

No. 6369, Ladies' Dress (15 cents).—The pattern comes in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Size thirty-six, four yards fifty-inch material with skirt shorter length. Skirt's width, three and one-quarter yards. Transfer Design No. 481 used for braiding, 10 cents.

No. 6381, Ladies' Yoke Coat (15 cents).— Made of gabardine with trimming of leather, a smart coat for a spring suit appears on page 35. The pattern cuts in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Size thirty-six requires of one material, two and one-eighth yards fifty inches wide.

No. 6367, Ladies' Three- or Four-Gored Skirt (15 cents).—The pattern comes in eight sizes, twenty-two to thirty-six waist. Suit illustrated requires, medium size, five and one-quarter yards forty-four-inch material, with one-half yard forty-inch for trimming, with skirt in thirty-eight-inch length. Skirt's width, three and three-quarter yards.

No. 6385, Ladies' Coat (15 cents).—Sand-colored covert cloth, now so fashionable, is used in the development of this design. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six will take two and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch goods.

No. 6389, Ladies' Two-Piece Circular Skirt (15 cents).—For the covert cloth skirt, the pattern may be obtained in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two waist. As illustrated, suit requires, medium size, four and one-half yards fifty-four-inch material. Skirt's width, three and one-half yards.













Jumpers and overdresses, smart features of the spring fashions, open a new field for contrasting fabrics and developments in the popular two-toned effect, making the remodeling of old clothes an easy matter for home sewers.



McCALL PATTERNS

SHADES, LINES, AND TEXTURES LEADING IN STYLE

Cut After the Tailored Mode, Costumes Display Silks and Woolens in Soft Tones for Spring

For other views and descriptions see opposite page



PRACTICAL PHASES OF SPRING FASHIONS

Plain Tailored Frocks Owe Their Style Wholly to the Cut and the Hang of the Garment

For other views and descriptions see page 38



POPULAR DESIGNS FOR ONE-PIECE DRESSES

That the Silhouette May Flare the More, Skirts Appear Circular, Gored, and Gathered

For other views and descriptions see page 38

6383-6151





THE RETURN TO TAILORED LINES

The Beauty of the Texture of New Materials Is Well Displayed in Plain but Smart McCall Designs

IN the dawn of a new season, shadowed by the gloom of outward events, new styles are quietly ushered in. No strict lines are drawn between the conservative and the smart. They are all conservative, they are all smart—these plain military models with their full skirts, circular, gathered or gored, their long tight sleeves and high collars supplemented by the flaring turnovers. Serge, broadcloth, gabardine and covert cloth, the chosen woolens, are displayed side by side with faille, taffeta and foulard silks, while shirt waists have chiffon, silk, crèpe de Chine or linen to prove them beautiful. Colors are diverse. Blue, gray and tan are worn, but sand shade is the real vogue of the moment.

No. 6383, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—Doubtless, waists have heard that all the world is military, for they are flaunting the high straight collar. On page 36, a voile model is pictured diversified by tucks. The pattern cuts in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six takes, of one material, two and one-quarter yards thirty-six inches wide.

No. 6151, Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt (15 cents).—Offering an excellent opportunity for contrasting fabrics, the newest skirt is in tunic effect, shown in voile. The pattern comes in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Costume illustrated, medium size, three and three-quarter yards striped and one and five-eighth yards plain forty-inch material. Skirt's width, two and one-half yards.

No. 6371, Ladies' Dress (15 cents).—Sand-colored broadcloth, the most popular of all the gay spring fabrics shows to good advantage in the plain but stylish Empire frock. The pattern comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, instep length, four yards fifty-inch goods. Width, four-gored skirt, three and five-eighth yards. Transfer Design No. 543, 10 cents.

No. 6373, Ladies' Dress (15 cents).—With plain waist according to the mode and skirt gored that it may flare the more, the model makes a trig street frock developed in ratine. The pattern may be had in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six requires, with the short skirt, five and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-eighth yards. Width of five-gored skirt, three and seveneighth yards.

No. 6365, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—Now that plain styles are the fashion, ingenious touches are employed to give individuality. By letting the waist hang free, bolero fashion at the sides, a pretty effect is gained in the model of satin-finished cloth and silk. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires, of one material with short sleeves, two and one-quarter yards forty-inch goods.

No. 6393, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED CIRCULAR SKIRT. (15 cents).—Displaying modish simplicity, but with soft fulness to relieve its severity, an attractive skirt of satin-finished cloth appears. The pattern may be had in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. As illustrated, costume requires, medium size, five yards of forty-inch fabric with one yard thirty-six-inch silk. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.

No. 6363, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—The buttoned-in-the-back blouse always more dressy than a front-closing model returns, a factor of spring fashion. Its latest development is pictured on page 37, a fine allover lace, joined together with seam beading. The pattern comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. For size thirty-six, one and one-half yards forty-five-inch material are needed.

No. 6404, Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt (15 cents).—Though plain in detail, the grace of the new gored skirt is undeniable, as it stands in broadcloth on page 37, full and rippling at the lower edge. The pattern may be had in eight sizes, twenty-two to thirty-six waist. Size twenty-six takes, short length, three and five-eighth yards fifty-inch goods. Width, at bottom, three and one-half yards.

No. 6377, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—High collar, flaring turn-over and long sleeves are cleverly assembled in one design given the illusive quality called "chic" by an odd side closing. Rep is pictured in the development with the sleeve of sheer lace. The pattern is made in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Of one material, size thirty-six requires three and one-eighth yards thirty inches wide.

No. 6305, Ladies' Four-Gored Circular Skirt (15 cents).—Made with an odd closing, the latest circular skirt offers many possibilities. There are broadcloths, covert cloths, reps and serges to make it with buttons for the trimming. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Costume illustrated, medium size, six yards thirty-inch material and three-quarters yard forty-inch lace, made with short-length skirt. Skirt's width, three and five-eighth yards.









NEW DESIGNS BECOMING TO JUNIOR GIRLS

No. 6136, GIRL'S POLONAISE DRESS (15 cents).—For the growing girl, just between the miss and child, a trig school frock is pictured in linen, cut in the long lines fashion now approves. The pattern may be had in five sizes, six to fourteen years. For size eight, three yards of forty-inch material are needed, with three-eighth yard thirty-six inches wide for collar.

No. 6402, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Unusually becoming to the junior girls are the new circular skirts and slightly low waistlines. Directly above, a frock with these features is shown in ratine. The pattern cuts in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight takes one and one-quarter yards plain and seven-eighth yard plaid thirty-six-inch fabric; three-eighth yard same width trimming.

No. 6386, Girl's Dress (15 cents).—Made with a graceful rippling tunic, the newest dress for the junior girl stands above in gingham, plain and striped. The pattern is made in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. The eight-year size will require only one and seveneighth yards of plain material, thirty inches in width together with two yards same width striped fabric.

No. 6368, Girl's Coat (15 cents).—In serge, the yoke model, loose, roomy and comfortable, makes an excellent school coat for the growing girl or in broadcloth is suitable for Sunday wear. The pattern may be obtained in seven sizes, from two to fourteen years. For the twelve-year size, three and one-eighth yards of material forty-four inches in width will be required.









6386

6368



SMART DAY MODES FOR WOMEN OF DISCRIMINATION

High Collars, Full Skirts and Applied Pockets Mark Smart Costumes for the Spring

For other views and descriptions, see page 42



STREET CLOTHES COMBINING STYLE WITH SERVICE
Flaring Tunics Above Full Skirts Are a Favored Feature in Early Spring Fashions
For other views and descriptions see page 42

No. 6401, Ladies' Waist (15 cents).—On page 41, two developments are shown, one poplin, the other crepe and lace. The pattern

cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, of one

material, two and one-eighth yards

No. 6411, Ladies' Skirt (15 cents).—In six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Costumes illustrated, back view, medium size, one and seven-eighth yards forty-four-inch gray; two and seven-eighth

yards thirty-six-inch purple material; front view, four and one-eighth yards forty-inch fabric, **two** and one-quarter yards eighteen-inch lace with skirt in short length. Skirt's width,

thirty-six inches wide.

6078

No. 6403. LADIES WAIST (15 cents).— The pattern comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires, with peplum, two and three-eighths; in shorter length, one and sev-en-eighth yards forty-four-inch material.

No. 6311, Ladies' One-or Two-Piece Cir-CULAR SKIRT (15 cents). -Cut in six s i z e s, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Costume with short blouse, medium size, three and five-eighth yards fiftyfour-inch material. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.

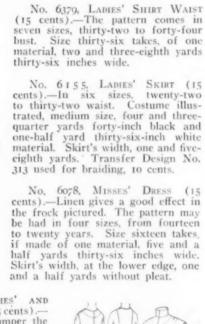
No. 6307, LADIES'
SHIRT WAIST (15
cents).—Linen develops
this design. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thir-ty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires only two and a quarter yards of for-ty-inch fabric.

No. 6185, LADIES' Skirt (15 cents).—The pattern is m a d e in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. For size twenty-six, three and three-eighth yards forty-four-inch material. Around the lower edge, the skirt measures one and fiveeighth yards.











OVERT cloth, serges and gabardines appear in spring suits and tailored dresses, while the one-piece frocks have taffeta, faille silk or satin used with lace and the wash frocks are of ratine, linen, and grosgrain cotton.

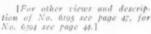


three and one-eighth yards.

No. 6318, LADIES' AND MISSES' GUIMPE (15 cents).— Under the smart jumper the dainty guimpe appears in lace. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes two and three-eighth yards thirty inches wide.

6318

6195







FASHION'S BEST FEATURES IN YOUTHFUL FROCKS

Young Girls' Dresses Show Empire and Basque Effects and Full Skirts of the Smart Mode

For other views and descriptions see page 44

TAILORED STYLES FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

Plain Modes Are Diversified in McCall Patterns by Patch Pockets, Cleverly Placed THE return to old-time styles brings organdies, batistes, mulls and dimities for the young girl's evening dress, while her street suit or day frock may be serge, gabardine, homespun or covert cloth with braid for trimming. No. 6366, Misses' Dress (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires five and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. The threepiece skirt measures three and one-eighth yards at bottom. 6398-6394

No. 6376, Misses' Dress (15 cents).—The pattern may be had in four sizes, fourteen to twenty Size sixteen requires, of one material, four and five-eighth yards thirty-six inches wide. Skirt's width is three yards. Transfer Design No. 650 for embroidery on belt, 10 cents.

No. 6372, Misses' Dress (15 cents).—For the dress pictured in ratine, the pattern is made in four sizes, from fourteen to twenty years. For size sixteen, four and three-eighth yards of forty-inch goods are needed. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.

No. 6396, Misses' Dress (15 cents).-Organdy develops the Empire design pictured. The pattern may be had in four sizes, from fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, four and one-eighth yards forty-five-inch material. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.

No. 6392, Misses' Dress (15 cents).—The pattern comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen takes four and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material, made with the short length skirt. Fourgored skirt's width, three and threeeighth yards.

No. 6388 Misses' Dress (15 cents).—Ratine makes this attractive frock. The pattern may be had in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires four years. Size sixteen requires roun and three-eighth yards of forty-inch material, made with shorter length skirt. Three-piece skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.

No. 6398, MISSES' COAT (15 cents).-The smart coat of the season, gracefully pointed in front, appears on this page made of covert cloth with the collar of satin. The pattern comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Of one material, size sixteen requires two and one-eighth yards fifty-four inches

No. 6394, Misses' One- or Two-Piece Circular Skirt (15 cents). The pattern may be had in four sizes, from fourteen to twenty years. As illustrated, the suit requires, for size sixteen, four and one-eighth yards of fifty-inch fabric with onequarter yard twenty-inch satin. Skirt's width, three yards.











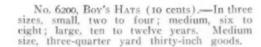




6364

No. 6374, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—In five sizes, four to twelve years. Size eight requires, without guimpe, two and one-eighth yards thirty-six inches wide.

No. 6364, Boy's Suit (15 cents).—In five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight, three yards forty-four-inch material.











6200 Hat



SCHOOL APPAREL FOR SPRING

No. 6408, GIRL'S OLIVER TWIST DRESS (15 cents).—Chambray gives a good effect in the development of this design. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from two to ten years. Size six will require two and three-quarter yards of one material thirty-six inches wide.

No. 6378, Girl's Sailor or Middy Dress (15 cents).—Made of serge, the sailor offers a practical mode for school wear. The pattern cuts in six sizes, four to fourteen years. Size eight takes, of one material, two and seven-eighth yards thirty-six inches wide.

No. 6406, Boy's OLIVER TWIST SUIT (15 cents).—A natty style for a linen suit is shown above. The pattern comes in four sizes, two to eight years. Size six requires, made of one material, only two and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6200, Boy's Hats (10 cents).—The pattern may be had in three sizes, small, two to four; medium, six to eight, and large, ten to twelve years. The hat, as illustrated, requires for the medium size only three-quarter yard of twenty-seven-inch material.

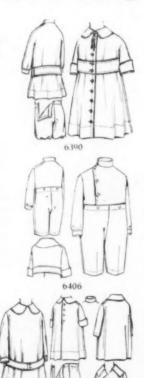
No. 6382. Boy's Set of Short Clothes (15 cents).—Cut on the approved plain lines, a new coat is pictured in serge. The pattern comes in four sizes, six months to three years. Size two coat requires, one and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5840, Boy's Hats (10 cents).—The pattern may be had in three sizes, small, two to four; medium, six to eight, and large, ten to twelve years. For the sailor illustrated, any size requires three-quarters of a yard twenty-seven-inch or wider fabric.

No. 6300, Child's Dress (10 cents).—For school wear, a plain little frock stands above developed in ratine. The pattern comes in four sizes, one to six years. Size four takes, for dress and bloomers, three and three-eighth yards thirty-two inches wide, or for the dress alone, two and five-eighth yards and for the bloomers, one and one-eighth yards of the same width material.







HELPFUL HINTS FOR THE HOME SEWER

N the early spring, it's an excellent plan to overhaul the wardrobe, replenish the underwear, the negligees and sleeping garments. Each season brings more simple designs. A corset cover can now be made in one piece and is most attractive in sheer batiste with lace edgings or in linen hand embroidered. An inexpensive cotton crepe, Jap silk or mercerized cotton will make a dainty negligee to take away on the summer vacation, and if you belong to the outdoor sleeping brigade, the new one-piece pajama in wash silk will prove a joy through the season. Before buying your summer materials, look over your last year's dresses, for there is many a frock that only needs a touch to freshen it up, a dainty organdy chemisette, a natty jumper or a new sleeve and, if you would please the man in the house, make him one of the new soft shirts of pongee or khaki, for every man appreciates the summer shirt that is made for him, especially if the shirt is made with the comfortable wedge collar shown below on this page.

No. 6375, Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Pajama. (15 cents).—Cut loose and roomy, the one-piece pajama offers comfort unknown in any other sleeping garment. Wash silk, crèpe or mercerized cotton are suitable for the development. The pattern comes in three sizes; small, thirty-two to thirty-four; medium, thirty-six to thirty-eight; large, forty to forty-two bust. Medium size requires five and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material as shown above.

No. 6280, Ladies' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE CORSET COVER (10 cents).—A dainty bit of lingerie is pictured 'above, so simple in construction and easy to make that the inexperienced need not hesitate to attempt it. Batiste is used in the development. Crêpe de Chine, lawn, mull, wash silk and fine linen are also effective made in this mode. The pat-

mode. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes one yard of material thirty-six inches wide. Transfer Design No. 646 used for sprays.

Price, 10 cents.



6280-6400





No. 6400, Ladies' and Misses' Open or Closed Circular Drawers (10 cents)—Made full at the lower edge, the newest drawer is pictured in batiste. The pattern comes in eight sizes, twenty-two to thirty-six waist. Size twenty-six requires one and three quarter yards thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6391, Ladies' Wrapper (15 cents).—Jap silk gives an unusually pretty effect in the Empire negligee. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes four and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. Width at bottom, three and five-eighth yards.

No. 6387, Men's Outing or Tennis Shirt (15 cents).—Pongee is used in the development. The pattern may be had in nine sizes, from thirty-four to fifty breast measure corresponding to fourteen to eighteen neck measure. For the thirty-eight size, only three and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch goods will be needed.

No. 0410, Ladies' and Misses' Collars and Cuffs (to cents).—Vests plain and gathered appear with collars high and collars open of organdy and lace. The pattern comes in three sizes; small corresponding to twelve and a half; medium, to thirteen and a half; large, to fourteen and a half neck. Medium size requires, of thirty-six-inch fabric, either chemisette and large, small or standing collar, three-quarter; gathered pleated or one- or two-piece collar or cuffs, one-quarter yard; pointed collar, three-eighth yard,

No. 6195, Ladies' and Misses Basque Jumpers (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in three sizes; small, medium and large. Medium size takes, of thirty-six-inch fabric, two and one-eighth yards for sash jumper, one yard for fitted and one and one-half for plain.

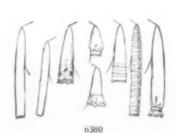








6195



SOME SIMPLE FANCY WORK

PICK-UP PIECES FOR RAINY DAYS

By HELEN THOMAS

654-Collar Design for the new Rilievo (Relief) Work on net. Easily embroidered if net is basted under thin lawn or muslin, which is cut away after work is finished. Full directions and details of this new work are given with pattern. Entire design and edge are buttonholed; leaves from center to edge; stems and edge of collar in two rows, the stitches of which dovetail; petals are worked from center to edge. Medium-weight silk or cotton floss may be used in white or any desired color upon white or colored net, or any desired fabric such as linen, batiste, or organdy. Such a collar forms quite a dressy accessory for any simple costume.



634-TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

658-Effective Design Quickly Braided. Soutache or coronation braid, or silk or cotton cord sewed or couched on in this design, will make a smart trimming for dresses, skirts, or coats. Pattern provides 2 yards

of design 21/2 inches wide, 1/2 yard of which requires 4 yards of braid. A flat braid may be machinestitched or sewed on by hand in fine running stitches. A very attractive banding.

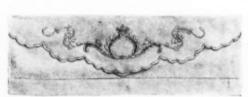
For towels, they are effective in white or a color matching the color scheme of room. Dark blue is a shade that launders well. letters must be outlined, and padded in running stitch with marking cotton before working. There are 2 complete alphabets including Mc provided in the transfer pat-

650-Design for Alphabet in Jap-

may be used also for napery and other household linen, and for un-

derwear and personal belongings.

tern, and the letters are of two sizes. I and 3 inches high.



657-TRANSFER DISIGN, 10 CENTS

657-Design for Guest Towel. Only

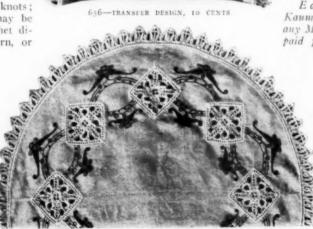


one end to be embroidered; other end of towel to have hemstitched hem. Venetian ladder work, eyelet-, and satin-stitch. May be worked solid and the scrolls outlined instead of done in ladder work, if something simpler is preferred. Scalloped edge to be buttonholed. Design is 5 inches deep at center, and 22 inches across; is suitable for use on a fine damask or a heavier huckaback towel. Will be very attractive for your guestroom. Pattern provides 2 transfers.

655-Design for Centerpiece with Lace Edge and Insets. For satinstitch, outline, and French knots; lace edge and medallions may be made according to full crochet directions supplied with pattern, or ready-made lace may be

used. Developed in natural-colored linen with medallions and edge of écru carpet warp, and embroidered in blue, green, coral, and black heavy silk or mercerized cotton. Is very rich in effect; directions for placing colors with pattern. It is 36 inches in diameter; requires 8 medallions 5 inches square. Lace edge is 21/2 inches wide. Matches design No. 656.





656-Pillow, Scarf, and Towel-end Design. For embroidering in satin-stitch, French knots, and outline, and crocheting lace edge and insets. Full directions with pattern for the crocheting and embroid-

650-TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

ering. Pattern provides 2 pillow or scarf designs, 18 x 71/2 inches; and 1 towel-end design 16 x 6 inches. The latter may be developed in all white with good effect. A pillow or scarf may be embroidered in heavy colored silk or mercerized cotton, upon natural-colored linen, and the lace developed of écru carpet warp. Design matches centerpiece No. 655.

Editor's Note.—A McCall Kaumagraph Transfer pattern at any McCall pattern agency, or postpaid from The McCall Company, New York City, 10 cents.

Not supplied stamped on material. Miss Thomas will be glad to answer any questions on embroidering the designs. McCall's Book of Embroidery gives directions for various embroidery stitches, and illustrates five hundred transfer designs. Price, in United States, with I free transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

EMBROIDERY IDEAS OF THE HOUR

THINGS FOR BABY AND THE HOME

By GENEVIEVE STERLING



10460-Dainty Baby Cap. Leaves in satinstitch, flowers in eyelet, and stems outlined. Design stamped on white mercerized poplin or batiste, including white embroidery cotton, 20 cents;

on linen, with working cotton, 25 cents. 1 yard lace, 10 cents extra. No ribbon supplied. Matches design No. 10461.

10464-Attractive Pillow Top. Flowers in solid Wallachian and satin-stitch in two shades of rose; leaves open Wallachian, in green. In two pieces, front and back; stamped on tan linen 18x22



10459-PERFORATED PATTERN, 10 CENTS

10461-Infant's Dress. design with flowers in eyelet, leaves in satin-stitch, and stems outlined. Stamped on 21/2 yards 44-inch white

10462 -Round Doilies. In solid, eyelet, and buttonhole embroidery. Stamped on white linen; set of six, 6x6



10462-PERFORATED PAT-TERN, 10 CENTS

inches, 25 cents; 9x9 inches, 40 cents; 12x12 inches, 50 cents; white working cotton, 25 cents a dozen skeins, extra.

10459-Baby Pillow. Design partly in eyelet, leaves and dots solid. Stamped on white batiste, size 17x23 inches with back 12x19 inches, 25 cents; on linen, same size, 40 cents, 6 skeins white cotton, 15 cents extra.



10464-PERFORATED PATTERN, 10 CENTS

inches, 3-inch tan fringe, and working cotton, 60 cents for all. On tan mercerized poplin, fringe and cotton, 50 cents for all; silk floss, 60 cents extra; either

outfit free for two 50-cent subscriptions.

10465-Large Round Centerpiece. Effective, but simple design of sprays and dots in raised satin-stitch, with stems in outlining, and edge buttonholed; well-padded before working, so that the embroidery is heavy. Stamped on white linen, size 36x36 inches, 60 cents,

four 50-cent subscriptions; size 54x54 inches, \$1.40; or free for six 50-cent subscriptions; blue embroidery cotton, 25 cents, or silk, 50 cents a dozen skeins, extra.



batiste, 85 cents; 4 skeins white embroidery cotton, 10 cents, extra. 23/4 yards Valenciennes insertion and 34 yard edging, 45 cents extra. Matches No. 10460.

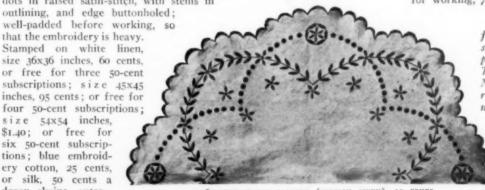


10463-PERFORATED PATTERN, 10 CENT

10463-Poinsettia Scarf or Table 10461-Perforated Pattern, 10 cents Runner. Flowers red in solid embroidery, leaves green in outline, with beads for centers and dots. Stamped on Aberdeen crash, 17x48 inches, 30 cents; 3inch écru fringe, 20 cents extra; 22x58, 45 cents; fringe, 25 cents extra; 56 red beads with cotton, 50 cents, or with silk for working, 75 cents extra.

> Editor's Note .- Perforated pattern, including stamping directions and preparation, 10 cents, from The McCall Company, New York City. Not car ried by Agencies. Stamped material furnished. Miss

Sterling will answer embroidery questions if a stamped envelope is enclosed. Fancy-Work Book with lessons on Embroidery for 2-cent stamp.



-PERFORATED PATTERN (SECTION GIVEN), 10 CENTS

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

LESSON 49-LADIES' COAT SUIT

By MARGARET WHITNEY

N view of the popularity of tailored styles, my lesson this month is on a suit, the new dip-front coat and circular skirt. The lines are so neat and trim, I know you will like it, and although coats are usually considered the most difficult garments to make, I am sure you will find the tailoring easy if you go about it in the right way.

The first consideration is the fabric, for the texture must be firm and medium weight to tailor well. On account of its wearing qualities, I have selected covert cloth in the new sand shade for our model. Serge. gabardine, broadcloth in the same color, or a mixed homespun is equally desirable, so you have a wide choice. The patterns for Ladies' Coat No. 6385, and Ladies'

One- or Two-Piece Circular Skirt No. 6311, are used. For size thirty-six, four and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch covert cloth, three and one-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch satin, and about two yards of thirty-inch tailor's canvas are needed,

besides the incidentals.

Shrinking the material and canvas is important to the success of the coat. Sheets can be used as a shrink-cloth. Soak two in water, then wring out. Smooth out the material, cover with the sheets, and roll together on a board. Let it remain for several hours; then, hang up the material, and press before it is dry. Also

linings the same shape as the pattern, but cut belt lining without allowance for hems. Use pattern-piece F as a guide in cutting the canvas interlining for the fronts. The canvas should entirely

the same shape as the outside. Cut the pocket and cuff

cover the upper part of the pattern piece, extend down about eleven inches along the armhole, and from there be cut across to within six inches of the front edge, and continue this width to the bottom of the coat. Cut without seam allowance at front and bottom.

I always put the canvas facings in first, as I find it easier to handle the front pieces separately. Lay the canvas on the wrong side of the fronts three-eighths of an inch from the front edge, and baste the two together.

smoothing the cloth over the canvas. To prevent stretching, tape the edge, using thin, but strong, one-quarter-inch linen tape, placing it on the canvas along the front edge, and catching it to the canvas and material, holding the tape taut. Place the cloth facings right side to the right side of fronts and stitch down the front three-eighths of an inch from the edge. Turn the seams and facings onto the canvas, and baste down snug to give a thin edge. Then press under a damp cloth.

> The next step is to join fronts and Baste the seams, and try on



TWENTY-TWO TO THIRTY-TWO WAIST; PRICE, 15 CENTS

coat. It may seem loose, but you must remember there is a lining to go in, also felt and a little padding at the armholes. Should wrinkles appear from neck to armhole, take up shoulder seam and snip armhole under the arm, using care not to cut too deep. If the coat is too large through the body, take up the under-arm seam. Remove the coat, and close the shoulder seam stitching through the cloth but not the canvas; then cover with damp cloth and press seams open.

Use pattern-piece B for back-canvas, cutting the canvas to extend three inches down from the neck, the shape of the pattern. Baste the piece in, lapping it over front canvas and tacking both to shoulder seam to hold in position.

[Concluded on page 112]



FIG. 11.-LADIES' COAT NO. 6385, CUT IN SIX SIZES, FROM THIRTY-TWO TO FORTY-TWO BUST; PRICE, 15 CENTS

wet the canvas thoroughly, and press while quite damp. It is then ready to cut.

Explicit directions for cutting are given on pattern envelopes. Read all the directions carefully, and select the pieces you are going to use. Fold the material lengthwise and place the pieces on according to diagram, Fig. IV, and the directions on the envelopes. Pin the pieces in position and cut out, marking the notches, etc. Fold the lining ma-

terial lengthwise and lay on all the pieces. Cut the front lining to extend threequarters of an inch beyond the facing line. To prevent the lining from drawing when sewed in the coat, lay in a half-inch pleat at the center-back, and baste it down; then cut the piece



COAT NO. 6385, SKIRT NO. 6311

FIG. IV .- DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TO LAY THE PATTERN ON 54-INCH MATERIAL, FOLDED DOUBLE; S AND Y, THE SLEEVE; O, COLLAR; F, FRONT OF COAT; B, BACK; D, CUFF; E, POCKET; I, TAB; X, BELT; S, SKIRT; AND THE FACING

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD

PRACTICAL INFORMATION FOR THE LADDERLESS HOUSEWIFE

By FRANCES CHENEY DAWSON

AVEN'T you a step-ladder?" The man who had come to repair the porch awning hurled his question at me indignantly. Indeed it was an inquiry which had been pursuing me. The carpenter putting up a shelf in the bathroom had been obliged to stand on the white enameled stool, and his boots scratched it badly. The decorator who hung our curtains a few weeks before had managed to balance himself perilously on a soap-box set on a kitchen chair, but he finally fell off, breaking my choicest Sevres vase.

I determined to look into ladders, at once. I remembered, in my mother's kitchen, a ladder chair which was hinged in the middle and could be turned into a somewhat unsteady flight of four steps. The maids, to my

dim recollection, had seldom used the contrivance to sit on, but it was in frequent requisition for picture hanging, Christmas decorations, spring cleaning, and what-not. In my own housekeeping experience, there had been nothing to take the place of the ladder chair.

Investigation revealed several kinds of ladders we might select for the house, and others suited to the garden. After thinking it over, I determined to have at least one ladder on every floor. The cost was little, and I never carry a heavy object up and down stairs if I can afford a duplicate.

For general household use, I found a firmly built narrow step-ladder of five steps, with a back that folds in compactly, and strong, rigid hinges. It would have been equally useful in cellar or garret, but I finally placed it in the up-stairs hall closet, accessible to the bedrooms, as our wardrobes are of the high, narrow type. Hats on high shelves spoil more tempers and peasant sleeves than I like to think of; but with a solid, well-balanced ladder, it is the work of only a moment to get them down without danger of ripped under-arm seams. Some of the bedroom floors are of fine hardwood, so the ends of the ladder supports have been provided with non-scratching, non-slipping tips of rubber. Felt tips, also, are made.

I HAD no immediate need for all the ladders I inspected; but I did as usual before purchasing anything for the home—I looked and looked, read catalogues, and made copious notes which I should need for future reference.

For the garden and cellar, I chose a particularly strong type of straight wooden ladder, with bent rung-braces of steel above and below the corners of each rung to support it. I was told that this type of ladder is used and recommended by government engineers; for mere strength, it was undoubtedly the best I examined. In the ordinary ladder, the rungs fit into holes bored in the side-pieces, a construction less safe than it looks, which you may discover.

The short size I selected was better for indoor use, though the men that came to do a day's work found it satisfactory in the garden, too, for training vines against the house, putting up porch swings, painting shutters or outside woodwork, and many other odd jobs.

I could have had the same make in a painter's sturdy double ladder, with a special lock to prevent slipping, and a place to put a bucket of paint. If I can persuade my husband to do over the walls in one or two rooms, it will pay us to get a ladder like this. Paint is an inexpensive wall-finish in itself, but the painter's time costs twice as much as the materials; so amateur work is really a great saving, if one has the right equipment.

A PAIR of carpenter's horses is almost as necessary for this work as a good ladder. With a flat detached top fitting over them, one can kalsomine a ceiling or cut

wall-paper. Our neighbor's boys use them regularly to exercise on, but, since a strong orchard ladder was bought, I notice they take a great deal of exercise getting into the apple trees! In all seriousness, the ladder, as an exerciser, should be considered by the mother who is advanced enough to have installed a play-bar, a swing, or for older children, a trapeze. New arm muscles are brought into play, sturdy self-reliance is attained, and a sense of equilibrium is developed.

Then there is that admirable and perennially delightful amusement to be found in all public playgrounds—the ladder chute. There is no reason why the family with a clean back yard and a lot of children should not install a perfectly safe

and fascinating source of entertainment for them. The wise mother will provide her flock with strong dark bloomers, and then let them slide. It is an excellent help in keeping children out-of-doors when the mother must be busy within.

The painter's outside ladder—the kind that leans against the house—either the simple or extension type made with strong interlocking fixtures, is well-nigh indispensable to the suburban dweller. Whether a second-story blind needs mending, a tree must be pruned, or a dead limb sawed off, the ladder is the first consideration. Without it one must stay on terra firma, borrow, as we did, or send for the carpenter or tree-doctor. A special pruning and fruit-

picking ladder is made; it tapers to a point at the top, and can be inserted between the thickest branches without damage.

I discovered a good substitute for the ladder chair; it is a small folding metal ladder for homes or stores, occupies little space, shuts up like an umbrella, and can be carried from room to room over one's shoulder. It is light in weight, intended for light service, and takes up no more space in the corner of your coat-closet than a curtain-pole.

It is a wise precaution against the possible danger of fire to keep a metal scuttle ladder on an upper floor. While I was looking into the various kinds of ladders, I reflected that

we had purposely put the nursery at the

[Concluded on page 91]



Well fortified

Indeed he is! Fortified inside as well as out. You can see this by his wellchosen bulwark of defence.

His mother evidently is one of those sensible housewives who order Campbell's Soups by the dozen or the case. And probably half the order at least is for

Campbell's Tomato Soup

This is the practical way to buy. It saves your time; saves you from bother and delay; and insures you a delicious, nourishing soup-course every day so that the "inner man" is sure to be fortified constantly at a most vital point. And you are fortified against all sorts of embarrassing emergencies.

You can't make a mistake in ordering by the dozen or the case. Our unlimited guarantee stands behind every can.

Your money back if not satisfied.
21 kinds 10c a can

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Lucia Barrella

THE NEW LUSTER WORK

By GREYE and MARIA LA SPINA

USTER work is a new form of fancy work embracing the artistry of the brush and the craft of the needle, the finished work resembling ornate cutwork or appliqué on a rich background.

The materials for luster work are: luster powder, banana oil, a brush, and embroidery floss. Fifteen cents' worth of banana oil (about a cupful) is enough for a dozen different articles. The luster powder may be bought in any good art store, and costs from fifteen to fifty cents an ounce, the price depending upon the quality; the more brilliant gold usually

costs less, as it is of a coarser grain. A gold powder costing about thirty-five cents is usually exceedingly good in effect, and as this amount will paint a dozen articles at least, the cost is not excessive. The silver powder runs about the same price; other metallic lusters, such as copper, bronze, violet, rose, and green gold, are also procurable.

To mix ready for use, stir a scant quarter-teaspoonful of powder into a teaspoonful of the banana oil. For different colors and materials, the proportions may be varied, but the above will prove generally satisfactory. Try out on a small sample of the goods to be used, adding more or less powder as is desirable.

For mixing the color, a rather deep receptacle is desirable, as the oil is very volatile, and the smaller the surface exposed to the air while working, the better. A deep saucer will answer the purpose nicely, but for fifteen cents, a small china palette which has three deep cups in it, each holding

a big teaspoonful, and a small groove useful for holding the brush between times, may be had from any artists' supply shop.

It is not practical to mix, at one time, all the color which may be needed to do any one article, as the oil evaporates or thickens too rapidly; therefore, the small amount above mentioned should be mixed and used, and as soon as it is nearly gone, put the same amount of powder in the saucer or cup, and add the teaspoonful of oil, always mixing thoroughly. Each time the brush is dipped into the color, the latter must be stirred, as the luster

does not remain in solution, but gradually sinks to the bottom of the dish. Unless precaution is taken against this, the color will be uneven, and the work will have to be gone over a second time.

Use a camel's hair brush about threeeighths of an inch in width, a flat one being best. A soft old linen cloth should be used to wipe out the cup immediately after the worker is through with any one color, and the brush should be cleansed in the same manner. Be careful not to get the luster on your hands or clothing, for it is difficult to remove.

In filling in the background of the design, trifling unevennesses of the outlines need cause no worry, for the floss to be used for the embroidery will cover these small imperfections.

A SUITABLE material to use is a good quality of rep; it is fifty inches wide and one dollar per yard. Three-quarters of a yard will make a bag, a pair of slippers, and a girdle, with sufficient left for two or three smaller articles, such as a glove- or card-case, or tablemat. It is effective in a dull blue shade.

For an evening bag, a piece of the material measuring about 12 x 26 inches will

be required, from which both back and front may be cut. Stamp the design first, then cut, leaving a good margin for the seams all the way around the design, which also gives the shape of the bag.

After you have stamped the bag, mix silver luster and apply over the

entire background of the design and to the central dots and triangles inside the figures which form the design. As soon as the work is dry, couch on small silver cord to outline the design, using sewingsilk in very pale gray for this couching. Follow the outline of each figure, also the outline which encloses the design. Leave the two long lines at the top of the bag until the last thing, as these will form a casing for the cord for the handle of the bag.

Cut the satin lining three inches longer than the bag itself. Place the seams of

[Concluded on page 53!





THE NEW LUSTER WORK

[Continued from page 52]

GIRDLE

SHOWING GOLD

LUSTER WORK DESIGN

of the lining over on the right side after it is placed in the bag; then turn the rep in and blindstitch to it. Along this. line, and the one just below it, couch the silver cord, sewing through the lining to form the casing. For the handle, use two pieces of the cord about fortyfive inches long, twisting each, and allowing it to double, so that there will be two strings about twenty-two inches in length. Run both through the casing at top of bag, bringing the two ends of one of the cords out at one side, and the two ends of the other out at opposite side. Tie ends of each cord together, and sew in small fancy bow-knot effect.

Crochet the balls for the bottom of bag as follows: Make a chain of 6 and close to form a ring. Over this, make 10 double crochets; two rows of single crochet over this, dropping I stitch in each row. Slip-stitch through the re-

into shape, and finish with 10 chain stitches. Sew to bag at the points.

One twenty-five-cent ball of silver thread will suffice for working the bag and making crocheted balls and cord handle.

A girdle embellished with luster work is most attractive.

and is easily made. It may be cut in one or two pieces. For the latter, one-half yard of twenty-four-inch material is required. Stamp design on the girdle and mark with pencil the connecting lines as indicated on the design. Paint the background of design with gold luster. When it is dry, use silk or cotton floss to chainstitch outline of each part of the design; also around the edge of same. The decoration extends entirely around the girdle at both top and bottom.

OVER two button-molds about one inch in diameter, with the material. A touch of embroidery added to these is effective. Close the girdle with snapfasteners underneath the buttons. The lining may be blind-stitched in last of all. It should harmonize in tone with the luster used, so you may choose an old-gold satin. In the same width as the material, this costs \$2 per year. A fairly heavy-weight embroidery silk or cotton may be used.

To make a pair of slippers in the luster work, you will need a quarter-yard sick at 5 cents. No other material furnished.

bag and lining together, and turn the top of eighteen-inch material. After stamping them, and painting the background with luster, embroider the design before cutting out, working edges in the buttonhole stitch. The spider-web effect is made by running three threads in singlestitch over the space, crossing them in the center, then weaving in and out around them. Medium-weight silk floss must be used for the buttonholing: if the chainstitch is used, as on the girdle, a slightly heavier silk or cotton thread may be used. The effect is of cut-work with a background of silver, or any of the lusters which you may prefer.

ALLOW generous seams for sewing to the sole. The top of the slipper is cut out close to the buttonholing, and the rest is turned in and sewed to the slipper sole, the material being slightly gathered at the toe. The slippers need not be lined, but, of course, a satin lining would add maining stitches to draw up each ball to their beauty. This may be cut the

same size as t h e outside. and basted to it after the embroidery is finished with the exception of buttonholing the edge. that this SO may be caught

through the lining also. The lining may be sewed to the soles with the raw edge outside, and then the edge of the outer part turned in and

felled down neatly, so that no part of the edges is exposed.

If you choose the quilted-lined soles, briar-stitch the edge to give them a pretty finish. Should you not care for the whitelined soles, you can easily cover them with the same material you use for lining the toes, cutting the same shape as sole, but larger, to allow for turning in edge all around.

If a silk fabric is preferred, select something quite heavy to show the work to the best advantage. In making bags, we suggest that you work the design on front and back. It does not require a great deal of time, and makes the bag infinitely richer. The luster work will dry quickly, but be careful not to begin the needlework while any portion of the painted design is still moist or sticky,

Editor's Note.—A perforated pattern of any one of these designs will be furnished for 10 cents. Mercerized cotton floss for working, at 4 cents a skein, or

A Fine Time

To Work Out Food Problem

High prices of meat will induce people to plan meals with more reason and better judgment of food strength and cost.

Many of our strong men, col-lege athletes and others, learned from actual experience that a vegetarian diet produces better results than a diet including meat.

Many famous names appear in the vegetarian list. Names whose owners are champions and prize winners in their chosen field.

After all the argument for and against any particular kind of diet, the question can best be solved for the individual by personal test.

Certain it is that those who have never tried it, have some facts to learn by breakfasting

Some Fruit

A dish of

Grape-Nuts

Crisp, Buttered Toast

Cup of hot, well-made

POSTUM

Plenty for a strong man-day worker or Brain Worker.

Looks "thin" you say.

Our word for it, you will reach lunch time fully sustained—food well digested—head clear and ready for the noon-day meal.

Grape-Nuts is sold the same to-day as it has always sold. No rise in price.

There's a way to reasonable economy in food and that's not

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

-sold by Grocers.



When mother cut our hair and then followed it with a good shampoo! How she tucked the towel up! How she lathered in-with Packer's!

Packer's Tar Soap 'pure as the pines." Its balanced, blended, soothing elements, its rich, piney lather softens the scalpjust as it used to do. It cleanses thoroughly; it brings the same quickened life to your glands, just as it did-forty long years ago.

And still today-keeping on its cleansing, stimulating way, it is content to be the first assistant of good Dr. Nature-the greatest hair restorer of them all!

Packer's Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pines)

Send 10c for sample of Packer's Tar Oc for sample of State whether Cake or Liquid, Soap, State whether Cake or Liquid, Send also for Free Manual: "The Hair and Scalp-Modern Care and Treatment." It will prove valuable.

THE PACKER MFG. CO. Suite 86D, 81 Fulton St., New York



THE CHILDREN'S SHOP

By A COLLEGE GIRL

tle fund which Mother had saved from her scanty resources, after my father's death, entirely exhausted. I hoped to secure a teacher's position but, before fall, Mother's health necessitated my staying at home.

The first few months, it seemed impossible to earn money at home, but one night as I lay in bed trying to think my way into some money-producing work, an insiration came to me.

The following morning I had cards neatly printed which read:

THE CHILDREN'S SHOP

when you want help in arranging plays, finding recitations, getting up entertainments, or preparing for any juvenile function

Let Me Tell You how to amuse little ones on rainy days May I Help You

select inexpensive gifts for any occasion? I Know Some Dainties for the lunch basket, which tempt and nourish

HELEN TRASK

To accompany these cards, I wrote a note explaining that I should be glad to consult with parents and teachers about anything referred to on the card. I set a date two weeks later as opening day in my shop. For printing and postage, I spent about \$5. I sent these notices broadcast throughout the neighborhood. My home was in a large village, and,

"THE ELMS"

by procuring the parish lists of the several churches, I secured a long list of addresses.

After these letters were sent out, I devoted every minute of the intervening two weeks to collecting my stock. I haunted the library and hired a

young girl to type for me evenings. spent hours in a publishing house reading plays, and many more hours in making paper costumes for some of the plays I had selected. I wrote lists of unusual gifts for birthdays, and holidays, and I divided them into ten-, twenty-five-, thirtyfive-, and fifty-cent lots; none costing more than fifty cents.

On my opening day, I gave a little tea, and sent out invitations to a few intimate friends asking them to bring their

HE last days of college found the lit- friends. Several ladies of some prominence consented to pour tea for me, and the principals of the three schools, including the high school, came, at my suggestion, with their corps of teachers. You see, I made sure of a hearing at the start.

As souvenirs, I gave each visitor a tiny paper lunch basket, which two high school girls had made for me "just for the fun of it," each filled with a dainty sandwich, a bit of home-made candy, a piece of gingerbread, and a wee bit of apple salad wrapped in waxed paper. Tucked in each basket was a list of twenty-nine different combinations which I would supply to the school children at fifteen cents each. Occasionally I would put in a tangerine or some white grapes in place of the salad, I explained, and that cookies, home-made, of course, would replace the gingerbread; or a bit of candied fruit would be the sweetmeat. Always there would be a surprise.

My opening day was in December, and I had ready all sorts of things for holiday frolics. I had lists of old-time, almost

forgotten games, and of brand-new ones I had originated. I was ready with all the paraphernalia necessary for these games. Let me say, right here, that any one following my plan would do well to be ready for business about one month in advance of some holiday, for it is at such times that mothers and teachers are glad of help with entertainments.

I took a number of orders for lunch baskets that very first day, and agreed to take full charge of a party which one of the wealthier ladies was to give for her two little daughters.

And so my start was made. The little folks, coming first for their lunch baskets, soon got into the habit of dropping in after school to look at the paper dolls, puzzles, and easy games on which I was nearly always working in order to keep up my stock. And, bless their hearts, they nearly always waxed enthusiastic over each addition, and the next day seldom failed to bring orders from their parents.

TEA LAUNCHED MY LITTLE BUSINESS

[Concluded on page 55]

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THE CHILDREN'S SHOP

[Continued from page 54]

in a novel way. We had a daily three c'clock mail, R. F. D., and I notified the mothers that I should be glad to take orders by telephone, mail, or in person, up to eleven o'clock any rainy morning, for games or surprises to be delivered in the afternoon mail. This gave the little folks something to look forward to. All children love to get a letter or a parcel through the mail. I soon received a standing order from a number of parents to send a surprise each rainy day. I made them up to cost from ten to twenty-five cents, keeping a record of each thing sent and to whom, so that there was no danger of a repetition,

Immediately after New Year's, I directed all my attention to recitations and plays for Washington's birthday. I was surprised at the number of calls I had for these. I collected my plays from old

magazines at the library.

I turned out rainy-day games and sur- the way, was our sun parlor. In June, I prises by the dozen, which I introduced went to New York, where I engaged the services of a stenographer. There I made the rounds of the libraries collecting a wealth of material. I jotted down names of magazines and titles of articles, and, when I had a good list, turned over to a stenographer who took notes in shorthand and made typewritten copies of the material I had selected.

> DURING the summer, Mother and I fashioned all sorts of costumes out of paper and cheap, glazed lining, just basting them together and allowing very large seams so that they could be made to fit various sizes.

> By September, I was ready for busi-ness, in good earnest. My stock had piled up in a most encouraging way, and was fresh and enthusiastic; the work I had done, and which counted for so much now, had seemed like play.

> That winter, so much work poured in upon me that I had to engage an assist-

ant. My net profits were something over \$500. I had gained a wide circle of friends among both the big and little folks of the town. Kindergarten teachers came to me for help, and I coached a number of church and school plays, for which I charged twenty-five cents an hour. At the end of five years, I was netting nearly \$1,000 a year. Parents and teachers from near; by towns came or sent for plays and recitations. I was always adding to my stock and kept a complete set of files and books.

When I married, the principal of the high school exclaimed, "What

ting and shortening them to suit the are we going to do without the Chil-young readers. Again, I would adapt dren's Shop!" Requests for help still come from my old home, and I have a nice little bank account to show for my work since my marriage. I think almost any progressive town would support such a little business and any enterprising woman could easily undertake it.

> Editor's Note .- Do you want to earn money at home? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, and tell her your capabilities;



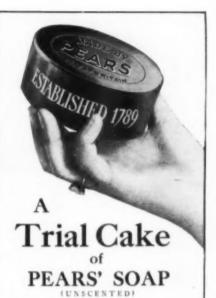
WE FASHIONED COSTUMES OUT

OF PAPER

many cases, and gathered recitations from many sources. Many I made from standard poems, cut-

young readers. Again, I would adapt some quaint or funny story. Always, I was on the lookout for new and original material. I attended recitals whenever possible, and took down in shorthand selections which I thought I might put to use at some time.

That first winter I cleared nearly \$200 on my gifts, lunch baskets, and recitations. In the spring, I was ready with May baskets and was prepared for May parties, introduced for the first time in my town. I spent the spring evenings in making huge scrap-books for my plays and recitations, to be examined at leisure by my patrons in my little shop, which, by she will be glad to advise you.



Will be sent postpaid by us on receipt of to cover the cost of mailing

Everyone knows PEARS-knows it as the world's most famous soap-the soap of refinement for more than a century. We want everyone to know PEARS by actual use-to realize fully all the exquisite charm of this delightful soap.

We offer now this opportunity to try PEARS at our expense because we are so sure that the use of this trial cake will form a permanent habit. Once you know the real pleasure of

Pears' Soap

-how refreshing is its absolute purity-how delightfully beneficial its effect on the skin-how matchless for the complexion-PEARS will become as essential a part of your daily life as the bathing itself.

You will be delighted also to learn the economy of PEARS both in its low cost and unusual lasting quality. PEARS is all soap-all pure-there is absolutely no wasteit lasts much longer than ordinary soap. It is the finest soap possible to produce at any price—yet the unscented is sold everywhere at not over 15 cents a cake.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soaps in the world.

Do not pass this opportunity to bring the pleasure of PEARS' SOAP into your daily life. Send your address now—enclosing 4c in stamps to WALTER JANVIER, U. S. Agent, 419 Canal Street, New York City.

BUY BELDING'S BYRE SILK FABRICS

Guaranteed Not to Rip, Split or Tear



Belding's Silk Fabrics will dry clean without damage. Wrinkles are easily pressed out by the use of a damp cloth and warm iron (not hot) on the wrong side. The white and black wash like muslin. Look for the name "Belding's" in selvage.

Belding's Guaranteed Dress Silks

A most complete line of Messalines, Taffetas, Satin de Chines, Satin

Charmeuse. All latest colors, plain and novelty designs. Guaranteed not to rip, split or tear.

Belding's Guaranteed Lining Silks

have long held the lead for lining Cloaks, Suits, Jackets, etc. They excel in appearance and wear.

Belding's Tearless Petticoat Silks

Your Petticoats will wear much longer if made of this fashionable guaranteed silk. All latest shades, beautiful soft finish, fine luster.

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Belding's Silk Fabrics are full yard wide, and retail for \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per yard.



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It Guarantees the Silk or Silk Lining of Ready-to-Wear Garment to which it is attached.

Sent FREE—Illustrated Booklet "The Story fands of the Story known lecturer and writer. FREE if you address our Chicago Office, 203 West Monroe Street.

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THE RELIGION CO. INC.

Turuska Tarangan.

BELDING'S MAKING SAVING INTERESTING

By ESTELLE LAMBERT MATTESON

E all know that the pleasantest way of saving is to go to a bank and hand in two or three fairly good-sized notes, to be credited on a steadily increasing left-hand side, and then placidly wait for the interest to be added semiannually.

Any one can save who has more money than her expenses amount to or her tastes demand; there is not much gray matter required for that; but she who saves from her legitimate expenses, actually and truly saves and has the saving to show, is the one who derives a real pleasure from that most fascinating of pursuits.

The primary idea of saving is for the traditional rainy day, and that is a laudable idea if one lives up to it; but to be a successful saver one must first save the money, and then keep it saved.

Many times we hear a woman gleefully relate how she sat up and finished making over a waist or dress, or walked to and from somewhere, or did thus and so, and saved so much by doing it; but if one wanted to see the saving, it would be found that what had been saved on one thing had been found an excuse for spending on something else. The only fact apparent to her however, is the "sav-

But she noticed only the faults she had hitherto missed seeing, and from that chair sprang a dissatisfaction of which the ultimate result was a new rug, new furniture and curtains; yet she lost sight of the cost of all the new things, remembering only to display the silly little gilt chair, and proudly to announce that she had saved it from grocery purchases, so it had cost her nothing!

WHEN we talk of saving, we should use the word intelligently; and we should do the deed literally. It may sound picayunish to speak of saving pennies and nickels; yet I know of a phonograph that has given joy and pleasure to a whole household, which was bought by odd pennies dropped in an old china vase.

Many people who are in debt will say they cannot save because of this fact. All the more reason to save, it may be remarked. Why not consider saving as a debt, holding oneself in honor bound to pay on that debt every week?

Let us presume a case where, in a family of four, there is a steady income of fifteen dollars weekly. The rent is ten dollars monthly, and there is a debt

which is being paid off at the rate of one dollar weekly. The rest of the money goes for needed living expenses, clothes, magazines, fuel, and light, which dispose of the salary, leaving no margin, nothing to fall back upon because of living up to every penny re-ceived. Eventually, the debt will be paid: then, instead of considering the debt still unpaid, and piling up a little fund against like



ing" it; she forgets the extravagance it engendered. When a woman tells me she has saved

Too often, housekeepers lose sight of real economy, spending money needed for essentials on things held forth as bargains. It is on record that a woman saved trading stamps, buying inferior goods and untried brands of groceries in order to get the stamps; then, when she went to exchange the stamps for something she really needed, brought home a slender gilt chair, upholstered in shoddy pink damask. When she put it into her parlor, of course its new brightness made everything else look shabby. It was, in fact, only a gaudy little plebeian set down among worn aristocrats.

thirty cents, I want to see the thirty cents!

emergencies, that amount is spent each week, with nothing to show for it; in fact, not so much as had the debt.

THE PRIMARY IDEA OF SAVING IS

FOR THE TRADITIONAL RAINY DAY

It is not the spasmodic savings that show the satisfactory results, and results are what count. Five cents saved every day means eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents a year; but a quarter at irregular intervals amounts to but little, and is no inducement to save. One must save one dollar for a whole year for it to earn five cents; and when a soda sign looms invitingly near, if one stopped to consider the period it took for money to earn the price of a glass, the

[Continued on page 57]

MAKING SAVING INTERESTING

[Continued from page 56]

THE SILLY LITTLE GILT CHAIR WHICH MADE EVERY-

THING ELSE LOOK SHABBY

nickel would go in the bank. Twenty sodas passed by would mean one dollar added to the account.

Now, to go back to this weekly salusually the proceeding is to wait until the last week to pay the rent, and in paying it all out of one week's salary, that week is left with only five dollars to meet all other expenses, with the inevitable result of going into debt to eke out the difference. The next week's mar-gin goes to pay off that debt, and in another two weeks rent day is almost around again. One is never ahead of the pay, but always trying to catch up.

If every woman would treat the family income intelligently and systematically, money not spent goes in the box,

twenty-five per cent. of it, but she would soon become so interested in seeing the little amounts grow into big ones that she would gradually learn the real value of the buying power of a dollar and get one hundred cents from each one

paid out. The plan pursued by a family I know may be put into practise in any household where the dispo-

sition is to save. The wife is given her husband's weekly salary of fifteen dollars. When she receives this. she gives him a dollar for car-fare. She has

twelve envelopes, six of which she has labeled, "Saturday", "Monday", "Tuesday", and Sunday", "Monday", "Tuesday", "Wednesday", "Thursday", and "Friday". There is also one each for rent, food, fuel, clothes, light, instalment, magazines, and papers, and a little round box, to which she has the key, for her possible savings.

SHE immediately puts her weekly proportion of the rent, two dollars and twenty-seven cents, in the rent envelope; two dollars in the one for clothes, twentyfive cents for light, seventy-five cents for fuel, fifty cents for magazines, one dollar for the instalment, two dollars into the envelope for Saturday and Sunday, and one dollar in each of the other day envelopes, or seven dollars for food for the week. This leaves twenty-three cents to go into the savings box.

She knows just what it costs them to live, and pays cash for what she buys. Whatever is left over on Saturday night after she has bought her groceries and other necessaries out of her Saturday-and-Sunday envelope is dropped immediately into the box, and is forgotten.

When Monday comes, she plans for that day; and if she can save one cent or five or ten cents and yet supply sufficient and proper food, it goes right into the little box. She doesn't try to remember what she saves, just so long as it is saved.

If she gets an evening instead of a morning paper, or does not get any, the she could not only save from ten to she walks where she intended to ride, the

nickel is saved.

Her envelope of money for clothing keeps filling up each week, so that she is able to take advantage of bargains by having the ready money when the bargains that amount to something are to be had.

When rent day comes, her routine is not disturbed in the slightest; she is always a month ahead. The weekly instalments she is paying will soon be concluded, then that dollar a week will be dropped into the

greedy little box, the beauty of which plan is that, so far as temporary expenditures are concerned, the money ceases to be, once it has been dropped through that little hole.

Once every month the contents of this bank are taken to the real bank and de-posited. The night before this happens, the family gathers about the table and each member makes a guess as to the sum. There are seldom coins of greater value than a dime, but never in the past three years has she deposited less than five dollars monthly, actually saved from her fourteen dollars a week for living expenses. Added to this, each time her husband's salary has been raised, fifty per cent, of the increase has been kept for the upkeep of the house, and the other half has gone into the bank.

[Concluded on page 63]

If You Don't Like the Color of Your Clothes Dve Them with—DIAMOND DYES

To have your clothes exactly the color that you like is a simple matter, if you will but use Diamond Dyes.

Recoloring garments is not an intricate process, but very simple. Many other women use them with complete success, and you can too.

Miss S. T. Green, of New York City, writes:

"I have proved to my satisfaction that Diamond Dyes are

very, very easy to use.
"My light tan suit, which I bought late last summer, did not please me. I thought quite a while about dyeing it before I made the attempt, because I had an idea that Diamond Dyes were very difficult to use.

'I decided to recolor my suit and, really, it is wonderful how simple it is to produce magical changes with what you have correctly termed the 'Fashion

Helpers'. My suit is now navy blue, and very much prettier than it ever was before.

iamond Dyes

Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water.

Mrs. J. R. Farley, of Saratoga, New York, writes:

"I had often heard friends of mine talk about how easy it was to due articles, but I always took what they said with 'a grain of salt'. I have often thought that I would like to due things, but it wasn't until a fourteen-year-old niece of mine recolored some curtains that I felt that I could surely use Diamond Dyes successfully.

"The brown gown that the picture I am sending you shows was originally light brown. thought that it looked a little bit too summery for winter wear, and so recolored it. This I found was very easy to do, and my chief regret is that I have not used Diamond Dyes for years. "



Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are Animal Fibre Fabrics. Cotton and Linen are Vegetable Fibre Fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60 to 80 per cent. Cotton—so must be treated as Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—

ufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namelywe manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely— Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes sell at 10c Per Package Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or a he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous bo of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vermont, and 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada



With the demand of Dame Fashion for an exquisite petticoat to support her masterpiece—the beautyline skirt, 1915 Heatherbloom Taffeta comes from its perennial bud with a fresh lustre and glory of tones indispensable to the modes of the day.



are now in full flower. The same old worth of wear at an atom of price, but with a fresh finish so exquisite and a scale of colors charming, that the handicraft of the weaver becomes an art.

Ask to see the new Heatherbloom Petti-coats. The newest creations are now on display at all good stores. Guaranteed for material and workmanship by the makers and the store, and finally by the Weavers of 1915 Heatherbloom.

Heatherbloom. provided the waist-band car-ries this label.



1915 Heatherbloom is also at the lining counters. 35c a yard. For drop skirts and linings.

A. G. Hyde & Sons

Makers Hydegrade Weaves New York, N. Y.

NEW SAILORS OF LACE AND WIRE

[Continued from page 28]

FIG. 3-HEAD-SIZE WIRE LAPPED AND TIED

FIG. 4-SPOKE TWISTED AROUND SECOND HEAD-SIZE CIRCLE

front (called right-side-front); then five side spoke around the edge wire, and six inches from the end of this spoke twist the end of the next one (called right-sideback). The space on the edge wire between the right-side-back and the back

spokes is six inches. When you have tightened the twists on the edge-wire. cut the ends very close. Be sure the spokes are in true straight lines-those on the left sides will slant upward slightly if the spaces on the edge-wire are correct, those on the right side will be flat, or lie at right angles to the headsize circle.

Mold the form of the frame into the shape you want, if it has not come to it of its own accord. then cut thirty-five inches of wire for a brace. Lap the ends two inches and tie this thirty-three-inch brace to the spokes on top of the frame. one and one-half inches from the

head-size circle. Let the middle of the two-inch lap lie on the back spoke. The frame is now finished (Fig. 5). Cover the under side with fine silk net, stretch tight, and sew neatly over the edge wire.

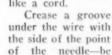
on top. The crown can be a panne-velvet oval tam lined with taffeta to give it body. The tam should measure fifteen inches from front to back and fourteen inches from side to side. Gather the fulness at the head-size and cross for trimming two long-headed jet pins over the right side front. The velvet, instead of stopping at the

wire, one and one-half inches from the head-size, although it is not really necessary (Fig. 2). Instead of one bracewire, three can be used very effectively, covering each with a bias fold of panne velvet like the crown (Fig. 1).

Although neither of these hats have facings whose edges need to be finished. many of your spring hats will, so I am adding the necessary directions now.

Fit the facing over the frame, pinning and one-half inches farther twist the right- it to the head-size and edge. Make a seam in the back, if one is necessary, then cut around the edge, leaving one-half inch to turn under. Cut a piece of frame-wire one inch longer than the edge of the hat. Hold the hat with the facing, or under side,

toward you (Fig. 6). Lay the piece of wire against the wrong side of the facing and turn the half-inch allowance back of it, then stick pins inside of the covered wire and into the edge of the These pins frame. will hold the wire -covered with the facing-to the edge of the frame. When you have pinned the covered wire all around the hat, tie the ends with thread and pin the lap as you did the rest of the edge. Now you are ready to stitch this wired edge of the facing in place and make it look



sure this groove is definitely marked—then take a stitch one-half inch long in the groove, and a tiny stitch back from the top of the hat into the groove, this time catching the top cover of the brim with the and gather the lace into the head-size stitch. When you put the needle through

to the top side, slant the needle- so that it is at right angles in the crease line and don't put it into the material that covers the top of the frame. When you bring the needle back into the crease with the shorter stitch, you

head-size, can be extended to the brace- terial. The first finger of your left hand ought to persuade the wire, covered with the facing, to roll over the stitches and hide them.



FIG. 5-COMPLETED WIRE FRAME

GIVE A CORD FINISH

like a cord. Crease a groove

catch the top cover. Always insert point of needle exactly in groove line. Use fine silk thread the color of the ma-

Editor's Note .- If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. Letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by mail by Mrs. Tobey if stamped envelope is enclosed.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

The Problem of Replacing Furniture

By AGNES ATHOL

N almost every home, after the first few months of enjoyment of the brandnew furnishings, certain gaps, stand out and insist on being filled. Perhaps there is no guest-chamber; or a maid's room appears to be imperative; or there comes The Event, bringing in its trail a crib, perambulator, high-chair, and other accessories to be purchased.

I have always said that if a bride came to me for advice, I should tell her to save. every year, a definite sum for furniture replacements. Even if a young married couple starts out-as so rarely happenswith furniture enough for a six- or sevenroom house, after ten years, or even less, many articles give out entirely; others prove unwise selections and are disposed of; one's taste changes completely, or for some other reason the equipment has to be continually replenished.

The place to consider first, when starting fresh, is the dining-room. We always have to eat, and we must sit down to do

it; but whether we

have a place to entertain our friends matters not a great deal. One clever manager I

A BEAUTIFUL CHAIR IS GENERALLY A COMFORTABLE CHAIR

year, waiting to save enough to furnish rush seats in detachable box frames. Cane it according to her cultured taste. She completed her dining-room first, and received her friends there.

The choice of wood in the diningroom furniture depends very much on the amount of money one has to spend, the character of the house one is to occupy, the standard of living one must set oneself. Porch chairs of willow, which would be out of place in a city home, make a perfectly satisfactory cottage dining-room set. Massive, carved mahogany may belong in the kind of house you hope to own, but if, in the mean time, you expect to live on two or three thousand

dollars a year, oak is more appropriate. The chances are that by the time you can afford the sort of house that calls for the elaborate furniture, you can afford also to dispose of what you have, and replace it.

Mahogany is the wood de luxe for which most young housekeepers yearn. Unless, however, you can buy all the dining-room furniture at one time, it is a mistake to start in with mahogany, as future additions impose a heavy tax on the furniture fund. I know a couple who spent about three hundred dollars for mahogany table and chairs. When it came to cabinets and sideboard, they found it impossible to spare the money for pieces to match the first purchase. and were obliged to take those of a different style in stained or veneered wood. It would have been wiser and more honest to have had all solid good oak from the first.

SHINY golden or quartered oak is not in as high favor as it once was, but dull-finished or weathered oak is practical and beautiful. Some of the weathered oak dining-room furniture, Mission or

Dutch style, as it is called, used in a room with blue wallpaper and Delft china, is extremely pretty. Less somber in color is waxed oak, which gives long service and scarcely shows hard usage and scratches. Waxed and fumed oaks lend themselves particularly well to a brown-andtan color scheme, and when relieved with a touch of gold or orange, make the room more restful than the reds and greens of a decade ago. The most dur-

able seat for the dining-room chair is of solid wood, part of the chair itself. Leather and leather - fabric

knew kept her living-room vacant for a seats are much in vogue, as are the pretty seats are less durable.

> China and glass cabinets are being shown with leaded panes and straight lines. These new cabinets stand on fairly long legs, lifting them to body level. If you cannot afford to furnish the entire dining-room at once, get a good sideboard and table and have a built-in corner cupboard for the dishes. You may have thought of a serving-table, but, in its stead, for the woman who must do her own work, the tea-wagon is an excellent investment. It may be of oak or mahogany like the set, or of wicker.

[Continued on page 60]



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It fails because home ovens can't make beans digestible. Steam ovens are essential. Beans must be baked in small lots, in high heat and for

It fails because it crisps the top beans, mushes the middle beans, but leaves most of them less than half

It fails because beans should be mellow and whole, and home-baked

beans are not.
It fails because the sauce should be baked with the beans, to give zest to every atom.

Housewives should recognize that there are a few foods which can't be prepared in a fit way at home. And beans stand first among them.

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This dish is our specialty. For 20 years our famous chefs have worked on it. They have created in this a new-style national dish. It is unique among all of its kind.

and try it. Compare it with the know. If it excels them all, stock with it. Have on hand some dainty kinds you know. If it excels your pantry with it. Have on h meals ready for instant serving.

Find out this matchless dish.

If you do not find Van Camp's the best beans you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

[Continued from page 59]

living-room with a set of three or four upholstered pieces-a chair, rocker, and perhaps a sofa. Upholstery is hard to keep clean, and is only pleasing in very expensive furniture. It is almost always out of place in the small house, though a leather Morris chair is, of course, part of a real living-room.

If you have made a study of period furniture, your Jacobean gate-legged table or your Windsor chairs will determine the character of the other pieces. I mean, as a rule, in referring to period furniture, good reproductions. There are many honest furniture makers of wide repute who employ the best craftsmen

to copy the styles of the various old masters of joinery; they tell you frankly that they are making reproductions, and endeavor to give not only the line and style, but the same finish and fine cabinet work. As it is hopeless to suppose, with our rapidly increasing population, that every one can have genuine

antique furniture, a good copy is the next best thing. Copyists of good furniture are justly proud of their work and their firm names, and will stand back of the wearing qualities in every instance.

If you have no pronounced predilection for Sheraton, Adam,

a modern standard of your own, leaving what you have as the beginning of a set of heirlooms your grandchildren may be glad to own? Investigate some of the firms that make parts of furniture, unstained and ready for you to put together. You will get, for less money, the certainty of solid wood, and the work of finishing is not difficult.

ANOTHER modern type of furniture is willow. It not only helps to fill out the waiting period between your first purchases and the completion of your livingroom, but, for a moderate sum, adds at any time a pleasant contrast to your other chairs and tables. Furniture all of the same type is monotonous; mixtures of woods are seldom successful, but willow solves the problem. It comes in its nat- or a "costumer", takes its place. ural color or stained brown or green. A

It is no longer necessary to start the surprising number of articles are made in willow Those needing cushions of cretonne, velvet, or art canvas are usually sold with or without them, so that you can have your chair and draperies in harmony.

> WE have gone through many upheavals in furniture styles, and, as a rule, the fashions that remain are those that are primarily well adapted to the purpose intended. A beautiful chair is generally a comfortable chair; a wood of which one does not tire is apt to be one which does not deteriorate with age. Real appreciation for mahogany must be based on the fact that its color mellows

with use and age; so does that of good oak. We have passed through the black walnut fad, the bird's-eye maple

fad, and the green weathered oak craze. Just now, Circassian walnut is to the fore. Without money to change styles in furniture as one changes hats, it is better to select a plain durable

wood which will not go out of fashion.

Sofas, now, are scarcely ever seen. In their stead, we have the products of cramped apartmentliving - broad settles or couch divans, with softer pillows and less trying surfaces. Davenports, particularly

or Heppelwhite lines, why not establish those which reveal from their mysterious interior a double mattress completely equipped for sleeping purposes, are improved modern versions of that older monstrosity, the folding bed. Those in small quarters who must plan to accommodate the unexpected relative may do so, nowadays, with a really attractive piece of furniture. A box-couch that opens to receive clothing, curtains, or other articles requiring occasional storage, or that conceals them in a long drawer, affords the same comfort with a utilitarian feature added. Such a couch may be put in an entrance hall beneath the stair. The hall furnishing may include a telephone table or desk, a mirror of some sort, and perhaps a fern stand. The hat-rack is not in vogue; invisible hooks behind a door, for outer garments,





THE CHARM OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BEDROOM

THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

[Continued from page 60]

The greatest variety in furniture comes in the bedrooms, where we each inevitably invest our habitation with something of our own personality. Each bedroom may be carried out in a different style, and no rooms differ so widely or so properly as those of brothers and sisters. The question of brass or wooden bedsteads must be settled according to personal taste and locality. Metal bedsteads are obviously sanitary, but the lacquer dulls-the enamel needs occasional retouching. Personally, I like a white bedroom - white woodwork; white bureau, beds, and chairs; and snowy counterpanes-with color only in the overdrapes at the windows, and in the chair cushions. White shows every finger-mark, and, though I have a white nursery, I find a great deal of work entailed by it. On the other hand, white enameled furniture is the cheapest of any good bed-room pieces to start with; it can be washed when necessary with plain soap and water, and repainted repeatedly.

Nothing is more charming than a perfectly carried out old-fashioned bedroom—four-poster bed, high-boy, delicately shaped chairs, quaint rocker, and writing-desk. But buying antiques, should you have none that belong in the family, is a very uncertain matter. Did you know that there are actually concerns that make furniture look old, and then distribute it around in farm-houses and stores simply because it brings a higher price that way? Take an expert with you when you hunt for antiques; far better a good reproduction bearing an honest trade-name than a shaky and doubtful so-called an-

tique.

Circassian walnut is now much used for bedroom furniture, as are white wicker, and cream enamel combined with cane. Oak, mahogany, birch, and ash continue to be made into bureaus and beds. Fumed oak is very satisfactory. Better choose a large, wide, roomy bureau of ample capacity, a generous chiffonier for the man of the house, and a pier-glass, than the dainty but almost useless princess style of dresser, or merely a dressing table with a mirror. Nobody ever had enough drawer-room or closet space!

For the baby, buy a large crib, not a bassinet or cradle. You can use it for at least five years. Choose a heavily weighted high chair that will not tip over.

Try to make your servant's room as comfortable and attractive as possible, and she will stay with you longer and do better work. Spend a few dollars extra, rather than give her the makeshift left-overs—it will pay. Put a rocker in it for her, and don't expect her to sit in the kitchen on a ladder-chair, which is uncomfortable.



Healthful Food for the Children

The cakes and other oven dainties that children crave can be given to them with impunity when made with Royal Baking Powder.

Royal Baking Powder contains no alum. It is made from pure cream of tartar, which is derived from grapes. Hence, it insures delicious, wholesome and appetizing food, free from all adulterants that may go with inferior substitutes.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Contains No Alum



The simple way to keep vour baby well

See that your baby gets enough fresh air, sleeps a certain number of hours each day, wears the right clothes, and gets the proper food. Then you will have a well baby, a happy baby, a rosy, dimpled baby.

If, in spite of all your loving care, baby loses weight, grows pale and restless, he is not getting the right food. A well nourished baby is seldom sick.

Nurse your baby if you can. If your milk fails, do not give him cows' milk-the milk intended for strong little calves, not for your delicate baby. Give baby the safe substitute so like mother's milk that he will never know the difference-

Nestle's is pure, rich milk from healthy cows, milked in clean Dairies, purified and changed so that the tiniest, frailest baby can digest it. The heavy tough curd is made soft and fleecy as in mother's milk, and the special things your baby needs to build a healthy little body are added. Just add cold water and boil, and it is ready for your baby

Send for our "Better Babies" Chart

It tells you all you should know about your baby-how much he should weigh, how big

his head should be, what his chest, arms and legs should measure, when he should begin to teeth, walk and talk. It tells you how to keep your baby well, how to make him a "Better Baby."

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THE WALLACHIAN STITCH

Simple Lessons in Embroidery-No. 16

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

OW cozy a plain living-room berunner on the table, and a rose pillow on the window-seat! With a small investment in materials, and the expenditure of a little time, the barest house is suddenly transformed into the most charming home.

In choosing articles, always keep in mind the use for which you intend them. When you choose a piece of material to embroider, select something which is practical as well as pretty, something which can be handled and not laid aside for company use.

To the girl who is anxious to make a home beautiful and to learn something

about embroidery! The old Wallachian stitch is again becoming popular. You will see some developments of this stitch on Rose Pillow-Top No. 10464 (see page 49), which we use for our embroidery lesson.

Work the centers of roses in satinstitch in lightest shade of rose; then the outer petals in the Wallachian stitch, which is a form of buttonholing. Using the darkest shade of rose floss, fasten thread. as usual, with a few running stitches along upper edge of

petal, and bring needle out on upper left end of petal, ready to start the Wallach i a n stitch. Hold thread down with left thumb and insert needle a little dis-

tance to right of where thread comes out circle, inside loop of thread held down. directly opposite on lower line, inside the loop of thread held down by thumb.

The next stitch is exactly like the first; always keep the stitches the same distance apart, right to end of petal. Then, turn work so upper edge of petal will be on your right, and outline edge all around the petal to complete pearling effect of Wallachian stitch (Fig. 1).

Stems of leaves also are worked in comes with a bright new poinsettia this way in the solid Wallachian stitch, but the leaf itself is worked in open Wallachian stitch, which is nothing more nor less than the long and short effect in buttonholing, with a little space left between stitches (Fig. 3).

Embroider stems in green, in solid Wallachian stitch, from side to side of stem. To work open Wallachian in blade of leaf, first take a short stitch and then a long one in the same way that you did before. Remember to hold thread down on left with thumb to form pearl-edge. as in buttonholing. By varying length of stitches, you add another pretty touch to your work. In open Wallachian emnew, let me whisper a word in her ear broidery, the longest stitch should not

touch the center vein. In blade of leaf, stitches should gradually slant from center base of leaf outward toward tip of leaf. Stitches on left side should correspond with directions of stitches on right side of leaf (Fig. 3). On completing left side of leaf, finish left side of stem with outline stitch, as mentioned before for petal.

Another touch may be added by outlining around stem and leaf in same shade of green.

To work circles. use regular Wallachian stitch. Fast-

en thread in usual way, and bring needle out on inside circle. Hold thread down with left thumb, and bring point of needle out on outer



of material, bringing point of needle out Gradually slant stitches right around so as to cover larger circle evenly (Fig. 2). Study illustration for the general effect.

> Editor's Note.-Any question in regard to the Wallachian stitch, or the embroidering of any of the articles illustrated on page 49, will be gladly answered by Miss Sterling. A stamped, addressed envelope should accompany each inquiry.

- na worth the state the same

MAKING SAVING INTERESTING

[Continued from page 57]

She has saved over two hundred and fifty dollars just by exercising common sense, being systematic in saving, and not despising the lowly penny. She knows that every dollar she works to put in the bank will then start in working for her.

It has taught her, as nothing else would, to utilize, to manage, and to use forethought. The pleasure has not been confined to her alone. Her boys run errands, and earn, perhaps, a quarter a week, and have been taught to divide their earnings, no matter how trivial, into three equal portions; one goes into the bank, another into the clothing envelope, and the last third is theirs to spend as they will. It is teaching them early the essentials of saving; not so much the value of money, as the value of saving money.

COULD any feeling be so entirely satisfactory as the one of always being able to pay as you go? Not only to pay debts, but, still better, never to incur them, and to know that every day has left some tangible sign of profit?

This plan need not be confined to a basis of fifteen dollars weekly. If the salary is less, the rent naturally will be so, and the expenses will be in proportion; a sure, though small, proportion can be saved, and in the event of a larger salary, then the savings can be increased.

It is a fascinating and profitable play, and the balance on the right side of the book will not only be a joy to the wife, but an incentive to the husband, and a sure resource in the event of any serious sickness or misfortune in the family.

EASY METHOD FOR HANGING SKIRTS

By ELLA CONROW

THEN there is no one to give assistance, one of the most difficult things for the home dressmaker is to hang a skirt properly. This is especially the case where the waistline is not normal. I find a simple and easy method is to stand close to a table with a chalked edge and make chalk-marks around the skirt coinciding with the height of the table, turning until I have made a circle around the skirt below the hips. The table I use is twenty-nine inches from the floor. If I wish my skirts to escape the floor one inch, I remove the skirt and measure another line twenty-eight inches below the chalk-mark, and turn up the hem. In this way, I have never failed to get a proper adjustment. The use of pins instead of chalk is advisable for some fabrics.



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Just promise to recommend our new product, Pompeian Night Cream, to 3 friends, and a 25c tube is yours for the cost of postage and packing, 6c. Use Pompeian Night Cream, and your 8 hours of sleep become 8 hours of beauty-making.

Left on the face, it soothes and softens like a cold cream, but leaves no shiny effects. It also makes an exceptional powder base. At stores, jars, 35c and 75c; tubes, 25c. Coupon below must be used to get regular 25c tube.





\$200 for a Name

The makers of Pompeian Massage Cream will pay \$200 cash for the most catchy title for the picture above, to be reproduced in colors as the annual 1916 Pompeian Art Panel, ready October 1, this year.
These titles may help you, but we want something better: "Phyllis"; "A Symphony in Pink"; "His Letter"; "Yes or No"; "A Bit of Sunshine"; "The Pompeian Glow of Youth"; or any title about the sentiment or beauty of this maid with beautiful eyes and glorious Pompeian complexion reading a letter in this sunny, flowery corner of her "homey" home. Ask your family. Two heads are better than one.

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RULES. 1-Write your title (of 5 words or less) at the top of a LES. 1—Write your fille (of 5 words or less) at the to d paper; then your name and address; absolutely non the sheet. 2—Contest closes April 17, 1915, 3— rannounced in May 28 Saturday Evening Post. Not is free, but you may enclose with your title the sor you may send coupon without any title. Note shove picture,

As Pompeian Massage Cream rubs in and rolls out in its own peculiar way, it causes a healthful, invigorating friction, which exercises and youthines the skin. This original rolling massage cream does its work so well that makers of imitations must depend largely upon special inducements given to some stores and sales-people in order to force sales upon customers. Keep this in mind and accept only Pompeian Massage Cream, the original and standard massage cream. At all dealers, 50c, 75c, \$1.

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EYES SPEAKING OF

By ANNETTE BEACON

HE woman who really wants to be pretty, and is more or less consciously taking pains to look so, should keep one important fact constantly in mind: that health and beauty go hand in hand.

One may temporarily overlay imperfections with cosmetics; but if our beauty is to be even skin deep, we must take the trouble to have healthy conditions underneath the skin.

So, if Cousin Jane, or Aunt Martha, or John's mother, looks askance at your cold cream jars and the little row of mysterious appliances on your toilet table, and implies by meaning glances, if not in words, that only a vain little woman would waste any thought on what her mirror reflects, comfort your soul with

the reflection that a mirror is the most trust-

MEDICINE-DROPPER PRESSED INTO SERVICE FOR THE EYES

tion of boric

acid, an eve-

ometers, and that if you did not heed its admonitions you would be on the high road to the impairment of your efficiency as well as your beauty.

A NASAL SPRAY INDIRECTLY

BENEFITS THE EYES

Of course, if you have been satisfying yourself with surface per-cent. solumethods only, that argument won't go very far toward convincing John's mother. But, to forestall her skepticism, suppose we begin to-day to trace the connection between health and beauty, and be really serious in our beauty reforms. It won't lessen a single jar on your toilet table; for, just as machinery needs oiling up and rubbing and polishing and other special attention to keep it in the best working condition, so skin and hair and eyes and teeth and nails and all our other physical appurtenances need surface attention for their best efficiency.

But they need more than that! Let us take the eyes, for instance. All of us want big, beautiful, clear, sparkling eyes-the kind any heroine of a novel would be overjoyed to claim. But no jar or bottle can furnish them. We must get right down to the bedrock of health, and work up from that.

If you want clear eyes, you must make friends with that most prosaic organ, the liver. The ball of the eye will never be free from a yellowish tinge if the liver is functioning irregularly. Here's an exercise which will cement that friendship:

EXERCISE TO STIMULATE THE LIVER

STAND with heels together, hands on hips, knees stiffened. Now, without bending the knees, bend forward at the waist until the upper trunk is at right angles with the rest of the body. Using the waist as a pivot, move the upper torso around and around in a circle. When half the circle has been covered, you will be bending backward at the waist. When the entire circle is com-pleted, you will be bent forward at right angles again. Continue for five minutes at a time, and practise night and morning.

If the lids are sensitive to wind and worthy of sun and glare, and redden under this health bar- provocation, a chronic state of irritation

is apt to be induced which affects not only the appearance of the eye but its health. Very simple methods will help you, here. Invest in a bottle of a four-



TORTOISE SHELL EYE-GLASS RIMS ARE NOW SO FASHIONABLE

cup - which will cost you ten cents at the druggist's-and a medicine-dropper to use only in eye treatment.

Every night wash out the eyes before retiring, and every morning wash them out on rising. And whenever you have been out in the wind or sun, or have been using them a little too closely, call your little eye-cup into action. To use it, fill three-quarters full with the boric acid solution, bend the head over, fit the cup into the eye socket, then throw the head quickly back. The liquid will not escape, and the eye will be completely immersed. Wink the lids slowly, so that the eye is thoroughly washed out. Throw away the contents of the cup, and refill for the other eye.

[Concluded on page 67]

In this GREAT DRESS DESIGNING CONTEST open to all women everywhere, who believe in "AMERICAN STYLES FOR AMERICAN WOMEN"

SKETCH YOUR IDEA OF A BEAUTIFUL SUIT OR DRESS ON THIS OUTLINE FIGURE-

WRITE A SHORT LETTER "AMERICAN STYLES FOR AMERICAN WOMEN"

AND WIN \$500 IN GOLD

THAT is what the American Cellege and the American System of Dressmaking teach. The European war has brought home with commanding force as never before, the wisdom of, the necessity for American women being sufficient unto them selves in matters pertaining to dress. Many are the prophesies of those high in suthority that the fashion capital of the world may be automatically, perforce of circumstances, transplanted, temporarily at least, if not permanently, to our own United States.

To foster this belief, to encourage this idea of every woman her own dressmaker, we are going to give away in a competitive contest, during the next few months, as stated above, \$10,000,00 in prizes, to those manifesting the greatest interest in this subject and showing the best original. "American" idea sketched on the accompanying outline figure.

If you don't feel equal to the task of drawing a design in the outline, if you are among those who "never could draw anything," then you may write a letter—anybody can do that—fon paper furnished free by us for the sake of uniformity) on the subject. "American Styles for American Wemen," and have an equal chance to win the first grand prize of \$250.00 in cash or any one of the other hundreds of valuable prizes.

We do not want "High Brow" essays, but simply such thoughts as come to you on the subject set down in your own language.

You don't need to be an artist to enter this great Dress Designing contest and win a big prize? We want ideas—not "classic art!"

814 GRAND PRIZES—TOTAL \$10,000.00

Contest FREE to All-Costs Nothing to Enter

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ENTER YOUR NAME IN THE CONTEST NOW!

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SNIP-PHOTOGRAPHY

By PATTEN BEARD

"THE ANIMALS WENT IN TWO BY TWO

little folks with a pair of scissors, a printing-frame, a roll of 4x5 blue-print paper, and some dark kindergarten paper which you can buy at the school supply store, or a sheet of dark-colored cover-paper

from the stationery store, which will cost you about five cents a sheet. With this equipment, they will be ready for some delightful excursions into the land of snipphotography. Snip photographs are made by placing silhouettes cut from heavy brown paper over blue-print

to the sun, then rinsing and drying,

Children of ten and twelve who have mastered the art of tracing upon tissue-



LITTLE FIGURES MAY SHOW LIVELY ACTION

paper may transfer outlines of figures or animals to the dark paper, cut out on the outlines, and use these for making snip pictures. Amusing subjects, also, may be found in children's picture books. One sheet of cover-paper will make innumerable pictures. It should furnish enough material for two children's busy fun in making many amusing snip pictures.

From some magazine pages trace any of the pictures that appeal to you for the children. or let them do it, using the best outlines you can find for silhouette making. They may be houses, trees, animals, or persons. The edges must be clean and sharp.

N a bright sunny day, by the big the figures in the same way upon the window in the nursery or out-of- glass inside the printing frame. Next, doors on the veranda, provide the carefully place the sheet of blue-print paper face down over them, secure it, and expose for a few moments to the direct rays of the sun.

For rinsing the prints, place your work table in the shade. When the blue-print

paper begins to darken remove it from the printing-frame, immerse in a basin of cold water. and dry on a piece of blottingpaper. Behold, then, a picture made with the little figures-a picture that the child herself has made-something quite wonderful and fascinating

paper in a printing frame, and exposing in its possibilities of new combinations and new positions of the same figures which will make snip pictures all day.

An instructive way to use this work is to choose some familiar story that the child knows, and let the little one give her own interpretation of the story through the making of these pictures on



"THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM"

blue-print paper. If deft in cutting outlines from dark paper, the children may make all the little figures without the help of the magazines, and will like

it better. When the prints are finished and dry, they may be mounted. and have their titles written below.

Mother Goose rimes lend themselves well to snipphotography illustrating; as do also the fairy tales of world-wide fame. The little figures

Place the silhouettes they have cut out cut out may be saved in envelopes, and in the cover of a box and let the youngster in this way, the play may form part of arrange them in a picture to be repro- a summer's occupation. Rainy days will duced by snip-photography. Then arrange be for cutting, and sunny days for printing.



"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE"

- while the house

SPEAKING OF EYES

[Continued from page 64]

Conscientious use of the boric acid eye-wash daily will keep away many affections of the eyelid, reduce inflammation and irritation, and help to maintain the health of the eyes. It is well to supplement this by using a medicine-dropper at the inner corner of the eye, to wash out the duct. Fill full of the boric acid solution, and be careful not to touch the eye with the dropper itself. A little vaseline on the edges of the lids at night, if they are inclined to redden or flake, is another excellent precaution.

Many troubles of the eye are the indirect result of nasal catarrh. If you find, every morning, more or less secretion in the corners of the eyes, consult an oculist; but, in the mean time, see that the nasal passages are kept clean. Buy an atomizer, and spray both throat and nasal passages night and morning with a good oil spray.

OF course, it is unnecessary to repeat what we all know—that you should not read in a poor light; with your own shadow falling on your book; while in motion (as on a train or in a rocking-chair), since the focus of the eye must be constantly changing; and that the light should always fall over your left shoulder.

If your eyes feel fatigued after reading, or you find your forehead involuntarily creased into wrinkles in the task of focusing them, you probably need glasses. The vanity of most of us suffers at the thought of donning glasses, but since weak eyes and short-sighted eyes and eyes with reddened lids are not pretty to look at, and we are quite likely to have them if we do not conserve our sight with glasses, then let us take our stitch—and our glasses—in time, and by wearing them for close work, stave off the day when they shall be a constant necessity.

The very large glasses with tortoise shell rims are now considered the most restful for the eyes. They have the advantage, at present, of being distinctly fashionable, since many smart people with excellent eyesight have resorted to wearing them, with plain glass instead of lenses, merely for the effect. They are not at all unbecoming, are very comfortable on the nose, causing no nervous strain, and are restful to use. Better to wear glasses, now, a couple of hours a day, than to acquire a wrinkled forehead, reddened lids, and then be obliged to adopt glasses, after all, for all-day wear.

Editor's Note.—It is Miss Beacon's object to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request.



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MAKING A FRIEND OF DAUGHTER

By VIRGINIA DALE

HEN I was a little girl, my mother once sent me with a note to our washerwoman. We lived in a small town, and this woman occupied a little unpainted house on the outskirts. She was a lean, hungry-looking, redhaired person with weak, light-blue eves, and she had five daughters, all as lean, hungry, red, and weak as the mother.

That shanty and the yard that was enclosed by a ramshackle fence was the most interesting place I had ever visited. Over the dilapidated front door an oldfashioned gourd vine lived with a large family of little gourds. At the side of the house was a well with gourds of fascinating shapes and sizes suspended in the shade of the arbor for the convenience of whoever thirsted. In the front yard, beds of rank dog-fennel were outlined with whitewashed stones. Hang-

ing in the sun beside the kitchen door was a widemouthed, greasylooking bottle in which the family cure-all, dog-fennel salve, was brewing. Back of the house was a curious mound of earth which I was told contained turnips for the winter. One of the girls dug out an enormous white and purple one. Another ran into the house and brought out an ornate glass saltcellar filled with the coarsest -and the sweetest-salt a human being ever tasted. With that turnip and the salt, we were going to have a party!

The five watery-eyed girls led the way to the extreme end of the lot, and we wedged ourselves into a narrow passage between an alleged chicken-coop and a board fence that kept the alley out of the back yard. This space was the playhouse. It was furnished with broken stools, a wooden horse, and the most fascinating collection of broken dishes and bottles that ever ravished childish eyes. On the ledge of the fence was a fragment of vase containing the ubiquitous dog-fennel blossoms. That ledge was the table from

which we were to eat the turnip and salt, and drink cool water from dripping gourds. Just as we had begun our feast, the mother appeared with a handful of thinly sliced ham and a bag of crackers. The ham was raw, but it was the most delicious ham I had ever tasted. It was so good that I could hardly wait to get home and tell my mother about it! distinctly remember planning to remonstrate with her for ever cooking ham when it was so much better raw.

SHALL never forget the look of horror that overspread her face as I recounted my adventure, nor the chill of fear and rebuff that settled like a wet blanket over my bubbling enthusiasm. In the first place, I had disgraced the family by sitting down to meat (uncooked meat!) with the family of our servitor!

Secondly, I had partaken of raw ham, which was deadly! I might, I probably should die! The only thing left for me to do to save a sinful life was to kneel beside my bed and implore





THIS WAS THE MOST INTERESTING PLACE I HAD EVER VISITED

reluctant promises concerning my future conduct. My prayer was answered. I have never since eaten ham without a thrill of apprehension lest it be underdone.

After that humiliating and tearful occasion, I determined to spare my mother the details of all thrilling or dangerous experiences of the future. My immature mind grasped the fact that if God could save my life, he could do it just as well if I told him first-and then forgot to mention it to Mother! I argued that this plan would save Mother much anxiety. It worked beautifully, and from that day to this I have never told my mother the things I should have told her; the things

[Continued on page 70]



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The Rosebud 1 in gerie of the Velle. Embroidered Velle flourees as for the Velle flourees flare over undenkirit. Bolero waste with vestee and boned collar of Shadow Lace. It was trimmed with Lace. Girdle of satin with the bougust to match. White only, with gir-Light Blue, Pink or Canary. Sixes: Misses and By sears; Women's 31 to 44-line bust.

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OHE finishing touches to a gown or costume are the all-important ones. Safety Pins are indispensible accessories of the Boudoir. What more vexing than to need a Safety Pin and the last moment not have the kind you need!

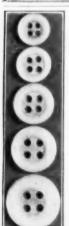
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Waltham Mass.

MAKING A FRIEND OF DAUGHTER

[Continued from page 68]

less afraid of the consequences. The only reason why I escaped slipping over mental, moral, and physical precipices during the dangerous years of adolescence was probably because there must have been a special squadron of guardian angels watching my footsteps.

Now I am a mother myself. I have a spirited daughter ten years old. She has an adventurous disposition that is forever seeking the "why" of everything. Girls with temperaments like hers need extremely careful guidance. She is not like a reed, to be bent at will, but like a brittle twig that too sudden bending breaks. It has always been my greatest

concern to bend her gently in the right direction, a process that is slower than breaking, but to my mind infinitely better. To guide her intelligently, it is first necessary to keep her confidence. which is easier said than done; because confidences are as easily frightened away as birds-a too sudden move-and, whir-r-r-r! a w a y they fly!

An old physician. who has ministered to as many broken hearts as broken

wrong, he pitied the girl and blamed the mother. He said, "If you ever have a daughter, chum around with her. Don't set yourself up on a pedestal to be worshiped. Get her secrets, and she's safe!"

WHEN my daughter first began to prattle, I determined never, never to be visibly shocked at anything she said or did or thought, no matter how shocking or alarming it might be. You see, I have never forgotten the lesson of the raw ham! Sometimes, my very soul has quaked within me because of something she has said or done and told me about afterward; but, to my knowledge, I have never frightened away a confidence by allowing this fear to show in my face or manner. When it has been something that needed serious thought, I have waited an hour, a day, a week, as the case demanded, and then laid siege to the fault in a roundabout way. I never give her a chance to think, "I wouldn't have been given that scolding if I had not told her; after this I won't tell her!" One of the best ways to get and keep

I would gladly have told her had I been a girl's confidence is to keep in touch with her view-point. Children live in a different world from the one inhabited by grown-ups; and it doesn't seem quite fair to expect them to come and live in ours-which is a very strange place, indeed-unless we sometimes return their visits and become acquainted with theirs.

> THE other day I was finishing a magazine article when my daughter came in with a little friend. "Mother", she said, "it's raining, and we can't jump rope outdoors. We've got a long rope-it is part of Mary's mother's clothes-line, and we would go down in the cellar to jump, but we haven't anybody to help turn.'

My first impulse was to say, "Well, play something else -anything, as long as you don't bother me." Instead, I said, "I'll go down and turn for you." How those children jumped about and hugged me! That alone repaid me for my sacrifice of time. When we got down in the cellar, they wanted me to jump while they turned. I tried, but my skirts interfered, which grieved them sorely. So I ran up-stairs,



There have been times in my life when it was almost martyrdom to be dragged away from some important work and led out into the yard where half a dozen youngsters had prepared a teaparty on the lawn and placed one of my rugs on the grass for me to sit upon while I presided at the teapot-filled with tepid catnip tea! But after the first plunge into their delightful world of make-believe, I always have a perfectly glorious time! Really, it is much more interesting than our world.

And you get the children's view-point! The other afternoon my little girl went to a party. It was just around the corner, so I was not worried when dusk came and she had not returned. When she did come, something in her face telegraphed to me the knowledge that either she had not had a good time or she had something on her mind that she disliked

[Continued on page 71]



A PARTICULARLY HAPPY BROOK WE KNOW

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> Sold Everywhere \$1 to \$5 Every Pair Guaranteed



MAKING A FRIEND OF DAUGHTER

[Continued from page 70]

to tell me. I waited-smiling-until she was ready. Suddenly, and with an audible gasp, she exclaimed, "A boy walked home with me!"

This was her first experience with an escort, and she was evidently afraid of the consequences. I said, "Why, what a nice, gentlemanly thing for that boy to do! Did the hostess ask him to walk around with you because it was getting dark?" Her look of relief was actually pitiful. "No," she said, shyly, "I don't think she did, because he asked me if he There was a little silence. I might." knew there was more to come. "And we played kissing games," she faltered. "I didn't like to be disagreeable and spoil

everything, so I played, too. I don't know why, but the boys all seemed to choose me.'

She knows I do not approve of kissing games. "Well," said, "of course, one has to be polite, but there are so



"WE HAVEN'T ANYBODY TO

many more interesting things to do at parties that I am a little surprised that Mrs. Blank did not think of them. When we have your birthday party, we'll think up a lot of new games.

"A boy walked home with Mary, too. but she isn't going to tell her mother, because she'll scold," she commented.

Mary's mother is a charming woman. but she is so afraid about Mary's be-havior that she makes the child's life miserable. She is a model of dignity; always lovingly stern and reproving. suspect that in her heart she regards me as a foolish, weak-minded, frivolous person who should never have been entrusted with the bringing up of a woman-child! Just the same, she is always glad when I take Mary with us on our rambles through the woods or for a picnic beside a particularly happy brook we know. But if it wasn't against my principles to aid and abet a child in keeping things from its parents, I should like to ask Mary not to tell her mother that occasionally I suck lollypops, and that, sometimes, when the woods are very still and not even a chipmunk is in sight, I go in wading!

How the secrets do pop out of the little hearts out there in the woods! They are not afraid when they are on their own ground, so to speak. Things that is everywhere. they would hesitate to say in my drawing-room come as naturally as spring flowers when I join them on excursions

[Concluded on page 73]

Brassieres



Warner's Guarantee is quite as strong for Warner's Brassieres as for Warner's Corsets.

Your Brassiere

must comfortably fit and accurately shape-according to the fashionable mode-the figure above the waist.

Warner's Brassieres

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Ask for Warner's Brassieres-there are styles as dainty or elaborate as you wish.

You may have one of net, all-over laces or embroideries, or solid fabrics variously trimmed, but the chief thing to know is that every style is a properly shaped garment, and carries the Warner Guarantee for quality.

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Middle Marking and war

WITH A CAN OF PAINT

By MARGARET GREENLEAF

HILE, perhaps, there are not a great many housewives who have personally wielded the paint-brush in spring for freshening the interiors of their homes, those who have done so, even to a limited extent, will agree that the possibilities which lie in a can of paint, a good strong brush, and a bottle of turpentine are as great as they are varied.

My first essay as a painter was some two years ago, when a neighbor of mine, after having the interior of her house freshly painted, sold the place, and gave to me several partly used cans of white paint when moving away.

These all looked like the same thing to me, at first; but I soon discovered by reading the directions on the labels, that some of them contained a white undercoating paint, and others white enamel to be used only for the final coat or coats over the other, for a good finish.

My first work was painting the inside of all of the old tin lids I had used on my white enamel milk pans! This was merely an experiment, for these lids were so badly rusted that they could not be used as they were.

WHITE ENAMEL GREATLY IMPROVED MY KITCHEN TABLE TOP

In doing the work, I used a fairly large brush which the painters had left. Pressing firmly on the handle, I took a sweeping motion around the lid, and in three movements of the brush a coat of paint was on. I put two coats of the ordinary kind and one of the enamel on each lid, leaving them to dry for two days between coats. The enamel, I found, dried with a glossy surface, and when the lids were finished they looked very well.

I left them exposed to the air on a screen porch for several days, even after they were thoroughly dry, to be sure there would be no odor of turpentine to affect the milk. I have used these covers, now, for many months. They are washed

with hot water and soap every day, and are, at present, in as good condition as when I first completed them, giving excellent daily service.

My next venture was in painting the tops of the kitchen tables. On these, I had used white oilcloth covers, but found it difficult to keep them in good order. My painted surfaces have proven much more satisfactory, and while they have not worn so well as the enamel on the milk covers, I much prefer this finish to the oilcloth. At the end of every three months, I put a fresh coat of enamel on the tables, and also use it on the shelves in my pantries.

IT is an excellent plan to paint the under portion of a wooden bed with the white enamel, as the white surface is easily wiped clean of dust or dirt. As a preventive measure, I had always used turpentine in cleaning my beds, but I found the enamel to serve equally well.

My next achievement with the paint-pot was enameling the inside of my baby's bathtub, and thus saving at least two dollars, as its cracked and roughened interior had made it useless, and I was just about to buy a new one. Later on, I determined to give the woodwork in my living-room a new coat of paint, although I was discouraged by the masculine members of the family from undertaking the work.

I wrote to several different manufacturers of white enamels and paints, before ordering even the small amount my room required. I found that the little booklets they send out gave me full information about qualities and prices, and also directions as to the best mode of application.

The old paint on the window-sills was badly cracked and broken, so I procured some very heavy sand-paper, as advised in one of the little booklets, and rubbed down these particular spots till I had an almost smooth surface. If I had done the work exactly according to directions, I should have carefully sand-papered the whole, or used a varnish remover, but I wanted to simplify the matter. After using the sand-paper, I wiped the surface with a dry cloth to remove all loose particles, and put on a single undercoating, allowing it to dry well; then I added a finishing coat of white egg-shell enamel -that is, enamel with a semigloss finish like an egg-shell-requiring no rubbing.

[Continued on page 74]

6M58

Hat

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MAKING A FRIEND OF DAUGHTER

[Continued from page 71]

into their world. They sit on tree-trunks and tell each other's fortunes with daisy petals. They talk about the boys they like; about what they did when they were little (!) and what they are going to do when they are big. They open their little hearts as frankly as though I was a boulder that neither heard nor saw. And all the time I am drinking in every syllable-indexing every new emotion, listening for the first tone of self-consciousness, ready to sweeten the first poisoned thought, waiting to guide to a safe arbor the groping tendrils of these expanding minds.



GETTING THE CHILDREN'S VIEW-POINT

THE things my daughter tells me are not always beautiful things. Upon one occasion she told me frankly things that I feared would sear the freshness of her lips. The story was about a boy at school, a boy now recognized and cared for as a degenerate. Think of the evil that would have festered in my daughter's mind, if she had kept this story from me and deprived me of the power of drenching it with an antiseptic solution of common sense and purifying it with the sunlight of love and sympathy and understanding!

Sometimes the piano is dusty; occasionally the meals are a little late, and very often while I am reading aloud about The Princess On The Glass Hill or some other heroine of a fairy romance, I have a feeling that I should be darning the stockings. But I persuade myself that I have a long future in which to darn and dust and serve meals right on the minute, and just a few precious years in which to make a lifelong friend of my daughter.

"NATURE," explained the philosopher. "always tries to make compensation. For instance, if one eye is lost, the sight of the other becomes stronger; and if a person grows deaf in one ear, the hearing of the other ear becomes more acute."

"Faith," said Pat, "and I believe you're right; for I've noticed that when a man has one leg shorter, the other is always

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WITH A CAN OF PAINT

[Continued from page 73]

The room had a baseboard, doors, window frames, and a very simple mantel. I did not find the work at all difficult, and the result has been very satisfactory.

Many women think that white paint is much more troublesome to care for than colored paint or other wood finishes; but this has not been my experience. use a slightly dampened cloth-preferably

of flannelwhen giving a careful cleaning. After wiping the surface of all woodwork with this, I rub it dry with cheesecloth.

Whenthe paint is badly soiled, I have found it a good plan to put in one teaspoonful

PAINTING SAVED BABY'S of kerosene to two quarts of water and one teaspoonful

of Spanish whiting. This solution thoroughly cleans such woodwork; it must then be finished off with a dry rub. It is not advisable to use kerosene on polished or highly-glossed enamel, as frequent applications destroy the surface.

When I have found time to consider decorative effects for my rooms, I have also found the paint-pot useful. During my last visit to the city, I found some unfinished wooden candle-sticks, which retailed for a very small sum. I purchased a pair, and painted them, using the ivorytoned, egg-shell-finish enamel. When the paint was thoroughly dry, I decorated them very slightly with little baskets of pink roses, on the base and on the center of the standard, with floating ends of blue ribbon from a basket handle twining about the stem. I used the design on the wall-paper in the little bedroom where I intended to place the candle-sticks. The simplicity of the pink and blue and green touches that were required to produce an effective cluster of roses and ribbons surprised me, and since that time I have decorated numerous candle-sticks, as I found they made acceptable gifts for my friends.

WHEN I placed my first candle-sticks on the high narrow mantel-shelf where I had planned to use them, I realized that the tiling about the fireplace was very crude and ugly, showing a disagreeable combination of brown, pink, and white, like mottled Castile soap. Greatly against my family's advice, I undertook to make the tiles a deep cream-color

[Concluded on page 75]

- with the taken in .

WITH A CAN OF PAINT

[Continued from page 74]

by using white enamel with a very little burnt umber added to it to give it richness of tone and bring it to the same shade as the tinted ceiling of the, room. The first undercoating was very discouraging; it did not seem to go on well and cover as it should; but the second coat was more promising, and when the third was on I felt that my work would be a success. For the surface and finishing coat,

I used the highgloss enamel,
and before it
was thoroughly
dry, carefully
traced with the
blunt end of a
crochet hook
the outline of
the tile. I was
careful not to
have the fire
lighted for several days after
the work was

themselves for it.



CANDLE-STICES

completed, but since that time my creamcolored-tiling has given me both pleasure

and good service.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate the many uses I have found for white paint. Long ago, I used all the contents of the cans which were given to me by my good neighbor, but have never allowed myself to be without white paint or white enamel. My husband says I "have the habit", and certainly I have found that new uses constantly suggest

IMITATION CEDAR CHEST

By ELMA IONA LOCKE

ALTHOUGH we cannot all afford a real cedar chest for storing furs and woolens, we can make a substitute that will answer every purpose of the genuine, and at scarcely any expense. Get, or make, a large pine box of the desired size. Hinge on the cover securely and neatly, and if there are any cracks or knot- or worm-holes, putty them up smoothly. Paint or stain the outside of the chest to match the woodwork of the room.

Get some oil of cedar of the druggist, and paint the inside of the box with it, doing the work thoroughly, and using plenty of the oil. This will soak into the pine, changing it into cedar, so far as moths are concerned, and retain the odor for years. When dry, line with cloth or papers. Paper is preferable for lining drawers and chests, as it holds no dust and can be taken out and renewed often, and the inside of the receptacle wiped clean with a soft cloth.



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TRIED RECEIPTS FOR CORN-MEAL

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

N PRIMITIVE times, eating was a simple affair; to-day it is quite a different matter, but there are many simple and inexpensive dishes which may be made toothsome if one only knows how. Even such a staple article as corn-meal may be made the foundation of various delicious desserts, as well as used for the plainer things with which we generally associate it. It has qualities to especially recommend it. It is comparatively cheap, is nutritive, wholesome, BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Scald one abounds in starch, has some albumen, and quart of milk. Beat together one egg, one is rich in nitrogen. It contains more fat than other grains, but this causes it to attract the oxygen from the air and spoil readily, so should be purchased in small amounts, or according to size of family.

In the South, cornmeal is made into hoecake, corn-cake, batter cakes, batter bread, muffins, and corn pone. In the North, we have Johnny-cake, Indian pudding, mush, rye and Indian bread, and other variations. Give a good cook a few other simple ingredients, such as butter, lard, milk, sugar, eggs, cream of tartar, and soda, and she can make quite a showing by using with corn-meal.

BROWN BREAD. - Sift together two cupfuls each of rye flour and corn-meal, and a teaspoonful each of salt and soda. Mix one cupful of molasses with one and a half cupfuls of sweet milk or lukewarm water, and gradually

INDIAN BREAD,-Sift together three cupfuls of Indian meal, one cupful of graham flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda. Mix two and a half cupfuls of sour milk and half a cupful of molasses; stir into this the meal and flour: place in a loaf tin and bake for two hours.

INDIAN-MEAL MUSH .- To one cupful of corn-meal add half a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of cold milk. Have two cupfuls of water boiling, and add the meal mixture gradually, stirring condouble boiler for one hour, stirring fre-

FRIED HASTY PUDDING .- Boil four cupfuls of water. Mix two cupfuls of cornmeal, one teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of flour with two cupfuls of cold milk. Stir gradually into the boiling water and cook for three or four hours, stirring often. Pour into a brickloaf pan, and when cold cut in slices; dip in flour and fry brown in hot fat. Serve with sirup.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING .- Scald one cupful of corn-meal, one tablespoonful of flour, three-quarters of a cupful of molasses, and butter the size of an egg. melted. Add ginger, nutmeg, and a pinch of salt. Stir this into the boiling milk,

and pour all into a baking-dish. Add one quart of cold milk, holding it about a foot above while pouring, and do not stir. Bake for three hours.

INDIAN TAPIOCA PUB-DING.-To one quart of scalded milk add three teaspoonfuls of minute tapioca, two tablespoonfuls of corn-meal, half a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of molasses, and a pinch of salt. Bake slowly for one hour, and serve with cream.



BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

MUSH SLICED FOR .FRYING

INDIAN-MEAL GRUEL. -Sift together one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix into a thin paste with a little cold water, and stir into two cupfuls of boil-

stir into this the meal and add flour. ing water. Cook for one hour, and thin Steam for four hours. This is a favorite with milk or cream. Indian meal re-for serving with baked beans. quires a longer time for cooking than any purely starchy gruel. It is heating, and should never be given when there is an inflammatory condition.

> CORN-MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES, - MIX thoroughly one cupful of flour, one cupful of fine corn-meal, and a teaspoonful of soda. Add to cupfuls of sour milk, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and, lastly, the whites beaten stiff. Bake on a hot, well-greased griddle. Serve piping hot with butter and maple or other sirup.

CORN DODGERS .- Mix three cupfuls of co:n-meal, one teaspoonful of salt, and stantly to prevent lumping. Cook in a one tablespoonful of sugar. Add boiling water enough to wet, and make into flat [Concluded on page 77]

TRIED RECEIPTS FOR CORN-MEAL

[Continued from page 76]

cakes about an inch thick. Fry in boiling fat until brown, which requires from fifteen to twenty minutes.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS,-Mix threequarters of a cupful of corn-meal with the same amount of flour, in which sift three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg, add a cupful of sweet milk and two teaspoonfuls of melted butter. Stir in the cornmeal and flour mixture as lightly as possible, and bake in muffin molds.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS No. 2 .- Sift together a cupful of flour, half a cupful of corn-meal, half a teaspoonful of salt, a



CORN-MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES FOR BREAKFAST

third of a cupful of sugar, one t e a spoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of

soda. To a well-beaten egg add a tablespoonful of melted butter and one and a quarter cupfuls of milk; then stir in the flour and meal and bake.

INDIAN-MEAL DOUGHNUTS .- Put threequarters of a cupful of milk and one and a half cupfuls of fine white corn-meal into a double boiler, and heat for ten minutes. Add a quarter cupful of butter creamed with three-quarters of a cupful of sugar. Beat two eggs well, and sift together one and a quarter cupfuls of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one level teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Add these to the mixture, and roll out on a well-floured board. Cut into the desired shapes, and fry in deep fat; drain carefully and roll in powdered sugar.

CORN-MEAL AND FRUIT PUDDING .-Cook one cupful of corn-meal and one cupful of finely-chopped figs, in four cupfuls of milk, adding a teaspoonful of salt. When the mixture is cool, stir in two well-beaten eggs, and one cupful of molasses; pour into a buttered puddingdish, and bake in a moderate oven for three hours or more. When partly cooked, add two cupfuls of rich milk or cream without stirring the pudding.

Editor's Note .- The last two receipts were furnished us by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., which will mail you, upon request, novel receipts for the use of corn-meal, specially prepared and tested for this department of the Government.

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LITTLE KITCHEN TOOLS

By AGNES ATHOL

JHEN young Mrs. Tripple moved her family out to the suburbs, after spending the first five years of her married life in a city flat, she would have fared somewhat badly among the various complications of living under new conditions if it had not been for the friendly ministrations of her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Savage. This kindly woman, of at least ten years' more experience, soon discovered and straightened out the difficulties.

Mrs. Tripple had three little ones, and the care of them had forced her to neglect many details that might otherwise have received attention. So, it happened that from time to time, Mrs. Savage. dropping in for a friendly chat or an afternoon's sewing, would tactfully offer a few suggestions,

always enthusiastically received and gratefully followed, TURNER with unfailing satisfaction, by the young mother, who was really anxious to excel in every aspect of home-making.

"I cannot see why it is," she said one day to Mrs. Savage, that it takes so much longer for me than for you to get cooking and housework out of the way. And yet you have a larger DRAINER family than mine." Mrs. Savage had five children, ranging in age

from twelve to four. "Of course," she added, "my babies are all younger than your children, and need more watching and care, and they interrupt the work more; but I do not think that explains it."

"How is your kitchen arranged?" asked Mrs. Savage.

HER friend led the way to a neat and sunny room, in which she took a great deal of pride. She opened a closet door and showed her saucepans and other pots neatly stacked in nests; in another cupboard were the bowls, cups, and necessary kitchen china, A big knife-basket was heaped high with a miscellany of long spoons, egg-beaters, carving-knives, toast-

ing-forks, and the like.
"Well," said Mrs. Savage, "doesn't it take you a good many moments hunting through these closets to get what you want? And for steps to and from the shelves? And don't you ever cut your thumb on this long knife tucked out of sight here?

Mrs. Tripple admitted as much, but looked somewhat astonished at her neighbor's com-

SPOON ment, and, in her innermost heart, felt a little piqued that her clean and tidy kitchen had not called forth praise.

"Now, in my house," Mrs. Savage went on, "the kitchen does not look as orderly as yours, but it is easier to do

the work. I have a broad molding all the way around the room about



four feet from the floor; near the stove, it is double, the upper strip about eighteen inches above the other. In this molding are strong hooks on which are hung all these saucepans that you have nested one within the other.

WITH one movement of my arm, I get at or put away, when clean, the par-ticular pan I want. And my two oldest daughters, who help with the work, know

that if they are careless about the bottoms of those pans, my critical eye will notice it at once. Then, on the back of the closet door, I have a knife rack that my oldest son made for me when he was only six years old-two thin strips of wood, separated at inchand-a-half intervals by squares of cork. This keeps the edges from getting dull, and fingers from accidents such as they are prone to experience.



"On the side of the room away from the stove, and nearest to my work-table. I hang all my kitchen tools, as I call them, most of them novel little imple-

ments that I discover in the department stores, or by reading the magazines, as they often give outlines of the newest and most up-to-date household devices. And we do not dry our dishes with towels; we have a big draining-basket and set them on edge to dry themselves after a good scalding. Over my sink is my dish-closet, which I open when I start to 'do' the dishes. BEATER When dry, I stack each in its

the next." "Do tell me about the tools," Mrs. Tripple begged.

right place-or the girls do-and no time is lost moving things from one place to

ON E-EGG

do you think I need?" A trip of investigation to her own kitchen was proposed by Mrs. Savage, and one of the first things to impress the visitor was a rack of odd pieces, which her friend explained. "This cake turner is perforated, as you see, so that MAYONNAISE instead of putting things in a



colander to drain after frying, I drain them of fat as I lift them, and have one

[Concluded on page 80]

- while the server

EXPERT USE OF THE GAS-STOVE

By LUCY B. JEROME

THE difference in the way the ordinary housekeeper uses her gas-stove and the way an expert in gas cookery handles it is as great as that popularly supposed to exist between the moon and green cheese. To the expert, however, the problems of cooking by gas present no difficulties, since she has learned that there is a solution for every problem, and that the expenditure, time, labor, and the cost of fuel can all be lessened by a practical knowledge of the possibilities of the gas-stove and its appliances.

One of the things that every housekeeper should know in connection with

cooking by gas is that to bake such things as potatoes, apples, macaroni, or even pies, custards, and cake, it is not necessary to use an oven—that is, the regulation oven—for all these things can be baked to great advantage right on top



of a two-burner stove. In baking, it is necessary to preserve an even heat; and to do this the article must be well covered and the same temperature maintained. That this can be done without an oven is proven by the experience of a woman who has used gas for many years. She says:

I HAD found that when I wanted to bake any simple dish, like a plain pudding, or when I wanted to hurry a pan of biscuits for supper, it was always necessary to light my gas oven, and waste a good amount of heat to get just these small things baked. To heat a large oven for such a purpose seemed out of all proportion to the cost of the materials used. I was burning four long rows of gaslight to bake a dozen biscuits, but I didn't know of anything else to do. Then one day I happened to go into a model gas kitchen, and what do you think I saw?

"The girl there was busy over a little two-burner gas-stove, showing a group of women what could be done with it. I didn't see an oven anywhere, but there were some potatoes and apples which had evidently just been baked, and I became very curious. I watched her a few moments, and saw her put an iron plate over one of the burners, lay a couple of potatoes on it, cover it with an inverted deep pan that fitted the plate, and light the gas. 'She's never going to bake those potatoes on top of the stove!' I thought. 'I don't believe they'll be fit to eat.'

[Concluded on page 81]



Are You in Doubt About Crisco?

Have you often nearly ordered Crisco-but hesitated?

Have you frequently "wondered whether it is as good as they say it is"—but never found out?

Have you thought sometimes you "would like to try it"—but didn't? If so, you are the woman who should consider these simple facts;



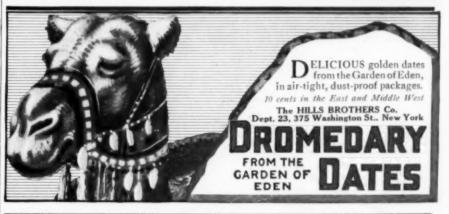
Crisco makes foods more digestible and appetizing than does lard—it is richer and less expensive than butter—it stays pure, sweet and firm as long as you keep it.

It has won, by its all-around excellence, a million fast friends among the capable housekeepers of the nation.

Your interest in better food for yourself and your family should induce you to try one can today.

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In forty years there have been but three real improvements in hosiery. One was a hosiery good enough to definitely guarantee. Another was close-fitting, seam-less hosiery—without seams to hurt the feet and rip open. Now comes a Ribbed Top Stock-

ing. All are Holeproof features,

Holeproof Hosiery

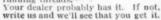
Holeproof Elastic Ribbed Top for Women

Women may have the regular garter top or the new Holeproof Elastic Ribbed Top in either silk or cotton

either silk or couton stockings.

The ribbed top stretches wide but al-ways returns to shape —it is ideal for both slender and stout

The ribbed top feature also prevents the garter from starting running threads.



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LITTLE KITCHEN TOOLS

[Continued from page 78]

island, or skim soup.

"Have you seen this kind of basting spoon, with the handle at the side instead of the end of the bowl? It makes basting

a roast much easier.



MASHER

"Another thing I would not part with is this fork. How many times I used to struggle to take ears of corn from boiling water, to pull baked potatoes from the fire, or to turn a clumsy piece of meat! This makes it all easy. It is fine, too, for deep frying, like doughnuts or fruit fritters, which are hard to handle on a cake turner. Not

expensive, and it's well made. Then I have a ball-joint pudding stirrer that is very useful-it moves in any direction and reaches the corners of the pan that are so difficult to manage with a spoon.

Still other new things surprised Mrs. Tripple. A flat. perforated disk on a stout han- .



dle proved to be a vegetable and fruitmasher-just the thing she needed instead of her unsanitary wooden one, as she had so many soft foods to prepare for the children. A hot pan lifter was another new idea to her; it was hung near the stove, of course, and Mrs. Savage said that she had been able to dispense with the usual dirty and scorched asbestos holders entirely because she didher ironing with an electric sad-iron, and no longer needed holders. Hung side by side with an old one were two new kinds of egg-beaters, both with a central, instead of a double, cog-wheel drive, and very simple and easily cleaned. One was a turbine beater, having a flat perforated disk which enabled one to beat an egg in

a saucer, where the ordinary egg-beater would be ineffective.

USE that for whipping cream, as it does the work more quickly," Mrs. Savage explained, "and this one, with eight blades, for making mayonnaise dressing. In fact, we only use the old one when several beaters are needed at one time."

A rubber-edged plate-PLATE scraper hung near the dish-

pan. "It used to get on my nerves," laughed Mrs. Savage, "to hear the girls rattling the knives and forks over the plates as they 'did' the dishes, kitchen tools revolutionized her work,

less utensil to wash. And with this per- I told them they'd take all the pat-forated skimmer, shaped like a large tern off my china. So, I bought this spoon. I can poach eggs, make floating little scraper, and now I never have to hear that unpleasant sound."

Mrs. Tripple was very in a little

ting stubborn jars open. "How maddening it is when you cannot budge the tops, and need the contents in a hurry!"

"And when you come to do preserving," commented Mrs. Savage, "you will appreciate one of these combined cherry

stoners and berry hullers; it will also take out pineapple eyes with its sharp points; and, just at present, I have an extra one in the loaf sugar-bowl. Speaking of tongs, I must show you my egg-tongs, my latest acquisition. Don't you dislike lifting boiled eggs with a spoon? They can roll off in such an exasperating There's always a little water left in the dish when you come to serve them. With these wire tongs, fitted to take hold of

the sides of the egg, there is no danger of cracked shells when you lower the eggs into the water, and no water taken up with them."

Mrs. Savage showed her visitor an all-in-one implement which seemed a cross between a spoon and a fork; it had slits in a bowl part with tines at the end, a grater on the handle, and a can-opener

at the other end. It was made of heavy cast iron, and seemed to possess a dozen possibilities in a kitchen emergency.

"I can beat an egg with this, scrape carrots, pick up a hot ear of corn, or lift the cap from a jelly glass. It's fine," said the owner.

"I see, now, why you get things done so easily," said Mrs. Tripple, who hurried to answer ONE TOOL a call from her small son.

"Just wait and see," she called out, as she went up the back steps to her own house; "in less than a week you won't know my kitchen."

As most of these little kitchen conveniences cost only from ten to twenty-five cents each-the mayonnaise mixer, of course, being more-Mrs. Tripple was able to add them to her culinary equipment without a very appreciable outlay. They effected

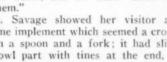
a surprising saving of time, and she was delighted to tell her friends how the little



much interested

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HULLER









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EXPERT USE OF THE GAS-STOVE

[Continued from page 79]

"In much less time than I could have thought possible, however, she was uncovering them, and explaining that by baking them this way she had saved both time and money. She had, too; for she had used but a single burner, instead of a whole row in the oven, and the potatoes were well done in at least two-thirds of the time. Then she took a little pan of apples, put in with them a little water and sugar, and placed them to bake in the same way she had the potatoes. Those apples came out as even and nice a brown as you would want to see. Some of the women took a taste and said they were delicious. They certainly looked so. I was deeply interested to learn more.

THEN she tried cooking a dish of spaghetti! I had never heard of such a thing, and could not see, for the life of me, how she was going to get it brown on top. But she did. She prepared the spaghetti as I had done hundreds of times, put the dish on the hot-plate, covered it with another pan, and went about something else. When the spaghetti was baked, she uncovered the dish, and just slipped it down underneath the gas flame for a few minutes. It was some-

thing to be proud of when it came out—a fine rich brown —and you knew it would taste right just by looking at it.

"'My!' I thought to myself. 'I'll never again bother baking spaghetti in my big oven.' And, j u s t then, she put a custard on top of the

stove to bake. In ten minutes it was sending out odors that made every one of us want to eat it then and there.

"I went up quite close, and looked at that hot-plate. It was made of three pieces of cast iron, riveted together, and each of the two outside pieces were separated from the inside one by about a quarter-inch space. The whole thing was a kind of drum which you could see would keep hot for a considerable time.

"I have two of those hot-plates, now, and I can't begin to tell you the comfort they have been. I can bake biscuits, cornbread, pies, and a lot of things I used to hate to think of, because of the time and trouble they took. But now? Why, I just whisk on my drum, slap my potatoes or corn-bread on, cover them with a shallow pan and go about my other duties. In an incredibly short time they are ready to eat, and as nice as you please. But I'm careful not to turn the gas too high, else the things will scorch or burn."



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THE SUBLIMINAL SOUL OF ELAINE BOGGS

[Continued from page 21]

so you see she really was in most desperate straits.

Well. I was desperate, too, and I made up my mind to change things, even if she never forgave me. I couldn't let the child go on and die by mistake; there must be some way to wake her up. If she would just get mad at me, that would be a healthy diversion for her. So I laid my plans and called her into the bathroom, to show her my new medicinechest, I pretended. She came wearily, her Tennyson in one hand and a soppy handkerchief in the other. I locked the door on us and slipped the key into my apron pocket. That surprised her, all right, so that she almost dropped her poetry.

"Now, Elaine," I said, just as if I'd been telling her a cooky receipt, "I see that it is a mistake for you to try to live any longer. You've asked me about suicide several times, and I've advised you to put it off; but now I see that you were right. I can't bear to have you dying by stanzas, day after day. Besides, you've done your part in the world and accomplished a great many useful things, and now you may as well die promptly and get it over with."

She looked at me in amazement, and I felt meaner than pusley, but I hurried on cheerfully with the speech I'd made up.

"It would be nice if I could lay you on an ebony barge and let you float down the river to the high-school building, but we'll have to give that up, for there isn't any available river. But here is some paper and a fountain-pen, so that you can write L. G. the farewell note. I'll invite him to the funeral and let him see what a lovely corpse you make."

My, but her eyes flashed, then! She beat on the door and cried: "Aunt Sue, I hate you! And you've been making fun of me, all the time, when I thought you were so sympathetic! Let me out; I want to go to mamma."

But I acted as if I hadn't heard her at all, and went right on, just like I was chatting with the grocer's boy. "If you like drowning, there's plenty of water, both hot and cold. Bath-tub suicides are still in fashion. And here's the laudanum; I've carbolic acid, too, but I wouldn't advise it, for it's so violent. Cutting your throat is messy; but, if you like it, here is my corn-razor, newly sharpened. You can hang yourself from the towel-rack if you like that plan better. Or five of these morphia tablets would end everything comfortably. Now, goodby, child."

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All this while she was standing in the corner with her fingers in her ears, but I made her hear all right. She was as

[Concluded on page 83]

THE SUBLIMINAL SOUL OF **ELAINE BOGGS**

[Continued from page &2]

mad as a wet hen. I whipped out the key, let myself out, and went down-stairs with it, clumping like an elephant to let her know I was really gone. The bath-room door banged, but I knew she couldn't lock it, for I'd fixed the lock.

Then I sneaked part way up-stairs and listened. Not a sound! I expected she'd been crying again. I waited till I got nervous enough to scream, but everything was as still as a grave. I seemed to see Elaine killing herself in ten different ways. You never can tell what a silly child tike that will do. At last, I couldn't bear it any longer and I slipped up to the door and crouched so that I could peek in at the keyhole. As luck would have it, when I bent down, my knee joints cracked.

Then I got the surprise of my life. Elaine giggled! Giggled, do you hear that? Many's the time I've paid four dollars to hear what wasn't half as good music to me as that first giggle. I had won; her subliminal soul was Boggs, after all!

I threw open the door and gathered her into my arms and rocked her like a baby, while we both laughed till the tears came. Presently, she said, "Why, Aunt

Sue, you silly thing, why are you crying?" And I told her, "Honey, I wish your poor father could see you now;" and then I cried in good earnest, like the old goose I am, till she was almost scared.

When we'd finished our little duet, she looked around at the suicide display, and grinned in a sheepish way. All of a sudden, she whispered, "Aunt Sue, I'm almost starved. Can't we have strawberry shortcake for supper?"

A RECORD EXCHANGE

By ALICE CROWELL HOFFMAN

After overhearing some people deplore the fact that they had considerable money invested in phonograph records which had outlived their usefulness so far as they were concerned, I decided to open a phonograph-record exchange. I put an advertisement in several newspapers and soon received many records which I agreed to sell on commission. I catalogued them and marked each with the price the owner asked. I arranged a rack for records at one side of my living room and transacted the business of the exchange there; hence, there was practically no extra expense involved. I played any record that a prospective buyer requested. I greatly enjoyed seeing how eagerly the records of which one person had tired were bought at reduced prices by another. People bought far more than I had dared to hope, and my income from the business grew rapidly.

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BOOKS GOSSIP ABOUT

By JANET YORKE

"For a jollie goode booke, whereon to looke, Is better to me than gold."

ple of quite diverse tastes, although I imagine there must be a tinge of romanticism in all who love him, The Fortunate Youth, his latest book, is the story of Paul Kegworthy, a little ragged self-made waif, who has run away from a mother whose chief occupation was banging him over the head and a stepfather of whom he is in mortal terror. Because of his delicate features and a preposterous physical beauty, he attracts the attention of a beautiful girl at a Sunday School picnic in some great lady's grounds, and is furnished the guiding impulse for his whole future life in her impulsive remark that he cannot be "a child of the people". So, a child of the people he ceases to be, in his own mind, for at once a beautiful dream commences to rear itself, in which he is the lost child of a great lady-a Princess, at least. When he finally decides to go forth to seek his "high-born parents", he makes his escape into the new world of freedom

in the peddler's cart of Barney Bill. There are years of education and development, in which his romantic vision always keeps him from the things which coarsen; and so, in the end, he grows to have quite the air of the highborn youth he thinks himself. And then comes his great adventure! A brief experience as an actor has left him stranded and penniless, and he starts to walk to London. On the way, exposure and insufficient food bring on an illness, but not until, with the luck which

gives the book its title, he has staggered on to the lawn of a great lady and fallen fainting at her feet. He is taken in and nursed through long weeks, and eventually given the position of secretary to Miss Winwood. Then comes love, dabbling in politics, the birth of new ambitions, the widening of a wonderful horizon. And just as the whole world seems in his grasp—behold, the little misadventure! Yet, it would not be Locke if Paul did not, after all, in the end, prove "the fortunate youth". (John Lane Company, \$1.35 net.)

Quite a different type of book is The Auction Block, with its Broadway atmos-

HERE is something about Locke phere, its chorus girls and multi-millionwhich seems to endear him to peo- aires. Lorelei Knight is a beautiful young girl whose middle-class family mean to make her the stepping-stone to financial ease. She has been trained, and every grace of face and figure developed, with this end in view; nor does her destiny at all daunt her. She becomes a showgirl in a Broadway production as the first step toward attracting the attention which is to end in a rich marriage. Marriage with the son of a millionaire does result. as the climax to a gay evening, but his disinheritance follows. And in the stress of the new situation Lorelei begins to develop a soul. Her struggle toward honesty and her efforts to reclaim her husband from his dissipated habits, make up the latter half of the story. The book is not a wholesome one, despite the artificial moral. (Harper's, \$1.35 net.)

> Mary Hastings Bradley is a name familiar to all readers of magazine fiction. since never a month goes by that one or more editors do not proudly exhibit it in

their table of contents. The Palace of Darkened Windows. recently published, is her second novel, and is proving one of the best sellers of the season. She has a charming way of telling a story, makes her characters entertaining and attractive people to meet, and never lets her action lag for a moment. This last book of hers is the story of an American girl in Egypt, who persists in claiming the same independence of action in Cairo as in Chicago, and, having attracted the sentimental interest of a handsome



MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY, AUTHOR OF "THE PALACE OF DARKENED

Egyptian of official rank, finds, in time, that the traditions of the East are not only traditions, but present-day realities. It is only after she finds herself detained against her will in "the palace of darkened windows" that she recognizes her danger. A young American attempts her rescue, but she is spirited away with him in pursuit. Exciting as the incidents are, there is no atmosphere of improbability; Arlee Beecher is just the sort of girl you and I know; Billy Hill, the very man we would like to have her marry; and our interest is held from the first word to the last. (Appleton's, \$1.30 net.)

[Concluded on page 85]

GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS

[Continued from page 84]

In The Hands of Esau Margaret Deland has given us a clear picture of the sort of young man who, with all the charm and grace and lovableness which win the hearts of men and women alike. is lacking in a certain kind of moral fiber-the kind that must tell the truth even though it lose us Paradise. He does not tell the truth-but still he loses Paradise. The book has the wonderful sympathetic quality of all Miss Deland's writing. (Harper's, \$1.00 net.)

The modern woman is considered to contain possibilities of eccentricity, but Little Eve Edgarton (Eleanor Hallowell Abbott) quite outdistances our wildest conception of her. She was "born in a snow-storm on the Yukon River, she was at Pekin in the Boxer Rebellion. she's roped steers in Oklahoma, she's matched her embroidery-silks to all the sunrise tints on the Himalayi" and in the end she saves the life of a good-looking, snobbish young man, falls in love with him in a perfectly uneccentric, girlish way, and-well find the rest out for yourself. (The Century Co., \$1.00 net.)

A book of which any chapter can be read without reference to any other, and which, so, serves the purpose of a book of short stories, is The Charmed Life of Miss Austin, by Samuel Merwin. Miss Austin is a young American girl of astounding tenacity and originality of purpose, and an appetite for adventure. She is traveling in China-quite properly chaperoned, to be sure, but she has a naive way of eluding chaperons at the moment when adventure calls-and each chapter represents a distinct and thrilling adventure, the result of her efforts to be quite American in the heart of the Orient. Good reading, when you need entertainment. (The Century Co., \$1.35 net.)

The Honorable Percival, by Alice Hegan Rice, is the tale of a "blighted being" who, having been crossed in love, though a Hascombe of Hascombe Hall, escapes from his ignominy to America in company with a fur coat, a guncase, two pigskin bags, a hat-box, and a valet. Evincing no interest in the American continent, he shortly embarks on a Pacific liner for Hongkong, and en voyage meets "Billy", a blue-eyed, black-haired, dazzling, but "crudely American" young woman-young person, I am afraid the Honorable Percival would have said, at first. But the intimacy of a long steamship voyage alters many things! What it did to the Honorable Percival, and what it didn't do to Billy, make a very bright and amusing story. (The Century Co., \$1.00 net.)



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I know that my ways will delight you, and I want you to know them. I want you to see my thousand styles, my fabrics and my prices. My beautiful Style Book explains everything. I want you to write for it—all of you. Find out how a woman is serving women in a woman's

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Every customer has a charge account with me. I never ask for cash. To open an account simply send for my Style Book. I will open it at once, and send your Credit Card with the book.

There is no formality, no red tape. No references are required. I know women too well to offer them credit in any annoying way. When I can't

trust them freely I will close this shop.

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I will give you all summer to pay for spring clothes. Pay me in seven payments, thirty days apart. There wil be no

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Please try me. Ask for my Style Book. See the Credit Card which comes with it.

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Serge Skirt Is Full Flared

I have selected it from hundreds submitted to me for spring wear. It is right up to the minute in style.

It is nicely tailored in a good weight, double warp, all-wool storm serge of guaranteed quality. Notice the deep yoke, finished off with an open wet seam. The bottom of the skirt is cut in what is known as the new pipe organ tube style, the skirt hanging in tubes from the hips and being very full around the bottom. Half-ball cloth-covered buttons trim this skirt effectively.

Comes in colors navy blue or black. Width around bottom of skirt, about 2% yards. Sizes to fit misses and women; waist measure 22 to 30 inches, lengths 36 to 44. Be sure to give color and measurements.

Tucked Voile Waist

I consider this waist an excellent value. It is full of style, being daintily trimmed with a rolling aeroplane collar made of pique, and all down the front runs a pretty pique vest effect, nicely edged with hemstitching. The body of the waist is made of a good grade voile, and the pattern pictured is the result of neat tucks, a wide and narrow one alternating. This, as you will notice, gives the appearance of a plaid. The sleeves are nicely set in and have cuffs of pique. Comes in white only. Size 32 to 44. Be sure to give bust measure.

Nice Silk Finished Petticoat

This garment is made of good cotton messaline with a beautiful silk finish. Has a deep accordion pleated flounce and s fitted with drawstring at the waist. It is also very well made. Comes in navy blue, red. Copenhagen, Emerald green or black. Lengths, 36 to 44 inches.

No. F4G3701. Price, three-piece outfit complete, prepaid. \$5.48

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MARTHA LANE ADAMS

3453 Mosprat Street, Chicago



Mrs. Jamison Moves to Town

[Continued from page 26]

ground to the cesspool. Such drains must a windmill was the first thing she thought slant slightly downward from the main of, though she had never quite liked them stack, and in every possible way be planned to conduct the waste material to the cesspool as quickly as possible, without leakage or deposit on the way. The upper end of the stack extends through the roof and is left open to the outer air. So it gets its name of "stack", since it really serves as a chimney which ventilates the sewerage system of the whole house and the cesspool itself.

The sections of the stack and of all the pipes leading into it should be securely sealed with molten lead where they are joined together. This is most important, for if there are any little leaks or air-holes in the joints of the stack, of course the sewer gases will escape into the house, causing unpleasant odors and endangering the health of the tenants. To guard against the possibility of such leaks, the plumber should be required to apply what is termed the "water test" when the stack is completed. This is accomplished by plugging it up, watertight, at the lower end and at the various points where the waste pipes in the bathroom and kitchen branch off from it. The stack is then pumped full of water to overflowing and the water left standing in it while every inch, from top to bottom, is inspected for possible leaks.

Of course, when plumbing is being installed in a house that is being newly built or extensively remodeled, all pipes and wires are usually concealed in the walls; in which case, the plumbing stack should be tested before the plastering is done. But where such conveniences are being added to old houses the pipes must generally be left more or less conspicuously visible. They may be enclosed in a sort of box or case which is painted or papered to match the walls of the room, or they may be left entirely visible and just painted. While pipes are never an addition to the appearance of any room and should be made as inconspicuous as possible, they are really not offensive if well placed, especially since both the bathroom and kitchen should be first, and above all else, practical and useful, their decorative possibilities being secondary. At least, this was the conclusion Mrs. Jamison arrived at early in her investigations, and while she wanted both rooms to be as attractive as possible, it was sanitary, labor-saving convenience that she was after.

In the early stages of her investigation into plumbing-in fact, almost the first thing-she realized that a water tank would have to be provided and that there must be an easy way to fill it. There was a fine pressure tank system, but that was than the hot-air pump, but insurance a little too expensive for her. Of course,

since the day Jonathan almost fell from the top of one. Besides that, her "highfalutin'" ideas were at work, for she had added catalogues of automatic pumps to her collection. There were all kinds of engines and pressure systems, both large and small, cheap and expensive, but all very interesting and tempting. She found that their well was comparatively shallow so that they could use the smallest hotair engine that she found in her catalogues. This was purchased and installed in the cellar, complete, for about one hundred dollars. This included the cost of all the plumbing connections. It is not much larger than a sewing-machine, nor is it more trouble to take care of.

Regularly, on Saturday mornings, she goes to the cellar, pulls on her old "engineer" gloves and goes to work, or play, rather, at her favorite toy. She builds a small fire in the fire-box, using only a few sticks of wood and a bit of paper. While the engine heats up and begins to 'get up steam", she sits by it on an old milking-stool that she appropriated from the barn when Jonathan was not looking; and with an oil-can in one hand and a bunch of cotton waste in the other, she cleans the engine all over and feeds it plentifully with oil in all its "joints" When the steam is finally well up and the engine chug-chugging merrily, she adds a few more sticks of wood to the fire, shuts the door of the fire-box, arranges the drafts, and goes back to her work up-stairs, not giving the engine further thought or attention while it does its work. It fills the tank in the top of the house, which holds a supply of water that lasts the Jamisons a week -from Saturday to Saturday. The overflow pipe from the tank leads to a huge barrel or hogshead at the corner of the house, by the kitchen garden. With this arrangement she can let the engine run till it "runs down", with the result that, when the tank is filled, the overflow is carried to the barrel. This has a spigot near the bottom of it, to which she can attach the hose for watering the kitchen garden, or for watering the porches and

In hot dry weather when the garden, flowers, and lawn have to be kept well watered, she runs the engine sometimes every day, attaching the hose to the waste-pipe. For this purpose, she builds a fire of coal instead of wood, as it lasts much longer and gives an opportunity for giving the whole place a thorough wetting. She could have gotten a little gasoline engine much cheaper

[Continued on rage 88]



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l envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 1 cup sugar. Whites of two eggs. ½ pint cold water. ¼ pint boiling water. Rind and juice of two

lemons.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add grated rind and juice of the lemons and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain and let stand in a cool place until nearly set. Then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and beat the mixture until it is very light and spongs. Put lightly into glass dish or shape in mold. Serve with thin custard made of the yokes of the eggs, or cream and sugar. Different fruit juices may be used in place of part of the hot water.

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MOVING PICTURE MACHINE



Bluine Mfg. Co.

MRS. JAMISON MOVES TO TOWN

[Continued from page 87]

near the house. The inconveniences presented by putting it in the barn or elsewhere away from the house, especially in winter, did not appeal to her, however. Of course, it was a fortunate circumstance that their well was a shallow one. Deeper wells require larger engines which cost according to size. But they are so substantial that they "last forever", as the saying goes, and it costs next to nothing to run them.

Having abandoned the idea of buying the more expensive pressure tank system, which has the reservoir in the cellar next to the pump, a tank had to be built in up-stairs, in the old-fashioned way. This was built on a frame-work of heavy, wellseasoned timbers and lined throughout with copper. Mrs. Jamison found that copper would be more economical in the long run, as it would last as long as the house itself, and longer. The tank cost

about thirty dollars.

Ionathan was in favor of using the old cesspool for the sewage, but his wife did not agree with him on that pointthat point being the only one on which he was really consulted. She told him all about septic-sewerage systems which could be ordered by mail and delivered all ready to fit together and install, and bout those nitrification beds which ultimately dispose of the sewage and render it harmless, as if by magic, thus saving the trouble and expense of having a cesspool cleaned. But this sounded a little too much like magic to suit Jonathan, and he would have none of it. They finally compromised on what is sometimes called the "Warring System", which is practically a simplification of the septic system, and can be built by any It consists of two big cesspools or tanks built in the shape of large botties or jugs, narrowing to an iron or wooden or concrete lid at the surface of the ground. The first tank into which the sewage empties is of brick, solidly lined with cement. The solids sink to the bottom of this tank, the liquids overflowing into the second tank, when they reach a certain height, through a pipe connecting the two. The second tank is also of brick, but is not cemented, and is arranged to allow the liquid to gradually filter through and absorb into the surrounding earth. Of course, they were very careful, in placing these tanks, to have them far from the house and down hill from their well, so that there could be no possible danger of infecting either their own water or that of their nearest

This sewerage system has proven perfectly satisfactory and has required about two inches in diameter. She or-When answering ads. mention McCALL'S no attention whatever in the three

neighbors.

laws prevented her having it in or very years since it was built. But, in the mean time, Mr. Jamison had done a little investigating on his own account and confides that if it were all to do over again he would have the complete, ready-made septic-sewerage disposal outfit, "nitrifica-tion bed and the whole 'shebang' !", though he has never admitted the fact to the "missus". However, the "Warring" system is still good for a number of years' service and was most inexpensive. mason who built it charged four dollars a day. The complete system cost about twenty-five dollars, labor and all.

Mrs. Jamison ordered the fixtures for the bathroom, also a new kitchen sink, all of white enamel, the sink, back, and dripboards for washing dishes all being cast in one piece. Two nickle-plated faucets supply the water-one hot and one cold. The hot-water tank for the kitchen and bath is connected with the kitchen range. So they never lack hot water when they want it. The bathroom fixtures and furnishings are of the usual designs, all plain white and of good, sub-

stantial quality.

Having settled the matter of the fixtures in her own mind, which was settling it in Jonathan's, as well, she began to plan the decoration of the bathroom -there had been so many wonderful ones in town, in the different apartments and houses she visited, as well as complete model bathrooms set up in the showrooms of the big shops. There were many kinds of varnished, water-proof wall-papers designed in imitation of attractive tile-work. Many rooms, also, had walls of real tile, and most bathrooms had floors of white mosaic. She was surprised to find that such elaborate, expensive-looking bathrooms were put into nearly all the modern apartments, even some of the unpretentious ones, But she did not wish to overtax Jonathan's patience or pocketbook. So she abandoned her tile dream and resorted to the paint-pot. All the old paper was removed from the walls of the little room, and the old paint and varnish removed from the woodwork. The whole room, ceiling, walls, and woodwork received several coats of white paint, the last coat being a very hard enamel which would be washable. While the painter was at work she had him do a little straight-backed bedroom chair, a wicker clothes-hamper, and an old medicine-cabinet to match. These three articles and a couple of towel racks completed the furnishing and decoration of the bath-

For the floor, she got linoleum, a checked pattern in blue and white squares

[Concluded on rage 80]

- with the of the manage

MRS. JAMISON MOVES TO TOWN

[Continued from page 88]

dered this from a reliable firm before the painter began his work; so that by the time that was done, and the plumber had installed all his pipes and the toilet and wash-stand, the linoleum had arrived. She insisted on its being laid before the bath-tub was connected so that it could be more carefully tacked down along the wall, back of where the tub would stand. In this way the linoleum was more easily laid than usual. She had meant to order a supply of heavy floor padding to put under it to prevent its wearing out in streaks along the uneven edges of the boards of the floor, but owing to some mistake in writing her letter she did not get it. As she did not wish to delay the workmen by reordering it, she substituted many thicknesses of paper which time and wear have proved a very good substitute, though she would have felt more confidence in the padding if she had had it,

All this happened three years ago, and this year a fresh coat of enamel paint was put on the bathroom. Otherwise, it has never required any expense beyond the initial one. Not a day passes that Mrs. Jamison does not heave a sigh of immense self-satisfaction when she stops to realize the amount of labor it has saved her, to say nothing of the comfort and convenience which have resulted. She regards her visit to the city as one of the fortunate incidents of her life.

Though Jonathan Jamison very readily accepted the advantages of having these conveniences in the house, he can never resist having a little joke on Amanda; he consistently refers to all incidents of the last three years as having occurred "since Mrs. Jamison moved to town". Whereat she retorts with the observation that "if Jonathan didn't spend so much time fooling around in that bathroom, some of the rest of us might get a chance to use it once in a while!"

One day there was a great commotion at the Pearly Gates. St. Peter went to investigate and found George Washington being ushered in with great ceremony and acclamation. He led him to a seat at the right hand of the Lord.

With similar ceremony Abraham Lincoln was admitted, some time afterward, and given a seat at the left hand of the Lord.

One day, a long time afterward, an unusual commotion occurred at the heavenly portal. St. Peter hurried thither to ascertain the cause. Roosevelt was entering amid loud applause.

St. Peter received him, looked confusedly around for an instant, and finally said: "Well, Lord, I guess you'll have to give up your seat."



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THE REAL FELLOWSHIP

[Continued from page 24]

to him at Bible House, New York, for the number having "Child Labor" as its subject, and begin your reading with facts about that. What better could you do than study this, investigate practically the conditions of child labor in your own town: or the children brought into court in your own town; or the defective children in your schools, and then do something? In every town, no matter how small, you will find children whom in some way you can help to a chance for a normal life. And do you not see? This is the twentieth-century way of following the injunction of Jesus: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them

Suppose your church, or your church society, were to set out making sure that there were no conditions in your town which are daily forbidding little children to enter into the growing normal life which Jesus dreamed for us all. I think you might find that, in just this study, you were touching at the very foundations of things which are the matter in your whole community.

And slowly you will come to know how, in every community, these things must go away, and new things must grow, before the spiritual life of the people can rise to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

Is all this not work "in His name"? It is not difficult to inaugurate this work-it is easy, because everywhere people are ready for it. One woman in any community can begin it, if she cares enough-which is like having crown jewels for everybody's head.

A RAINY-DAY AMUSEMENT

By M. F. ALLEN

FEW mothers know how to make modeling clay for the children and yet it is a great help in keeping them quiet and contented on a rainy day. It not only amuses them, but develops thought and originality. They will quickly learn to make cups, saucers, vases, and animals of various kinds. The clay may be used over and over, and if wrapped in a damp cloth when not in use will keep for some

To make it, mix with water until it will mold like dough and will not stick to the hands, one cupful of flour, onehalf cupful of salt, and a teaspoonful of powdered alum. If you wish to color it use the harmless candy or cake dyes.

Many of the grown-up children enjoy this modeling in clay as much as do the little folk. Next time you want something novel for an informal evening, give each guest some clay and a model to copy. The fun will start immediately.

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Tapioca Pudding, custards. gelatine - the sauces you make for desserts-can be delightfully changed with

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The name "Peet's" is on envelope. Invisible Eyes 5c. Hooks and Eyes 10c.

"It's in the Triangle" PEET BROS.



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GETTING UP IN THE WORLD

[Continued from page 51]

end of an ell for the sake of quiet, and that in case of fire the children would be almost caught in a trap. When we are building our houses, we seldom think of their possible destruction! I determined to keep a simple fire-escape ladder, and teach the older children what to do with it in case of need. The one I bought has hooks at the top that will grip a windowsill, and we have pressed it into service more than once, though we have never had a fire. On one occasion, a ball was thrown into the veranda roof-entter, and my husband used the ladder while reaching for it. Another time, when the roof needed repairing, it was found to answer the purpose adequately.

Any woman who is short enough to have to use a lamp-lighter for the chandelier needs a step-ladder for many emergencies. I have no doubt, if the ladderless housewife would keep strict account of her petty expenses, to say nothing of big annoyances, because of lacking this most convenient article, she would find that, in a year's time, they exceeded the price of a good, serviceable step-ladder. The woman who is not tall will think of many instances where such an aid would have saved her hours of time, or money paid out for hired labor to attend to something she simply could not reach.

I very well remember my own distress one terrible winter day when a waterpipe up-stairs froze and burst. Neither my maid nor I could reach the stopcock near the cellar ceiling which would have shut off the supply from that pipe. We finally had to deprive the whole house of water by turning it off at the main; it was several uncomfortable hours before the plumbers came, and our living-room tinted walls were ruined.

One word of caution about using a ladder when you have one. Do not mount it while wearing long or tight skirts, or high-heeled shoes. When you must hang your own curtains, or gather your own cherries, be sure that you have on the short skirt and low-heeled shoes you wear about your housework, for these will be your best safeguard against taking a tumble, mayhap from the topmost step, and shaking yourself up a bit, if nothing worse.

A MAN was operated on for appendicitis. After the stitches had been taken, one of the surgeons missed a small instrument, so the man was reopened and the instrument was found and removed. After a second closing of the wound, another surgeon missed a needle, so the reopening process again took place. When they had finally done, the man looked up, and in a feeble voice said: "Doctor, if you are going to keep this up, you had better put buttons and buttonholes on me."



Dorothy's Getting Well.

Dorothy, who is just getting over the measles, has no more than said "My Goodness! Why don't they give me something good to eat?" when the wise Kewpies appear, one bearing a dish of delicious, sparkling Raspberry

another bringing a spoon, and one carrying from sight the hateful medicine.

Dorothy's happy face expresses her approval.

If the importance of satisfying the fickle appetites of convalescents were as fully understood by all "big folks" as it is by doctors and nurses, getting well would not take so long as it frequently does.
"America's Most Famous Dessert," however, is not a mere sickroom food, for Jell-O

is good everywhere and the delightful pure fruit flavors of Jell-O appeal to all appetites. There are seven of the flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. At all grocers' and general store-Chocolate. At all keepers', 10c. each.

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National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.



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KABO CORSET CO.

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OLD MONEY WANTED e pay \$50 for 1853 half doll



Billy Brad and One in Authority

[Continued from page 13]

that bad. William, he broke all the windows in your incubator-house! Every window! He admits he broke them, and that the twins did not break any. admits he broke them all himself."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr. Brad-"And the eggs? I had two hundred White Plymouth eggs in that house -prize fowl eggs, that cost me four dollars a dozen. Did Billy Brad-"

"I think," said Mrs. Bradley, "he broke every egg! If he didn't, they are all ruined. The wind blew out the lamp, and when I went out, everything was cold."

"Where's that boy?" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, and he dashed into the house, taking off his coat as he ran.

It was evident that Billy Brad had been informed already of the enormity of his offense, for he was sitting on the bottom step in the hall, looking glum. His elbows were on his knees and his chin in his hands and, except for the slight amusement to be gained in trying to peel off the loose sole of one shoe with the sole of the other, he was inactive, which was a sign of great de-pression of mind in Billy Brad.

"Well, sir!" exclaimed his father. "You're a nice boy, aren't you? Just after I told you never to break another window, and after I have told you forty times never to enter that incubator-

"And-and-and the poor little shickens couldn't not get out of the shells, said Billy Brad sadly, "and-and I he'ped the poor little shickens to get out of the shells, but there wasn't not any-little-

"Do you know what is going to hap- nocent face. pen to you?" asked Billy's father.

"Yes, I'm are going to be spanked," said Billy Brad stoically. "For 'cause Mamma says so. And—and—Papa! why wasn't any little shickens in the shells?"

"It doesn't matter a bit why there were no chickens in the shells," said Mr. Bradley. "The thing that matters is that I told you never to enter that incubatorhouse, and that I told you never to break any more windows, and you did both. Get up and come with me. No, you can't take my hand. March along there!"

Billy Brad arose with a sigh and mounted the stairs, his father close behind him. He entered the bathroom, that being the chamber of torture. Billy Brad did not smile. His face was solemn. He it? knew it was a serious affair, this time.

"Now, then, William," said his father when he had rolled up his sleeves, "why did vou break those windows?"

"For-for-'cause," whimpered Billy Brad, "I didn't not wanted to go to jail.

"No, thank Heaven! It was not quite For-for-'cause I didn't not wanted to go to jail and not see my papa and my mamma. For-for 'cause I love my papa and my mamma, I do."

I my mamma, 1 do. Mr. Bradley turned sharply. "What's that nonsense about jail? Don't tell me

any lies, Billy Brad."
"No, Papa," said Billy Brad. He was sobbing gently now. "No-oh-oh, Pa-papa! No. Papa!"

Suddenly a warm wave of tenderness swept over William Bradley, Senior. He wrapped his arms around the little boy.

"Oh, Billy Brad!" he said, "I don't want to whip you. I don't like to whip you. Why can't you be a good boy for papa, and do what papa tells you? Didn't you know you would be whipped if you broke the windows?"

"Ye-eh-es, Pa-papa." sobbed Billy Brad, "but-but I didn't not want to go to jail-I didn't not want to go to jail-I didn't not want to go to jail."

"Well, why should you go to jail?" "'Cause-'cause-" sobbed Billy Brad, "the t'in babies' papa is a olgerman."

Mr. Bradley seated himself on the edge of the bath-tub, folded his arms and stared at Billy Brad. He tried to fathom the illogical logic of Billy Brad's mind.

"Did the twins break the windows?" he asked.

"No, Papa," said Billy Brad brokenly.

"You broke them?"

"Yes, Papa."

"And did the twins break any eggs?" "No, Papa."

"But you broke them?"

"Yes, Papa."

Mr. Bradley studied Billy Brad's in-

"But the twins were with you when ou broke the windows and the eggs? They were in the chicken-yard?" he asked.

"No, Papa," said Billy Brad, "forfor 'cause the t'in babies didn't not comed into the shicken-yard, for 'cause their papa said they mustn't comed into my shicken-yard when I wanted to broked windows."

"Well, then," asked Mr. Bradley with exasperation, "why—why did you break the windows?"

"For 'cause the t'in babies' papa are a olgerman," said Billy Brad.

'And an alderman can put you in jail?" said Mr. Bradley, groping for a loose end of Billy Brad's logic.

"Yes, Papa," said Billy Brad.

"And if you were put in jail, you couldn't see your papa and mamma? And so you broke the windows of the incubator-house? Is that it?"

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BILLY BRAD AND ONE IN **AUTHORITY**

[Continued from page 92]

"Yes, Papa," said Billy Brad. Mr. Bradley began rolling down his shirt-sleeves.

Well, Billy Brad," he said, "I can't understand how this thing figures out in your mind, but I've whipped you several times when you were not guilty, and I'm going to postpone this little whippingbee until I can dig into this. The whipping will do you just as much good tomorrow as to-day, if you need it. We'll go down to dinner now. No whipping to-night, anyway."

After dinner, when Billy Brad had been tucked into bed, Mrs. Miller came. She was not dressed for a formal call.

"I just came over," she said, "because I was afraid you might think the twins had something to do with breaking the windows in your incubator-house, Mr. Bradley, and I know they did not, because I saw the whole affair."
"Yes?" said Mr. Bo

said Mr. Bradley, "Tell us about it."

"The three of them were playing in Billy Brad's sand-pile," said Mrs. Miller, "and playing very nicely, and then the pink twin-Isobel-left the sand-pile and went to the fence of the chicken-yard and looked through. Of course, the blue twin followed her. They always follow one another. Then Billy Brad left the sand-pile and followed them and they stood at the chicken-yard gate, looking in and—I suppose—talking. Then Billy Brad deliberately opened the gate and walked into the chicken-yard and picked up a broom-handle. In the most nonchalant way in the world he broke one pane after another until they were all broken, and then he crawled through one of the broken windows into the incubator-house. I opened the window and called the twins, and they came home."

"Billy Brad said something of the sort," said Mr. Bradley. "He exculpated the twins entirely. Did they say anything?"

"I questioned them very closely." said Mrs, Miller. "I asked them exactly what they had said to Billy Brad. They say they said nothing except that it was too had the little chickens couldn't get out of their shells and play. And they told Billy Brad their father had told them not to go into the chicken-yard again."

"Oh!" said Mr. Bradley, "their father

told them that, did he?"
"He certainly did," said Mrs. Miller. "After the other windows were broken, he warned them not to go into the chicken-yard if Billy Brad was up to any more window-breaking."

"William!" said Mrs. Bradley. "What is the use of bothering Mrs. Miller about it. We know the twins had nothing to

[Continued on page 94]





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BILLY BRAD AND ONE IN **AUTHORITY**

[Continued from page 95]

do with it. We are quite sure of it, dear Mrs. Miller. Please don't worry about it.'

Bradley. 'Yes,-hum!" said Mr. "That's right. But just let me think this out. You see," he said to Mrs. Miller, your husband is an alderman. Now, 'My papa says we mustn't-' 'No, that won't do. I'm trying to reconstruct what the twins said to Billy Brad," he explained. "You don't remember what your husband told the twins, do you?"

"He told them they must not break windows or flower-pots or anything," said Mrs. Miller. "Then he told the twins to keep away from Billy Brad if he started to break things. I assure you, Mr. Bradley, my husband said nothing unkind about Billy Brad. In fact, he only said that Billy Brad was a boy, and that boys have to break things-

"Wait! Let me get that!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley.

"Oh, William, don't be foolish!" said Mrs. Bradley.

"Now, Mother!" said Mr. Bradley. "Your husband said boys had to break things, did he, Mrs. Miller?

"He said— Well, yes, that was what he said," admitted Mrs. Miller; "of course, he meant that boys were more

apt to break-

That's all right!" said Mr. Bradley. "I know what he meant. I'm thinking of what he said. I think I've got it. Now, here, you two ladies come here. The piano is the incubator-house, and I'm the pink twin, and Mrs. Miller is the -no, you are Billy Brad, Mother. Mrs. Miller is the blue twin. You don't mind my holding your hand, do you, Mrs. Miller? We stand here, on this rug, outside the chicken-yard. You stand here by us, Mother. Now, remember that you are Billy Brad, and that Mr. Miller is an alderman, and that I have told Billy Brad an alderman can put little boys in jail if they don't do what the alderman says.'

'What nonsense!" said Mrs. Bradley,

but she took her place by the rug.
"Now," said Mr. Bradley, "I'm the
pink twin. I'm talking. 'Won't you be glad, Billy Bwad, w'en all your papa's shickens comes out of their shells an' we can play wif 'em?' You say, 'Oh, yes!' 'Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Bradley obedi-

ently, but without gusto.

"'If-if your papa's little shickens comed out of their shells to-day we could play wif 'em, couldn't we, Billy Bwad?' "said Mr. Bradley. "Say 'Yes,' Mother."

"'Yes!" said Mrs. Bradley.

"'But little shickens can't comed out until they gets their shells broked,' said Mr. Bradley, imitating the twins, "'andand nobody can't broked the shells for the poor little shickens, 'cause they're in

[Concluded on page 95]

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BILLY BRAD AND ONE IN **AUTHORITY**

[Continued from page 94]

the house. We can't broked the shells for the little shickens, 'cause our papa don't want us to, can we?' Say 'No!' he said to Mrs. Miller.

'No,'" said Mrs. Miller.

"'But our papa says little boys has got to broked things,'" said Mr. Bradley. "Now, Mother, you say 'Did your papa say I had got to broked things?""

"'Did your papa say I had got to broked things?'" repeated Mrs. Bradley. "'Yes, he did,'" said Mr. Bradley.

"Now, Mother, you say 'Windows?'"
"'Windows?'" said Mrs. Bradley.
"'Yes,'" said Mr. Bradley. "No
Mother, say 'Shickens' shells?'"

"'And shickens' shells?"" repeated the

impersonator of Billy Brad.

"'Yes, my papa said so,'" said Mr. "And now, Mother, you ask, 'And will your papa put me in jail if I don't broked the windows and the poor little shickens' shells, t'in babies?"

"'Will your papa put me in jail if I don't broked the windows and the poor little shickens' shells, t'in babies?'

peated Mrs. Bradley.

"'Yes,'" said Mr. Bradley. "And so, of course, Billy Brad broke the windows, and he broke the shells, and he did it all because he is a law-abiding citizen and did not want to break a law made by our distinguished alderman, Mr. Miller. So Billy Brad is not the one who should be spanked-I am the one. I voluntarily destroyed his belief in the patriarchal system and put in its place a belief in the aldermanic system. I gave him to understand that obedience to the aldermen was more important than obedience to his father. Then what? Two little heelers came with orders from the alderman, and Billy Brad obeyed them. The verdict, ladies, is Not Guilty!"

"What utter nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Bradley, but she was glad Billy Brad was

not to be whipped, after all.
"Nonsense?" exclaimed Mr. Bradley. "You call it nonsense, and yet you women want to be jurors. Why, it's not nonsense at all. It's an exemplification of one of the most important phases of French criminal procedure. I reconstructed the crime. I convinced the jury that-

"Fiddlesticks," laughed Mrs. Bradley,

"it's nothing but nonsense!"

"Well," said Mr. Bradley, "I don't care whether it is nonsense or not, so long as I don't have to whip Billy Brad. I'm going up and beg his pardon.

William Bradley!" exclaimed his wife. "You're going to do nothing of the kind! It's one of my rules that that boy must not be wakened."

"Ho!" scoffed Mr. William Bradley, "Rules! Who cares for your Senior. "Rules! Who cares for rules. You ain't not a olgerman!"



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WAYS OF COOKING RHUBARB

By EDWINA B. PARKER

R HUBARB is so often assigned to the five tablespoonfuls of milk. Stir until saucepan without any attempt at the ingredients. further improvement, unless it be the making of a simple pie, that there are many of us, perhaps, who do not realize its value as an asset for other and better combinations. The following receipts will prove its merits:

RHUBARB AND COCONUT PUDDING .-Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter with one and a half teacupfuls of sugar; add the yolks of four eggs and beat until light. Have ready one teacupful of fine cake-crumbs, and add them to the egg mixture with one pint of stewed rhubarb, six tablespoonfuls of chopped coconut,



one teaspoonful of Jemon extract, the grated rind of one lemon, one teacupful of grape jelly, and the frothed whites of four eggs. Turn the mixture into a buttered mold, and steam for two hours. Serve with lemon sauce.

RHUBARB AND APPLE PIE.-Peel and chop enough tender rhubarb to measure one pint: mix it with one pint of stewed apples, two teacupfuls of sugar, and one teacupful of chopped raisins. Flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon-juice and a few gratings of nutmeg. Line a deep pie-dish with rich pastry, then fill with the rhubarb and apples, cover with a top crust, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

RHUBARB OMELET.—Beat five eggs well, add one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, and a few gratings of nutmeg. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in an omelet-pan. pour in the mixture, and stir over the fire until it sets. Have ready three tablespoonfuls of chopped rhubarb, which has been generously sprinkled with sugar and steamed until tender, one tablespoonful of maple-sirup, and one tablespoonful of whipped cream; put in the center of the omelet, roll, turn out on a heated dish, and serve hot.

RHUBARB AND BROWN-BREAD PUDDING. -Beat three eggs until light, add one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of molasses, three teacupfuls of brown-bread crumbs, one teacupful of chopped dates, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and

smooth batter is formed. Stew enough rhubarb to measure three pints, and sweeten to taste. Butter a deep bakingdish; first put in a layer of the brownbread mixture, then a layer of the rhubarb, and repeat until all the ingredients are used. Cover the top with brownbread crumbs, bake in a moderate oven, and serve with lemon sauce.

RHUBARB SALAD. - Soak three tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatin in half a teacupful of cold water until soft; add one pint of boiling water and stir until dissolved; then add half a teacupful of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice. Pour to the depth of an inch into a large square granite pan and stand it on ice until the mixture begins to congeal. Have ready one pint of chopped rhubarb, which has been steamed until tender and slightly sweetened, and one teacupful of blanched almonds, and stir them into the gelatin. When ready to serve, cut the gelatin into three-inch squares, and serve on shredded lettuce with the following dressing: Cook in a double boiler, until thick and smooth, the yolks of four eggs with one teacupful of diluted vinegar. Season with one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and a dust of white pepper. Add a pint of whipped cream at serving time.



DELICIOUS DUMPLINGS THAT ARE DIFFERENT

RHUBARB AND SAGO PUDDING .- Soak one gill of sago for two hours in one and a half pints of cold water; cook in a double boiler for fifteen minutes, then add three tablespoonfuls each of chopped figs and dates, one pint of stewed rhubarb, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of butter. Simmer for half an hour, then turn into a buttered bakingdish, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Serve cold with whipped cream.

RHUBARB CHUTNEY.-Chop enough rhubarb to measure three quarts, one onion, three green peppers, and one red pepper. Add to them one pint of cider vinegar, and half a cupful of currant jelly. Simmer gently for an hour, stirring

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WAYS OF COOKING RHUBARB

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often; then, add the strained juice of two lemons, one tablespoonful of ground ginger, three teacupfuls of sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of red pepper, one level tablespoonful of salt, and one teacupful of chopped raisins. Cook for an hour longer, stirring constantly. Seal in jars the same as canned fruit.

RHUBARB DUMPLINGS.—Chop fine a quarter-pound of suet, and rub into a quarter-pound of corn-starch, threequarters of a pound of flour, a pinch of salt, and one teaspoonful of bakingpowder; add a little ice-water until a stiff paste is formed. Roll out the paste and cut in four-inch squares. Have ready



some rhubarb chopped into small pieces. Into each square of pastry, put one heaping tablespoonful of the rhubarb, two tablespoonfuls of light-brown sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, and a dust of cinnamon. Draw the corners of the pastry together and lap them to hold in place. Arrange the dumplings in a baking-pan, add half a teacupful of water, and cover the top of the dumplings with two teacupfuls of the brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into bits. Bake forty-five minutes; serve hot.

RHUBARB SHORTCAKE.—Half a pound of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder three tablespoonfuls of lard, and half a pint of milk are required. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the butter and lard, and rub until thoroughly blended; then add the milk. When thoroughly mixed, divide in halves; put each half into a round buttered tin, and bake from ten to twelve minutes in a quick oven, Separate each cake with a fork; butter, and fill with the following mixture: One quart of rhubarb which has been stewed, sweetened to taste, and mixed with one teacupful of chopped citron. Garnish the top of the shortcake with whipped cream.

RHUBARB GATEAU.—Cut the top from a stale, one-pound sponge-cake, and carefully remove the inside. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of apricot jam with three tablespoonfuls of water; with this, brush over the cake, then roll it in finely-chopped

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pistachio-nuts. Chop enough rhubarb to measure one quart, stew with one and a half teacupfuls of sugar till thick, flavor with one tablespoonful of lemon-juice and one tablespoonful of the grated rind; add one teacupful of candied orange-peel, and turn into the cake. Pile with whipped cream, and serve.

RHUBARB FRITTERS. - Chop enough rhubarb to measure three pints; sprinkle with one teacupful of sugar, and steam until it is tender. For the batter, beat one egg, sift in one cupful of flour, with a pinch of salt; add half a cupful of milk, and one tablespoonful of olive oil. Beat until smooth and glossy. Allow to stand in a cool place for one hour, then add one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Stir the rhubarb into the batter and drop by spoonfuls into smoking-hot fat. Fry a golden brown, drain on paper, dust with powdered sugar. Serve with lemon sirup.



ON THE WAY TO THE JAM-POT

RHUBARB AND FIG JAM.—To six pounds of rhubarb cut in short lengths add one pound of figs cut in pieces, six pounds of brown sugar, the juice and grated rind of three lemons, and one pound of candied orange-peel. Put the fruit and sugar into the preserving kettle in layers and let stand overnight. Cook slowly one hour and then put into jars.

Boiled RHUBARB PUDDING .- Chop enough rhubarb to weigh half a pound. Put it into a basin, add five cupfuls of sifted flour, half a cupful of finelychopped suet, two teaspoonfuls of bakingpowder, and one teacupful of sugar. Moisten with sufficient milk to make a stiff batter; tie in a floured cloth, put in boiling water, and boil for three hours and a half. Serve with hard sauce.

RHUBARB BAVARIAN CREAM .- One heaping tablespoonful of powdered gelatin, one cupful of stewed rhubarb, half a cupful of boiling water, three tablespoonfuls of maraschino, one cupful of sugar, and two cupfuls of whipped cream are required. Dissolve the gelatin with water, add the sugar, and fold in the whipped cream. Stir till nearly stiff, then add the maraschino and rhubarb. Pour into a wet mold and let stand packed in ice and salt for four hours.



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THE HAPPY TIMES ROAD

[Continued from page 10]

"No, no, no," he declared in a voice shaken. No-indeed not-no." much shaken.

Then she felt as if she were going to "Don't tell Miss Peters," trailed gaspingly. "Please don't tell her ever. Tell Ruth Elliot. She's the German teacher," and fainted dead away.

She awoke in a soft bed in a room which was fascinatingly strange. Something smelled like tobacco. She sniffed cagerly, and the man, who was stroking -with a very trembly hand-a white stocking-cap with a wobbly, red tassel, came around to the head of the bed. Ruth Elliot came with him.

'How do you feel, Honey?" she asked. "I don't hurt the way I did," answered Molly, "but I feel sleepy, and-oh, Ruth!"

But Ruth looked at the man-and remembered her little prayer. He had been kissing both of the little music-teacher's hands when the doctor came out and Ruth entered the room an hour before. Perhaps, after all, God did sometimes visit musty harness-shops. But, anyway, she was glad she had gone to the little church afterwards.

"Oh, Ruth," Molly cried almost hysterically. "I-I bought a white sweater -a man's sweater, too, and I wore it.

Does Miss Peters know?"

Ruth Elliot smiled as she took her head and pushed back the bronze, fluffy hair which threatened Molly's eyes. The trustee's labored breath struck her shoulder and made her give thanks in her heart as she started to leave the room. At the door she stopped.

"I'm going after something for Molly to eat," she announced to the big trustee; "and I don't suppose I can be gone more than ten minutes, no matter how hard I It's such a little way to the kitchen."

When Molly raised her tired eyes, they met those of the big trustee. Now they were so happy that they inspired confidence, "Do you think they will dismiss me?" Molly asked. "It really wasn't much like a teacher in a religious institution."

"No," he agreed, "it wasn't." "But I just got my sweater this morn-

ing," she faltered.
"And my heart this afternoon," he finished.

Then the big trustee raised Molly in his arms, and she was surprised at the way the tired feeling chased away from her back. "She'll be gone only ten minutes," he coaxed. "And, Molly, dear, don't you think there are lots better ways of telling love than just talking?

When Molly did answer, her words were muffled and came from his shoulder. "I don't like to talk very well, myself-

sometimes," she confessed.

And isn't that really the end of all roads that lead to Happy Times?

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HER IFE

What Good Form Demands—A Monthly Department

Conducted by VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

WHEN a girl marries and goes to miserably puzzled by the social obligations which she, as a bride, must observe. It is trying enough, in any case, to go to a new place and meet many new people; but when the case is complicated by a husband and his interests, the bride is apt to feel even more bewildered than the situation justifies.

It is not that she is uncertain as to the ordinary social etiquette which should be observed; she has, no doubt, enclosed cards with her wedding announcements. fixing the date after which she will be at home to her various acquaintances; she knows that her husband's friends will be waiting to call, and that etiquette demands that she return each call within two weeks; but that is not her problem.

If she is a girl who has cared little for society, if she is ambitious to read and study and otherwise develop herself. the feeling that her husband's business or professional success may de-

pend, to a degree, upon her han-

dling of the social situation, is

the cause of her disquiet. She is puzzled as to how she may fulfil her duty both to herself and her husband, for she foresees that luncheon and afternoon invitations, if accepted, will make tremendous inroads into her personal plans. Is it to be her own life or his?

It is not such a serious problem as it looks. for, if she is wise, she may save a very fair share of her time for herself, witho u t sacrificing

among whom her married life is to be lived.

When she orders her at-home cards to be sent with the marriage announcement, it is not too early to limit her time of receiving calls, and she can have her at-home day engraved on these cards in the lower left-hand corner. For first calls, she should be at home, even though they are made, through carelessness, on other than her at-home day. But, later, it will be perfectly permissible for her to adhere quite closely, though pleasantly, to the one afternoon a week.

After the first round of entertaining in her honor, she can begin to curtail her social activities slightly. She may find that evening affairs and dinners to which she can go with her husband, and formal afternoon calls, are the only observances really necessary to a happy relation with every one in the community. She may be thought stand-offish, at first, if she refuses invitations for bridge and the all-afternoon parties that take so much time and do not interest her; but a quiet adherence to this policy, coupled with a real cordiality toward the people themselves, is almost never misunderstood.

T is possible to belong to some club whose interests are progressive, and to spend profitable time with friends who have proved congenial, and at the same time maintain with other people the most cordial semiformal relations.

As to paying her social debts by entertaining, she will find that one large

reception, at first, to which every one who received wedding cards is asked, is a good beginning. Her husband should assist her in receiving. Sandwiches and salad, cakes and ices, coffee or chocolate, should be served.

A simple afternoon at-home. to which all those to whom she owes social courtesies are invited. will wipe her slate clear at regular intervals. Only tea and tiny sandwiches, ices and cakes, need be served, and her husband is not present.

Many a bride is torn between her desire to be herself and de-

the good will of the men and women velop into the kind of a woman she wants to be, and a regard for her husband's business and social interests. She is likely to find that in carrying out ordinary social courtesies she is actually beginning to have a good time, and that if she has the right spirit she will gain real friends, not only for herself but for her husband. And that, after all, is what society is for!

> Editor's Note .- Miss Randolph will be glad to reply to all questions, if a stamped envelope is enclosed with your inquiry.



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THE NEW AND TRUE WOMAN

[Continued from page 15]

zines devoted to women. He says, and officially, too, that he considers the new ideas they advance, and the equal suffrage movement of the Western world, extremely dangerous to Japanese women, and that he wished such propaganda kept from the eyes of the women of Japan. He says we should be content with becoming wives and the mothers of healthy children.

"That, you see, practically is the attitude of all our government officials. Since our first meeting we have been watched and annoyed by the police on one pretext or another, and we have to be careful, otherwise they will try to dis-

band us by some means.

"We are so few and so frail, and our task is such a big one! Think of it! For centuries, Japanese women have had to look upon fathers and husbands as Often the fetters may be masters'. silken; but, nevertheless, they bind tightly. Did you know that for hundreds of years Japanese women were brought up solely according to the rules of the Onna Daigaku, a book on ethics for girls, by Kai-hara Ikihen? Until the time of the Restoration, this book laid down the rules of conduct for women. In breaking away from the precepts of this book, still in force to-day, we are shattering centuryold conventions.

"Then we have our girls to think of,"

she continued.

I interrupted to ask her about that spot of blight on a land of flowers-yel-

low slavery.

"Yes, that is terrible. More terrible, I believe, than such conditions in your country. Here, it is so deep-rooted. Hundreds of agents scour the country every year, buying pretty young girls to be trained as geisha.

They are bound by contract for five, and, sometimes, seven years. Thus, girls of twelve and fourteen years are torn from their families. True, the parents of these girls agree to the bargain. That, you see, is one of our hard tasks. must educate our women, our mothers, so that they will rather die than make

such bargains as they do now. But a wife and mother is so helpless in our country. If the family be a poor one and the father says, 'Yes, let the girl go', and if the mother object and should disobey her husband, he can divorce her by simply ordering her to return to her parents. In such a case, he is blameless,

and the woman is disgraced." As Mrs. Kimura, with quiet dignity, talked on at length, in her soft Oriental voice, of the problems of the women of her country, the hardships they had to

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HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE YOUR HUSBAND?

[Continued from page 23]

within me, the warm fires that burned for him alone melted the icy accretions that had crusted my heart,

Yes, I suddenly realized how I loved my husband. And I felt that he loved me. But, if he didn't- Well, he had loved me once, and, right then and there, I made up my mind that I would spare no effort to win him back to that old way of thinking. That was how much I loved him-enough to want to marry him again even had freedom not compromised me in the eyes of convention; enough to woo him. And that Sunday morning, I actually met him at the station in spite of the fact that it rained as if the clouds had burst.

A more surprised man the world did not hold, when he saw me. But the light in his eyes when they met mine! Oh, there are some things in life too deep for words. That was really a holy moment. But even holy moments-especially holy ones, I guess-are evanescent. Almost instantly, I said with a feeling of sheepish happiness:

This is the farthest I could come, Peter, toward meeting you half-way."

"And on such a morning!" Peter's face supplied the missing sunshine.

"Yes," I admitted bravely. And with my innate love of playing with words: "The weather doubles the distance; don't you think so?"

We had forgotten where we were, that people might be looking on. After Peter had kissed me twice-kisses that had a truly marital flavor, and smacked of loyalties mysteriously alive, we suddenly found that we were standing looking at each other across hands that clasped and clung. It was then I noted that he had grown gaunt and slightly gray, and when I commented upon the fact, he said with quiet humor:

'Naturally. You've been a veritable thorn in my side, lately. I haven't drawn a breath in months below the fifth ribuntil a minute ago."

I laughed a little at his assumption that all was now well between us, and remarked that I must have betrayed myself and my feelings like a heart that is worn on the sleeve.

His eyes held mine as he answered: You did. And I've taken the heart and put it into my breast pocket."

I pressed his arm. The married have a half-shamefaced way of admitting that Cupid is stalking beside them, and so veil their love with words that need inter-pretation. We had said little, but love had flashed a world of unvoiced communications. As we made for the carriage, Peter pressed my arm. And when we were safely shut therein, his

[Concluded on page 103]



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THE NEW AND TRUE WOMAN

[Continued from page 101]

opportunity for self-development, I marveled that, in such environment, and so bound down by tradition, law, and custom, any such little picture-book woman as she should have been able to conceive a vision so closely matching that other woman of our own country-the American woman, poised, self-reliant, full of the spirit of social service, constantly raising the standards, the ideals, the mission of womanhood, higher and higher.

And I wondered what hard paths her diminutive clogged feet must tread before the Japanese woman could enter into even the outskirts of that bigger freedom which the American woman

claims as her birthright. It was more than a month later, during May, when the crowds were flocking to see the wistaria and fat gold-fish at Kameda that the New and True Women held a second meeting. It attracted the same jeering crowds of men and the same abuse from the dailies, but it also brought a few more women, in their best kimonos, who sat and wondered a great deal at this new departure, but who,

also, perhaps, thought new thoughts. Then, later on, in the early part of July, the Shin Shin Fujin Kwai was formally organized. It was then composed of fifty women and a mere handful of men.

Bravely, however, they have kept it alive and now, with two short years behind them, they have over three hundred members to aid in celebrating the society's second anniversary.

Stronger than ever, and with great determination, the New and True Woman of Japan, in flowered kimono and clogs of wood, is steadily marching forward.

HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE YOUR HUSBAND?

[Continued from page 102]

arm went about me. But what we said, then, I do not remember. In truth, I fear we said almost nothing but let our clasped hands do all the talking.

We spent six happy hours that Sunday, chaperoned by Maud. And then, two weeks later, we had six more. Every other Sunday, I go to the depot to meet my affianced. For, as Jack puts it, we are "keeping steady company".

How much do I love my husband? More than I realized, for the humdrum of life often lies like a calm surface above the swift current of love and makes us

unmindful.

How much do I love my husband? Enough to stand the supreme test-so much that I want to marry him again. And no wife secure in her relationship knows just how much that is.



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A GOAT THAT PLAYED SOLDIER

By ESTHER HARLAN

CROWD of boys had gathered about one of the small open lots in lower New York, where a scrawny, longhaired goat was nosing over the ground. The boys jeered and pelted it until it began to run around aimlessly, growing

more and more frightened. Presently an old man halted near the group of yelling youngsters. He was very straight, and his shoulders were broad and square though his hair was white.

"Hold on a minute, boys," he called, "what are you stoning that goat for?"

"Fun!" on e PRESENTLY A FLAT THING, cried.

"See it dance," shouted another.

"Goats have got no feelings!" declared a third, as he threw a handful of pebbles at the persecuted animal, "anything that can eat tin cans can't feel much!"

LINE A BROKEN DOOR.

FLOATED DOWN, AND ON

IT WAS A GOAT!

"See here," the man said, "I happen to know goats can feel. If I tell you a story of one I knew on a battlefield long ago, and presently a flat thing, like a broken

"When I was about a third as old as I am now, I entered the army, and in one of my first battles had half of my leftfoot shot off." Every eye was on him "When the firing ceased for the night the wounded were carried into a rough sort of hut used as a hospital, and there I found myself side by side on the earth floor with a man I had gone to school with as a boy, but whom I had not seen for years.

HE HAD a fearful wound in his chest and lay quite still, with his eyes closed. Presently, at the sound of quick, uneven footsteps drawing near, he turned, with a smile, and reached out the one hand he was able to move to greet-a goat! It was a sleek gray animal that nosed about his blanket and seemed overjoyed to be with him. While we were waiting our turn with the surgeon, he told me 'Miss Nanny's' story.

"His home had been near a river that had sometimes overflowed, though never so far as to endanger his house, high on the cliff above it. But one spring there was a great storm. The brooks from the upper country poured down like torrents. and the river rose higher hour by hour. From his window he could see boats and big logs and branches of trees tossing about and rushing past in the angry waters,



ON THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRST BATTLE, WHO SHOULD APPEAR ON THE FIELD BUT MISS NANNY!

will you promise me to let this one alone? door, floated down, and on it was-a goat! And, by the way, let's take it over there to the feed store and give it a good dinner first-seems to me it looks rather thin. Then, maybe, we can find its owner."

The animal seemed to recognize a friendly hand and followed the man to the end of the block, and as the troop of hay and meal put before it, the man be- she pleased. gan to tell them the story.

"A side current veered it toward the bank, where it caught in the bushes, and the man ran down and dragged the poor frightened animal safely up on land. It couldn't do enough to show its gratitude. It was gentle as a kitten with the man's baby daughter, and would let her pull its boys watched it ravenously devour the long hair and sit on it or roll over it as

[Continued on page 105]

Boston Store

Chicago

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True Economy

A GOAT THAT PLAYED SOLDIER

ment of the the

[Continued from page 104]

"Not long after that, however, there came a still more dreadful storm-the great swollen river came up all about the house, over the porch and into the rooms. The village, where all the stores were, was on the other side of the river, and it so happened that the townspeople had only a few provisions laid in. The river kept steadily rising, and it would be as much as a man's life was worth to try to cross it.

"Then it was that the goat proved a friend indeed. The baby lived on

Nanny's milk. while Nanny lived on any bits that came its way leaves from the branches the storm blew against the porch, some dry sugarcane, even an old straw bed. The goat seemed to understand that provender



NY, THE GOAT, CAME TOO and the man could get over to the stores, you may be sure Miss Nanny had the best there was, and plenty of it.

WHEN AT NIGHT, THE

WOUNDED WERE BROUGHT

THE next year a deadly disease, called the yellow fever, swept over the country, and the man's wife and little daughter caught it and died, and when the war that we call the Civil War began, he left his empty home and joined the army. He gave Miss Nanny to a neighbor to be cared for, but the animal got loose somehow and traveled many miles to find its master. On the morning of his first battle, who should appear on the field but Miss Nanny, trotting coolly along among the crouching men, regardless of the bullets whizzing about on every side, and when, at night, the wounded were brought in to our hospital the goat came, too, though she would go out occasionally to find a drink or nibble some grass.

"Toward morning, however, though it was still dark, Miss Nanny went out again and failed to return. Our army was resting under cover of a big woods. So many of us had been wounded that we did not intend to fight again the next day unless the other army forced it, for we wanted to wait until reinforcements came. When hour after hour went by and Miss Nanny did not return, my friend became worried, for he was sure that she would not have gone far of her own accord and

[Concluded on page 107]

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ONUMENTS OVE'S LASTING TRIBUTE

A HOME GARDEN THAT PAYS

By KATE V. ST. MAUR

THE housewife will find a vegetable garden a sure factor in making the home place profitable. Even if it is a small strip of ground stolen from the decorative scheme of a suburban lot, it can be made to produce salads, garnishings, and herbs for the home table, and so aid in reducing the living expenses. But for the self-supporting home, I advocate the really substantial garden of ample proportions-one where all the vegetables for a large family, and a goodly supply for sale, can be grown. Small hampers can be shipped daily by parcel post to private customers, so that many a remote farm has, through rural delivery, all the advantages enjoyed by the suburbanite in close touch with good city markets.

Have you ever stopped to consider the profits to be made from an ordinary garden? I never did until last year, when ing. Any surplus quantity not marketed I did some bookkeeping.

ounce of radish seed cost ten cents: >

I planted two rows fifty feet long, and we gathered one hundred and ten bunches. consisting of seven radishes each, which, at the ordinary market price (three cents a bunch) w a s \$3.30. Fertilizing and cultivating the ground cost about fifty cents, so there was a clear profit

of \$2.70. Of course, a garden for profit must can be boiled like spinach, or the stalks

be well planned, fertilized, and cultivated. Outside of the space devoted to three perennial crops, our garden covers a strip of ground one hundred feet long and seventy-five feet wide, and we estimate the cost at twenty dollars a year for upkeep, which covers plowing, and harrowing full of barnyard manure, and two bags of fertilizer. The light work of planting and hand cultivating is not charged, as I had done most of the work, myself, at odd hours. Perhaps, three or four times a season the farm man is called in for an hour or two for such work as hilling celery or digging ground for successive planting. As I have a even that part of the work, so almost or at what height the crop is cut. be all of what is sold amounts to profit.

It is wise to devote one's energy to the vegetables for which there is the quickest market. Okra is one of the easiest crops to grow, if the ground is rich and well cultivated. Make a furrow about an inch deep, and if only a home supply is wanted, about thirty feet long. Sow the seeds two inches apart in rows, and cover. Thin to eighteen inches apart when the seedlings are about two inches high. If more than one row is to be grown, make them two and a half feet apart.

Okra is a semitropical plant, so it is better not sown until the second week in May. Once started, it grows very rapidly, and yields a supply of pods throughout the season. The flowers are large and rather pretty, but last only a few hours; after they fall, it takes a very short time for a pod to develop sufficiently for gather-

> can be dried or canned for winter use. Sliced, they are a splendid addition to mixed sour pickles.

Swiss chard is such a true "cutand-comeagain" that for home or market it is invaluable, and a poultry keeper can find no better or cheap-

er green food for fowls that are yarded. The leaves and stalks are the edible part, and

alone used. They are white and run the full length of the leaf. Cut them out and tie loosely; cook and serve just as you would asparagus.

Make the ground for chard very rich; sow the seed in rows three feet apart, about the end of April or the first week in May. Thin the plants when they are about two inches high to stand eighteen inches apart. When used as spinach, cut the leaves when they are ten inches high, but when only the stalks are to be used like asparagus, gathering should be delayed until they are about fourteen inches high; then, cut off the green part of the leaf; this can still be used as greens. hand plow and cultivator, I usually do No matter how the leaves are to be used

[Continued on page 108]



PLAN YOUR GARDEN AND BUY YOUR SEEDS EARLY



A GOAT THAT PLAYED SOLDIER

[Continued from page 105]

would not have stayed unless tied. So my friend felt sure that the enemy was close to us and creeping through the woods to surprise us, though, when we stopped fighting the night before, they were on the other side of us, out in the open.

"Badly wounded as he was, he begged his captain to let him crawl out slowly into the woods and give a peculiar cry that Miss Nanny well knew, and which, he was sure, the goat would answer if within hearing. So the men carried him to the picket lines, and then, though in great pain, he crawled far out into the woods alone and gave the signal as loudly as his strength would permit.

"Sure enough, deep in the woods Miss Nanny answered. He called again, but this time there was no answer; so he felt sure the goat was a prisoner and had been muzzled. The direction from which its voice came was just the direction from which the reinforcements were expected. So we knew that the enemy must have learned our plans and were trying to circumvent them. Some of our best riders and fastest horses were dispatched immediately to scout behind the enemy, entirely on the other side of the woods, and warn our reserves to come by another road. This they did, reaching us just in time to save us from defeat and capture.

"We won the day and got Miss Nanny back again, and we always spoke of her as 'the goat that played soldier'.

The boys had crowded close about the old man and were drinking in every word. Now I want you to promise me," he concluded, "and I feel sure you are all gentlemen and will keep your word-

"Gentlemen!" sang out one ragged urchin in derision.

"Certainly," the old man returned, "the outside doesn't count in the least, you know-so I want you all to promise me, as gentlemen, that you'll be good to any goat you may come across, just in remembrance of Miss Nanny. All who will promise, hold up your hands." Every hand went up. "Thank you," the old man said, "and now let's see if I can't find some nickels and dimes in my pockets. I've an idea it will help you to remember if each of you has a souvenir."

THE new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon, and his prayer served to cover the whole category of human wants. After the services, one of the deacons asked the old darkey janitor, who had been a critical listener, what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, Boss. Why. dat man axed de Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't eben know He had!"

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A HOME GARDEN THAT PAYS

[Continued from page 106]

very careful never to injure the heart will not hurt them, but they must be heavof the plant, for if you do, successive crops will be spoiled.

Brussels sprouts should certainly be in every garden, for they possess all the healthful qualities of cabbage, and the flavor is much more delicate. When small, the plants look exactly like cabbage, but instead of firm, solid heads, the stalks run up to twelve or fourteen inches in height, and tiny cabbages spring out all around the stalk for its entire length. One plant often yields thirty-five or forty of these diminutive cabbages.

One great advantage of Brussels sprouts is that the seed need not be sown until June, and the plants are not ready for transplanting until July, so can succeed early peas in the same ground. Like all members of the cabbage family, Brussels sprouts are gluttons, and positively must have heavy and rich ground. Sow the seed in shallow drills; transplant, when seedlings are about three inches high, two feet apart, in rows three feet apart. For early spring harvest, sow seeds in hot-bed during February or March. Mature plants are quite hardy, but must be dug up before frost.



YOU CAN DO MOST OF THE WORK OF PLANTING

proof cellar. bers of the onion family which are usually overlooked, and it is a great pity, because they are both most desirable. Leeks should be sown on very fine, rich soil. A heavy dressing of poultry manure, applied the fall before planting, is an ideal fertilizer. Scatter the seed thick in rows two feet apart, and thin out the plants so that they stand nine inches apart. Cultivate the ground constantly and hill up as the plants grow. This is a part of the work which must not be neglected, as it encourages the growth and bleaches the stalks. A slight frost

roots in a frost-

ily banked up and covered with litter if they are to remain in the ground until spring.

The winter supply of these vegetables should be dug in December, and stored in the house for convenience. Pack them standing up as they grow, in boxes; scatter earth between them, and keep them in a dark cellar. For soups they are much superior to ordinary onions. Boiled and served with white sauce, they are a most enjoyable vegetable.

WINTER bunch onions, as they are termed, are really the earliest of all spring onions. Sow the seed in shallow drills, a foot apart, in May or June. Cultivate until fall, then cover with litter. Early in the following spring, rake off, and cultivate lightly between the rows, and you will have delicious green onions for table or market when other people are only thinking about sowing the seed.

Kale should be considered indispensable in every garden, for it comes into season late in the fall, when frost has demolished all other greens. Even in the vicinity of New York, it can be relied upon to furnish early spring greens almost before the snow is off the ground.

In fact, I have gathered it from under deep snow in midwinter, and found it in good condition. Seeds should be sown about the middle of June, and the seedlings transplanted into rows two feet and a half apart. The leaves are curly and of a dark green, and should not be used until there has been some frost, for until frozen they are as tough as they are tender after Jack Frost has visited them. As soon as the weather becomes colder, bank straw or leaves on each

Leeks and winter onions are mem- side of the rows up to the top of the kale, and then put cedar branches or brush of some sort along each side to keep the covering in place.

Mustard and cress have always been popular salads in England, used largely for club and afternoon-tea sandwiches. and within the last few years they have come into popular favor in this country. One New York club took all we could supply at a uniform price of five cents a bunch. Ten cents' worth of upland cress seed and twenty cents' worth of white mustard produced seven hundred

[Continued on page 100]

A HOME GARDEN THAT PAYS

with State

[Continued from page 108]

bunches of mustard and cress, which sold at five cents a bunch. Deducting \$1.30 for seed and labor, there was a clear profit of \$33.70.

Cress should be sown in rows five inches apart; mustard grows more quickly, so should be sown five days later, in rows he same distance apart, and they will both be ready to cut at the same time, ust about ten days after the mustard is own, both should be gathered when two inches high. If the cress is cut just above the heart of the plant with a pair of sharp scissors, it will spring up again and again through the season; but successive sowings of mustard must be made, as it will not yield a second crop from the same planting.

It is advisable to have beds of perennial crops, for, when once established,



A GOODLY SUPPLY FOR SALE CAN BE GROWN

they yield year after year. Asparagus, rhubarb, and globe artichokes are, I think, the best of these vegetables, and can be readily developed from seed which costs but a few cents. Last year, from an asparagus bed started three years ago from seed, we cut two hundred and ten bunches, worth forty cents each. Fertilizing and cultivating the bed-which is 30 by 20 feet-costs not more than five dollars a year. Globe artichokes were started just for our own table. An ounce of seed, which costs thirty-five cents, was bought and started in a hot-bed late in February; in May, three hundred plants were set out two feet apart, in rows three feet apart. Last year we used a good many, and sold thirty-one dollars' worth.

One package of cauliflower seed costs only twenty-five cents, and will furnish about seven hundred plants. One year, we set out five hundred plants, and sold two hundred and sixty-two perfect heads at eight cents each, besides using many on the table during the season, and for canning and pickling.

From twenty-five cents' worth of celery seed, eight hundred and forty-four heads of celery were raised, and from one quart of sweet-corn seed, which cost thirty-five cents, twenty-eight dozen ears of corn were gathered, the average price of which was twelve cents a dozen.

[Concluded on page 110]





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A HOME GARDEN THAT PAYS

[Continued from page 109]

Kohlrabi is another valuable vegetable, which comes in when other things have faded. It really belongs to the cabbage family, but it is more like the turnip. The edible part is the bulb which develops above ground. When cooked, it looks and tastes like a most delicately flavored turnip. As kohlrabi must be cooked when young and tender, it is best to make several sowings; one in the hotbed in February, and two others in the open ground; the first in May, the second in August. It can stand quite a heavy frost, and so is usable until December or January, according to season.

Sow in rows placed about two feet apart, and after the young plants have attained sufficient strength to withstand attacks from beetles and such insects, thin them to two feet apart,

PERHAPS it is as well to add a few hints about the general cultivation of these vegetables-hints which will be useful for all gardening. Cultivation must be constant and thorough, especially when the soil is light and sandy. Of course, no good gardener will permit weeds to get a foothold in life territory, but the constant use of the rake is much more important, for it keeps up the supply of moisture in the soil around the roots of the plants, and so insures their being well fed, and making rapid growth.

This is a point which always seems to puzzle inexperienced gardeners, so it needs explanation. Stirring the surface soil with a fine rake as soon as it is partly dry after a rain, furnishes a mulch of dust which prevents the moisture in the lower earth escaping, because it checks the capillary process by which moisture travels to the surface and is carried into the air. The soil may be rich in the animal and mineral components which constitute plant food, but unless moisture is present in sufficient quantities these are not available as sustenance for plants.

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By MRS. E. LANDINGHAM

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THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 18]

Virginia, sitting erect in the saddle. flushed at the thought that Olga's horse must carry her to the King. "Only what, Zvirin?" she asked quickly.

"Only more beautiful, Miss," replied the old man simply. "God keep you-

and the King!"

Virginia rode away, her cheeks aflame. He knew, old Zvirin, that the King loved her! She let her horse go easily; while she was still inside the city gates, she must not draw too curious eyes, and already many of the passers-by looked after her, and a boy cried: "The Princess!" It seemed to puzzle them, though, that she had no escort, that she did not wear Olga's elaborate riding-dress, usually her regimental uniform; for the Princess was colonel of the Arcan Rangers. In the more crowded quarter, just before she reached the old Roman wall, the people cheered her, and, Virginia, alarmed lest they should divine her identity, quickened her horse's pace and galloped out of the gate. Once on the road hevond.

Money-Making

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The wind began to blow fresh in her face and lifted her veil; she was pure white, with set lips and shining eyes. She had ridden all her life, as a childbareback-on the Virginia hills. It was well, for the great horse was plunging forward at a gait that made her sway in her saddle. The way was long, too, down into the valley and across the ford, then on a bit of good straight road to the forest of Arcan. She knew it, for she had traveled it with the others on one happy day when the King was with them. Above her; in the keen mountain defiles, was the famous Iron Pass, where the Crusaders once withstood the hosts of Islam; to her right, the Gate of Arcan, and she heard the faint whistle of an express train. At last, in the distance, appeared a square gray tower with a flag above it. She knew it as the standard of the Princess of Arcan, yet Nikolas Rassinsky had sworn that Olga was not there. The girl galloped on, urging her horse; she was in the forest, now, and the shadow of it was dense. Boughs swept so low that she had to bend to her saddle-bow, while through long green glades she caught sublime glimpses of a sunlit Arcadia.

Suddenly, the trees parted and the great gray gateway of the castle appeared. The old drawbridge was down, and there were two or three men, grooms, Suddenly, the trees parted and the

[Continued on page 112]



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And Sand

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

[Continued from page 50]

Cut canvas the shape of collar without seams. Place it on wrong side of cloth collar, and baste the two together. Lay cloth facing right side to right side of collar, and stitch across top and down sides to within three-eighths of an inch of bottom. Turn it right side out, baste facing down, and press. Open underarm seams, so that the coat will lie out flat, and baste the outside cloth collar to neck edge of coat through outside cloth and canvas facing. Stitch the seam, turn raw edges up into collar and baste collar facing down flat. Then, turn under the front facings and fell over collar.

Stitch and press open under-arm seams, then you will be ready to finish off the bottom of the coat. Here, again, to prevent stretching, put in canvas, Cut crosswise strips one inch wide. Try on coat, marking the turn-up at lower edge. Remove coat, and catch bottom of canvas along this line, holding the canvas taut. Sew lead weights onto the canvas at the under-arm seams and at the points in front. Turn up the lower edge of coat, catching it to canvas, and turn under bottom of the front facings, felling them over the turn-up. Then, press thoroughly, and stitch down the front and around the bottom, as illustrated.

Baste the seams and try on the sleeve, marking proper depth of hem. Stitch seams and press them open. Cut a crosswise strip of canvas three inches deep, and catch bottom of this to sleeve along hem line, drawing canvas snug. Turn the hem of sleeve. Make sleeve lining, press the seams open, and slip it over sleeve, basting the two together along seams. Turn up lower edge of lining, and fell it over the cloth.

Cut a canvas interlining for cuff, without seams, and make cuff in the same way that you made the collar. After it is turned right side out, lap the free edge of the cloth over the canvas, turn under lining, and fell it over the cloth. Press the cuff, slip it over sleeve and blindstitch to position. Run shirr threads in the top of sleeve and lining. Pin sleeve to armhole, easing it to the armhole at under-arm. Baste the sleeves to position, and try on the coat; if they draw, rip them out and shift until they hang right. Then, sew in, stitching through cloth only of sleeve and coat. Turn seam into the coat and press. Then overcast canvas to the armhole seam.

To give body at armhole, cut a felt facing about three inches wide to extend from canvas in front around to shoulder seam in back. Use pattern-pieces F and B as guides, lapping them at under-arm, and cutting the facing the same shape as armhole. Lap the felt over the canvas, catching it to armhole seam and canvas.

If you find the back needs filling out, make a pad of tailor's wadding. Start with a piece about six inches long and four wide, pulling the wadding apart to give a thin edge. Make each successive layer one-half inch smaller at top, bottom and on one side. Adjust the pad to coat, the thick edge extending into armhole. Add to or take away from the pad until coat sets smooth. Then overcast the wadding to armhole seam.

Now, make the pockets and tabs in the same way as you made cuffs, but without the canvas. After the pocket is pressed, stitch three-eighths of an inch from top, and pin on tab, turning end onto wrong side of pocket and basting to position. Put on coat, and adjust pocket. Unpin tab and stitch three-eighths of an inch from sides and bottom of pocket. Then, tack tab to position.

IN the lining of coat, stitch under-arm seams only. Press these open and adjust lining to coat, basting at under-arm seams. Pin to position at neck, armhole, and front. Catch front lining to shoulder seam of coat, and fell back lining over it. Turn under the lining at neck, front, and lower edge, and fell it over the cloth, using care not to pull it tight, or the outside will bag. At the armhole, catch lining to seam, bring up sleeve lining, arrange the fulness, turn under the edge, and fell it over coat lining. Then, press pleats at back of coat.

The finishing touch is the belt. Cut a canvas interlining without allowance for hems; baste to the wrong side of cloth, baste hems, press belt, and stitch, Turn under edges of lining, pin to position, and fell it over the cloth. Put on coat, and adjust belt. Make the buttonholes, sew on the buttons, and the coat is complete.

In comparison with the coat, the skirt is an easy matter. Stitch the seam from the notch down, press it open, and bind edges. Finish placket above the notch. A continuous facing is neat. Cut a straight piece of sateen three inches wide and twice the depth of the closing, allowing seams. Place facing right side to right side of skirt and stitch down one side and up the other. Fold facing in center, and fell it over raw edges.

Grosgrain belting can be used for the foundation belt. Leave it free across facing on the right side. Finish lower edge with a three-inch bias facing.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you in the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

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THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 111]

she thought, in the courtyard, and some horses. They had evidently just dismounted, and she saw the King's big gray. She dropped her veil and crossed the bridge at a full gallop. As the bay thundered into the court, the men fell apart, amazed, and two or more came running out of the lodge. She heard some one cry:

"The Princess!"

She rode up to the castle door and swung herself down from the saddle, just as a young man ran to take her horse's head, staring at her, plainly bewildered. She thought of Olga's ring, and, pulling off her glove, showed it.

"Where's the King?" she cried sharply. He pointed at the door, and fell away, discovering that it was not the Princess.

But Virginia did not wait; she went up the wide steps into the great dim hall. It seemed, at first, quite empty and incredibly dingy, then she saw a group by the fire-place and started forward. As she did so, a door opened half way up the stairs, a broad stream of light shone through it, and the King appeared on the threshold. She ran up-stairs, and, panting for breath, came face to face with him on the landing.

"Virginia!" he cried unconsciously. She could not speak; gasping, she laid her hands in his with a sob.

[To be concluded in April McCall's]

A FAMILY MEMOIR BOOK By EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS

OR years, it has been the "rage" among college girls to make a memoir book, or a memorabilia, of all events that happen at college. This forms a cherished memory of college history and entertainment in years to come. I saw the same idea carried out by a family. The mother had been a college girl—hence the idea!—who began at the time of her marriage. She got a large scrap book, in which she and her husband pasted lightly on only one side all souvenirs worth keeping. Newspaper clippings of the wedding began the list; programs that they wished to keep were put in; as were unique favors, if not too large.

Entries were made of all important happenings, just as if it were a diary. Important documents were treasured there. After two years, when the baby came, the book was alive with memories.

Great discretion must be used in the choice of what is to go in. A large book, if filled in a year, would soon kill the idea. because too many big books would accumulate. The better plan is to enter only momentous things; then one book will suffice for a number of years and prove a valuable family record.











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GARDEN PLANS FOR THE SMALL LAWN

[Continued from page 27]

to mulch it, give it a feeding of Canadian unbleached hardwood ashes, procurable of any seed-dealer-just enough to whiten the surface, and if no ice be allowed to form over the surface it will come out safely in the spring without mulching.

With the lawn made, care should be taken that it be not disfigured or its view obstructed, which was almost always done in the old days of fences and front hedges. The fence has no place off a stock-farm, and the hedge should be relegated to the rear and to divide adjoining properties when necessary, which is rarely the case. The lawn should begin at the curb-line, run to the sidewalk, and thence stretch in a smooth expanse to the rear. Center-beds and clumps in the "sideyard" are out of place. All the planting should be around the house and along the sides next to the adjoining properties.

There is always a north side to every house, and fortunate is she whose house faces the east, and whose house is set near the north side of the lot. This is the ideal way, although sometimes it is, of course, not feasible. When it is, if there be a walk around the north side from front to rear, place it as close to the property line as possible, so as to allow for a three-foot border and at least four feet of grass between it and the house. This border should be planted to native hardy ferns, set two feet apart, amongst which plant the following shadeloving plants: Arabis, bloodroot, hepatica, Trillium, Violas, lily-of-the-valley, iris cristata, primula veris, and Vinca minor. Any of the following ferns, which can be found in the woods, or can be had from plantsmen, are suitable: Adiantum, Aspidium, Asplenium, Osmunda, and woodsia. Remember that "shady-place" flowers and plants require plenty of mois-

Of course, there should be clematis, or rambler roses at the porches. Whether there should be a border of perennials along the front of the porch is very largely a matter of taste, and depends somewhat on the distance the house is from the sidewalk.

The size of the border along the side opposite to the house will depend upon the width of the lot. It should not be so wide as to be out of proportion to the size of the yard, nor to dwarf the lawn, which is the motif from which you work; all other features are merely supplementary to the lawn, and should be kept subordinate to it. Let us consider the case of a suburban lot one hundred feet wide, with the house set twelve feet from the north property line. Then deduct thirty feet for the house, four feet for the house border of annuals, and three

[Concluded on page 115]







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SMALL LAWN

[Continued from page 114]

for the south walk, making in all fortynine feet, leaving fifty-one feet for the lawn and border. From this I would cut off along the south side eleven feet for the border, allowing forty feet for width of the lawn.

In this eleven-foot border there should be a background of shrubs which will not become too massive when matured. Any of the following will do: lilac, Spiræa, syringa, Prunus, Hydrangea, Hibiscus, Forsythia, weigela, Deutzia, and azalea. These cover the whole season of bloom. Allow six feet of width for these when in bloom, and use the next three feet for hardy perennial plants, planting any of the following: Aquilegia, Helleborus, Alyssum saxatile, anemone P., astilbe Jap., Dianthus, Iberis, peony, Phlox pan., Achillea, Bellis, Campanula, Coreopsis, Delphinium, Dicentra, digitalis, Helenium, hemerocalis, iris Ger. and Jap., Papaveraceæ, Pyrethrum, calirhoe, Lychnis, Monarda, Tradescantia, scabiosa, bocconia, chrysanthemum, Funkia, Helianthus, Lobelia, Rudbeckia, stokesia, hardy asters, aconiuum, anemone Jap., gaillardia, and Senecio. If these are planted, there will be bloom from April to November.

If it be desired to screen the frontfrom the back-yard, do it with a hedge of hemlock spruce or Berberis. If a break only is desired, and something low and ornamental, make a hedge of pink baby rambler, set a foot apart, using two-yearold plants. They bloom from May to frost.

The remaining two feet in the front of the side border should be devoted to a strip of annuals, changed yearly. In it also should be planted in the fall bulbs of the hardy kinds which will make a display next spring, such as tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, daffodils, Scilla Siberica, crocus, and snow-drops. Plant these as soon as the first frost appears. The border may have an edging of either Alternanthera, Coleus, or Madam Salleroi geranium. The bedding plants for this annual strip are: Begonias, stocks, petunias, geraniums, crotons, zinnias, and balsams.

CONVENIENT BATH STRAP By JEAN HAMMOND

ALL of us, doubtless, have experienced provoking moments with a refractory bath-brush

and its long awkward handle, and wished we had

been better equipped for washing our own backs. A simple, broad strap, with loop handles at the ends, is an excellent substitute for the often inefficient bath-brush. In Turkish toweling or fiber, the straps may be had for 50 cents each; of rubber sponge, they sell for \$1.25 apiece.



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MAPLE FLOORS.—When oiling a maple floor, heat linseed oil lukewarm, remove from fire, and add half as much turpentine as linseed oil. The turpentine keeps the floor from turning dark. have used this on my maple floor for four years, and it is still beautifully white.-Mrs. K. S., Balaton, Minnesota,

NOVEL NIGHT LAMP .- A tiny piece of camphor gum will burn for a long time and makes a novel and pleasing light for a sick room. Place it in a saucer of water where it will float; then touch a match to it. It will burn slowly, emitting a faint, pleasant odor.—L. M. T., Waverly, New York.

CHEAP FIREWOOD,-When preserving, dry out your peach and other pits, and see what a fine fire they will make on a winter's night.-M. S., San Francisco, California.

Too Salty Food,-When food is too salty, stretch a clean cloth tightly over the kettle containing the food; sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour on the cloth. and allow the contents of the kettle to steam. In a few moments the flour will absorb all the surplus salt .- Mrs. T. F. G., Jackson, Michigan.

A RICH BROWN CRUST.-For many years I used butter on the tops of biscuits to make a rich brown crust when baked, until I found a little cold milk or cream would answer the purpose. The top crust of pies and tarts can also be brushed with it. It will give them a nice brown.-Mrs. W. B. C., Brewer, Maine.

WITHOUT A FREEZER.-Excellent ice-cream can be made without a freezer. Prepare in the usual way (I have tried many receipts, and it seems to come out well each time), and pack in the fireless cooker. Use rather



generally sufficient to produce a cream smooth enough for any taste. A large pail or firkin may be substituted for the fireless cooker.-L. D. B., Greenland, New Hampshire. INKSTAINS.-To remove inkstains, place the stained garment over a saucer, and cover the stain with borax. Then pour peroxide over the borax. Do not pour water over the stain, as the receipt will not prove so

effective. The borax and perox-

ide will take effect almost im-

more salt than usual, and pound

the ice quite fine. Remove after

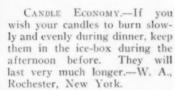
one hour, and beat thoroughly.

The more it is beaten, of course,

the finer the grain. Three beat-

ings within as many hours are

mediately.-A. B., Melrose, Massachusetts. PINEAPPLE SIRUP.-When canning pineapples, do not throw away the eyes and cores. Chop them fine, cover with water, and boil about ten minutes; then strain, add sugar to taste to the juice thus extracted, and boil for a few minutes. This makes a delicious sirup for use with sherbets, fruit sponge, or sauces for puddings.—S. R. B., Dorchester



Center, Massachusetts.

SOFTENING BLACKING. - If either shoe- or stove-blacking becomes hard, add turpentine. This will soften it and make it better than before for polishing. -M. H., Beaumont, Texas.

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Editor's Note.-If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twentyfive cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.







An International Movie

Mr. and Mrs. Allen took a trip abroad a few years ago

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On be Sapor Mr and Durin they good

On board the S.S. Saponic they met Mrand Mrs. Grey. During the wyage they all became good friends







Mrs.Allen had made careful preparation for the trip—taking plenty of dentifrice, soap, cold cream etc.



Mrs. Grey had neglected this precaution—so Mrs. Allen di vided with her





Travelling together they all reached Marseilles – where their supply of soap ran out





ONE MINUTE
PLEASE
TO FIX THE
FILM

Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Grey went shopping — for soap as well as for millinery





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